AN

ADDRESS

TO THE

INDEPENDENT MEMBERS

OF BOTH HOUSES OF

PARLIAMENT.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri

HOR. *Ep.* 1, *Lib.* 1, *Lin.* 14.—

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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AT a time when our Country labours under new and unheard of Difficulties, when a conſiderable part of the Nation is employed in arraigning or defending particular Parties and Principles, and when the Bulk of the People, grown callous to Calamity, ſeems loſt to every degree of Senſibility, I hope ſtill to find that portion of inherent Virtue in your Breaſts, which, when call'd upon, will exert itſelf to reſcue your Country from Perdition, and by a cool and ſpirited effort to reſtore it, in ſome degree, to that glorious eminence from which it has been ſo rapidly degraded.—

Were

Were the Motives which give riſe to the following Pages founded upon principles of vulgar Ambition, I ſhould by no means have addreſſed myſelf to you; the ſplendid rays of Power, or the ſcarce leſs dazzling beams of popular Applauſe would in that caſe have directed my Courſe; and the erroneous though fatal diſtinction of Miniſtry and Oppoſition, had rendred me the partial Bigot of the one or the other Faction.

In times of leſs importance, private Friendſhip, or even political Opinion, might, to a certain Degree, have juſtified the Bias— but at a moment like the preſent, when, under the threatening Circumſtances which ſurround us, our very exiſtence as an independent Nation ſeems at ſtake; every Idea of partiality ſhould, as far as Human Nature will permit, be done away, and every other conſideration ſhould give place to Conviction.

Small alas! as your Number is, it is reſpectable: and, however the miſguided Zealots of Party may endeavour to miſrepreſent you as cold, or at beſt lukewarm Friends to thoſe, with whom you generally, though ſilently concur, ſtill there are thoſe in Parliament (Thouſands I am ſure there are without doors) who anxiouſly expect from you

you that political Salvation, which an active Conduct on your part can alone insure to them and their posterity.

Before I enter upon the subject of this Address, it may be necessary to specify that description of Persons, whom I include in my Idea of Independent Members ef either House of Parliament. I by no means admit every Claimant: On the contrary, those who are particularly apt to boast, in their Speeches, of their Impartiality and Independence, by no means convince me of the truth of their Assertions.

The Opposition Members assert a claim to an absolute Monopoly of Parliamentary Independence; a Claim apparently unjust, assuredly presumptuons: Whereas, I believe, were I in a division of a Committee of the whole House of Commons, to pick out those Members, to whom I now apply myself, I should trespass as much on Mr. Robinson, as on Mr. Byng, for permission to inspect their several Corps.

Among the Lords, the number of course would be proportionably smaller: But both would derive great weight from their Character as well as from

their Property. Thoſe of either Houſe who come within this deſcription muſt be allowed to act upon Principle; and, whichever ſide they eſpouſe, it muſt derive Honor as well as temporary Support from the Connection.

The MinorityMembers naturally ground their Conduct on one, or other of theſe Motives; either the diſapprobation of the Meaſures propoſed by Government, or a total diſtruſt of the Abilities of thoſe, to whom the carrying them into execution is entruſted by the executive Power; while, on the other hand, their Opponents of a ſimilar Deſcription, muſt either approve of the Meaſures, and confide in thoſe who are employed in conducting them, or elſe muſt think, that to countenance Miniſters, and to ſupport Government is one and the ſame thing. However they may diſapprove of Miniſters or their Meaſures, ſtill the dread of a Change, introducing Anarchy and Confuſion into the State, deters them from declaring their diſlike to thoſe actually in power; whilſt theſe very Miniſters gladly embrace the opportunity of attributing that ſupport, which they derive in fact from this apprehenſion of their Opponents (well or ill founded it matters not) to an Approbation of themſelves.

It is to this particular deſcription of Independent Members of Parliament that I chiefly deſire to apply myſelf; their Principles do them honor; properly applied they would be of public Benefit.

In Times like theſe, ſuch Men will ſay the Hands of Government ſhould be ſtrengthened; doubtleſs they ſhould be ſo— I beg leave to aſk, have they been weakened? No.— Has Parliament refuſed any one Application for Support? No.— have their liberal exertions been directed ſo as to anſwer the public Expectations? No.— Have we ſucceeded in America? No.— At Sea? No.— Have we any Alliances to aſſiſt us in the proſecution of the War? No.— To theſe plain though not leſs important Queſtions what other Anſwer can be given? What other Concluſions then can follow, but that the repeated, and grievous Diſaſters which have befallen us, have ariſen either from the total Inability in the executive Power to direct its opperations with effect to the attainment of the end propoſed, or from a criminal miſapplication of the Powers with which it hath been intruſted; to whichever of theſe Circumſtances it may have been owing, it is a lamentable Truth, that the Country is reduced to a deplorable, though I truſt not a deſperate Situation.

In

In former Times, Parliament would have interfered at ſuch a Period as the preſent; why does it not now? The Committees of Aſſociation would anſwer, their ſilence is purchaſed. I aſk not them, I put the Queſtion to you. You anſwer, our Interference would be hazardous, and for this reaſon we muſt not endanger the public Tranquillity: We own we have no wiſh to ſupport thoſe Men who have forfeited our Confidence; but the conſequence of their removal would be confuſion; whom could we truſt? There is no Man or ſet of Men, to whom we or the Nation look up: The Members in Oppoſition have on many occaſions gone unwarrantable Lengths. They have deceived the Moderate, alarmed the Timid, and perplexed Themſelves; they appear as much disjointed and unſettled as the Miniſters themſelves; how then can we venture to throw the Reins of Government into ſuch Hands, 'till we are aſſured the Conſtitution will be ſafe under their Adminiſtration? To this I beg leave to reply, I pretend not to defend every part of the conduct of Oppoſition, on the contrary, in ſome inſtances I differ eſſentially from the greater Number of them, and particularly, in the Line of conduct, they have in general purſued upon the moſt important Queſtions relative to the American War: Nay I am free to own, that upon the momentous

momentous Point of totally, and formally giving up America (which I by no means intend at preſent to diſcuſs) I am ſo unfortunate, as not to agree with ſeveral of thoſe reſpectable Characters to whom I now addreſs myſelf.

A very objectionable part of the conduct of Oppoſition, you ſay, has been the frequent practice of appealing to the People at large, in a manner not only highly diſreſpectfull to the executive Branch of the Conſtitution, but in terms directly condemning the couduct of the two Legiſlative Branches, more eſpecially that conſiſting of their own Repreſentatives; theſe Meaſures in general have been conducted with that noiſe and turbulent Irregularity, of which our Hiſtory furniſhes us with ſuch frequent Examples; but the late Inſtitutions adopted by ſeveral Counties, Cities, &c. ſeem to have encreaſed your apprehenſions on that Head. A brief ſketch of the Riſe, ſubſequent conduct, and preſent ſituation of thoſe Aſſemblies, will beſt ſhew how they are worthy either of Cenſure or Approbation.

The Committees and Aſſociations in different parts, which were formed on the ſpecious Pretence of having met for the purpoſe of framing Petitions, for

for the regulation of public œconomy, ſoon enlarged their Plan, and for a time acquired a degree of importance and conſiſtency which became unuſual and alarming, ſo far, as theſe ſelf created and at leaſt irregular Meetings, were frequented by many ſerious, and independent Characters: It ſoon however appeared, that the firſt object of their Inſtitution by no means contained the main Syſtem of their future Operations. Ambitious and deſigning Men had acquired the management of theſe Meetings, and inſtead of confining themſelves either in point of Time, or in reſpect to the matter of Deliberation, to the original ſubject of Diſcuſſion, they choſe to proceed unaſked to new model our Government by an almoſt total change of the Conſtitution, ſo far at leaſt, as related to that very material part of it, the Houſe of Commons; and what perhaps rendered this Plan of Innovation more alarming was, its meeting with no trifling ſupport from great and diſtingiſhed Characters in both Houſes of Parliament.

Such was the internal Situation of the Country, when the Riots in London broke out in June, 1780, and threatened the deſtruction of the Capital; the irregular aſſembling of Thouſands under the aſſumed Authority of the Proteſtant Aſſo-

ciation meeting with no oppoſition from the executive Power, was looked upon by the Emiſſaries of our Foreign Enemies, as an opportunity, not to be neglected, of carrying into immediate Execution their deſperate deſigns upon the Capital; a ſpirited though extraordinary exertion of the Prerogative, happily reſtored the public Tranquillity; and the Calamities which owed their Riſe to one Aſſociation brought the Term itſelf into diſrepute.

To the Ideas with which Men were at that moment impreſſed, full as much as to any degree of reaſonable conviction, do I attribute that Languor, under which the Committees have ſince laboured, and which I truſt will ſpeedily end in their Diſſolution; the ſupport they received from ſeveral Members of Parliament, I allow to have been cenſurable, but I cannot look upon it as unpardonable.

The laſt, and the heavieſt charge of all, againſt the Opponents of Adminiſtration, is, in ſome caſes a direct, in others an indirect abetting the deſigns of our Enemies; the latter, though by no means an unimportant Queſtion is of ſo vague a Nature, that it would require more Time, and more Abi-

lities than I poſſeſs fairly to diſcuſs; the former is Criminal indeed and if proved to have any foundation, I will only aſk your own Candor to decide— what our Government muſt be, if ſuch a Line of conduct could have eſcaped either its Notice or its Vengeance?

Having thus endeavoured to delineate in the ſtrongeſt Colors thoſe political features of Oppoſition which appear the moſt deformed, and which, aided by the inſinuations of others, you make no difficulty of confeſſing, have occaſioned your Alarms, I ſhall not trouble you with an enquiry into private Characters; a mode of reaſoning which upon Subjects of this Nature ever appears illiberal, and indeed in the preſent Inſtance would be totally uſeleſs, as you yourſelves do not deny, that Characters ſtrongly marked with Profligacy and Infamy, have long been, and ſtill are, under your own Connivance, employed in ſome of the higheſt Offices of Government: And here give me leave cooly, and deliberately to aſk, do you not ſeriouſly imagine that you may have carried your ſilent ſupport of Particular Men too far? Have they not abuſed your Confidence? are not you, yourſelves convinced that an earlier change might have been beneficial, or that at leaſt it could not have provided

produced a more unfortunate Criſis than our preſent ſituation diſplays on every ſide? the conſequence of your perſiſting will I fear be fatal.

The inactivity of Parliament will ſoon render that Body contemptible; a total Deſpondency or a licentious Fury will ſeize the People and in either Situation the Event muſt be fatal; the Latter will preſent us with a proſpect of univerſal Anarchy, and from the Former we muſt expect a more tranquil tho' perhaps more diſgracefull ſpecies of Deſtruction, under the inſulting appearance of the Forms of the Conſtitution being ſtill preſerved.

And now let us for a Moment conſider one principal, nay perhaps the very ſtrongeſt motive for thoſe Apprehenſions with regard to Perſons of acknowledged Abilities, which have hitherto actuated you to perſiſt in excluding them, though at the dreadful expence of continuing in Office, thoſe whom you deſpiſe: I mean that political Phantom, that democratic Bugbear, of appealing to the People at large on queſtions of Government. The practice, ſuch as it is, derives no charms from Novelty: It has been the conſtant Practice of every Oppoſition, no matter whether Whig or Tory, ever

ſince the curſe of Party fell upon the Nation: Its effects, if any, are momentary, and can never prove in any degree fatal to a Syſtem which deſerves the Name of Government. One bad conſequence however certainly ariſes from the abuſe of it; I mean, that in times when the Sentiments of the Country at large are neceſſary to be known, and where Indolence, or any other Motive on the part either of the Conſtituent, or Repreſentative Body prevents them from being promulgated through the regular and ordinary Channel of Parliament, it is impoſſible to attain to the true Knowledge of them by other means; as the frequent Impoſitions which different Factions have practiſed to ſerve particular Purpoſes with the People, throw a degree of Suſpicion, if not of Ridicule, upon the very Idea of conſulting them.

I love and reſpect the People, I wiſh their Proſperity upon every Occaſion: The Conſtitution has clearly pointed out the proper Mode by which they may be ſerved, and they are too ſenſible of the Benefits they derive under it not to be jealous of its Preſervation: And I will truſt to their Underſtandings, that they are convinced their preſent Calamities do not originate from any fault inherent in the Conſtitution, but from the bad adminiſtration

miniſtration of Government. Of this, I truſt, the People are convinced, and though I would by no means wiſh them to continue in that reſtleſs ſtate under which the PRESIDENT DE MONTESQUIEU* ſeems to inſinuate they perpetually labour, yet I cannot but wiſh them to be awake to their own Intereſt, ſo far as to avoid the other extreme which ſo frequently proves fatal.

I now mean to take Leave of my Fellow Subjects (I wiſh I could not likewiſe call them Fellow Sufferers) without Doors, and return to thoſe Members of the reſpective Houſes of Parliament on whoſe conduct the Welfare of the Nation ſo materially depends: Among your Number, my Lords, I could ſelect ſome who having been employed in various departments of the State, muſt poſſeſs a ſuperior Degree of public Knowledge, and who to great natural and improv'd Abilities have added a conſiderable degree of Experience in matters of Government: Such naturally preſent themſelves to

* Speaking of the Effects which reſult from the Climate of England this celebrated Author obſerves.

"La Servitude commence toujours par le Sommeil, mais un Peuple qui n'a de repos, dans aucune Situation qui ſe tâte ſans ceſſe, & trouve tous les endroits douloureux, ne pourroit guere s'endormir.

Liv. 14, Chapitre 13 De l'Eſprit des Loix.

to my mind in a great and venerable Light. Though long retired from ſcenes of active Buſineſs, the recollection of their paſt ſervices claims the Tribute of Reſpect, and when we recall their former conduct to our View, we cannot be ſo unjuſt as to imagine, that ſuch Characters can be indifferent to the Fate of their Country.—

Theſe are the Men who will frequently lament in private the Ruin which ſurrounds us, nay they will even acknowledge their Diſapprobation of particular Men and Meaſures, their Diſtruſt of ſome, and the notorious want of Information in others of the King's Servants; they will lament the little appearance of Syſtem, or of Conſiſtency in their Councils, or of Spirit, or Efficacy in carrying them into Execution. Does the conduct of theſe Noblemen in public correſpond with their private Sentiments? nothing in fact is more different. To what then can we attribute this ſtriking inconſiſtency in Characters, otherwiſe ſo reſpectable? The only reaſon that I preſume can be offered in addition to thoſe, to which I have already alluded, is, the miſtaken Notion that voting with Miniſters upon every Queſtion is not only eſſentially evincing their Loyalty to their Sovereign, but alſo adding Strength to his Government, although the Meaſures propoſed may evidently appear

pear inadequate, or perhaps prejudicial to his Service.

But let their Loyalty be ever ſo commendable, let their Attachments to the moſt eſſential Intereſts of their Country be ever ſo ſincere, a ſullen, ſilent acquieſcence in every Meaſure, which Miniſters propoſe, totally unſupported by Argument in Public, nay frequently contradicted by themſelves in Private, can never contribute to the Welfare of the State, or indeed be productive of any additional degree of favourable Reputation to themſelves.

And after all, to what ſuperiority of hidden Merit can theſe Miniſters lay claim, ſo as to juſtify this new unheard of ſpecies of Support? Has there appeared in the projecting their Meaſures, any ſuch extraordinary portion of Wiſdom, as to entitle the Cabinet to the Character of more than ordinary Sagacity? Has the Proſecution of their Plans been conducted with ſuperior Spirit and Reſolution? Have the different Departments of the State ſo juſtly, and happily co-opperated with each other as to have produced the appearance of any firm, conſiſtent, and well digeſted Syſtem of Government? To theſe Queſtions can either Candor or Common-ſenſe give any other Anſwer than a direct Negative? Can we then ſuppoſe any thinking

ing Mind will entertain a doubt upon the Subject? The experience of the laſt twelve Months repeated Diſgraces, and Calamities would ſurely be ſufficient to remove every Objection to a deciſive Anſwer.

A Cabinet ſo circumſtanced can ſcarcely be ſuppoſed to exhibit a ſingle Member whoſe Situation can excite the Envy even of puerile Ambition. The want of Harmony amongſt the Individuals who compoſe it, naturally produces inconſiſtency in their Meaſures. The great and ſhining Abilities of one Man loſe their Efficacy through the Indeciſion, and Inactivity of another: Mutual Complaints produce mutual Diſtruſt; and thoſe who from the particular ſituation of Affairs, are more immediately concerned in the active ſcenes of Buſineſs, have unfortunately, from their Political, for I will not mention Private Characters, obtained ſo fixed, ſo enormous a degree of public Odium, as to communicate ſome ſhare of it, even to thoſe, who, by being joined with them in Adminiſtration, bear the blame of being their Aſſociates in guilt. I hold it totally unneceſſary to name the two Miniſters I allude to. America and France will doubtleſs join in celebrating their Benefactors and in rendering their names Immortal.

One

One piece of advice however I will venture to give theſe Noble Lords; they muſt be conſidered as particularly reſponſible for the Diſaſtrous ſituation of their deluded Country, in regard to thoſe two great and important Objects—Her Colonies, and her Navy. A continuance of that unaccountable, and fatal languor which ſeems to have affected the Vitals of the Conſtitution may protect them from Public Juſtice, let them beware of National Vengeance.

I wiſh moſt earneſtly to convince you, that this Warning proceeds not from any factious views, nor does it ariſe from the peeviſh motives of Pique, or Perſonal Reſentment. An earneſt deſire to avoid thoſe very diſagreeable Conſequences which muſt, according to my Ideas, inevitably follow, from a continuance of ſuch Men in Office, has been my ſole inducement in offering this part of my addreſs to Public Conſideration.

I cannot in ſilence paſs over the Satisfaction wirh which the report of the Removal of theſe ill-fated Miniſters (either by Diſmiſſion, or by voluntary Reſignation) was received by the Public: Inſomuch that many of the conſtant Parliamentary Supporters of Government congratulated

each other on the Proſpect of Events, which they conſidered, not only juſtified by Propriety, but even dictated by Neceſſity.— The Sentiments of ſuch Perſons it is to be hoped will find due weight in that Quarter, where hitherto every other Argument hath failed.

Having now preſented you with a view of both ſides of your reſpective Houſes, with all their Imperfections on their Heads, I ſhall confine the remaining Pages, with which I ſtill mean to treſpaſs upon your patience, to your own immediate ſituations, and to that particular line of conduct, which, far from preſuming to dictate, I propoſe, with all humility and reſpect, to ſubmit to your moſt ſerious conſideration:

The conduct of the Miniſter in the Houſe of Commons, on the Day of Sir James Lowther's ‡ motion, muſt have been grateful to you, had you

‡ Houſe of Commons. Mercurii 19ᵉ Die Dec, 1788.

Sir James Lowther moved: To declare, that the War carried on againſt the Colonies and Plantations of North America, had been ineffectual to the Purpoſes it was undertaken, of affording Protection to his Majeſty's Loyal Subjects there, and of defending the hoſtile intentions of our confederate enemies.

And

you not been above the utmoſt efforts of flattery from ſuch a Quarter.

You were, doubtleſs, looked upon by both Parties as the Arbiters of that Day's Buſineſs: People of the moſt oppoſite Deſcriptions without doors were anxious to know, which ſide, Sir Wm. Dolben, who was conſidered as your Leader, would ſupport, and to a Conviction of that weight which ſuch reſpectable Characters muſt ever poſſeſs, and of that important Deſcription of Men which they could ſo powerfully influence, can we alone attribute the Behaviour of the Miniſter, who in order to ſecure the Majority, choſe in Argument, to meet the Queſtion, at leaſt half way, and then diſpoſed of it by calling for the order of the Day; as he was convinced a manly and ſpirited Rejection of it, unqualified by ſpecious, tho' empty Words, could not at that Time have been carried.

If his Lordſhip had ever taken the Pains either to form, or to preſerve an Opinion when formed on

And, that it is the opinion of this Houſe, that all further attempts to reduce the Americans to Obedience by Force, will be ineffectual, and muſt be injurious to the true intereſts of this Country, by weakening her Powers to reſiſt her antient and confederated enemies.

on the Subject of the American War; he might either have directly given a Negative, or have found ſome Part of that Motion not totally diſſonant from his own Ideas. To have allowed this would have been candid, nay one might have thought judicious: Inſtead of this, his Lordſhip's Speech was full of Nothing but repeated Inconſiſtencies, ſelf-contradiction, unſatisfactory objections, and timid, nugatory conceſſions: the Novelty of Candor, perhaps, alarmed him with an Idea of its requiring a degree of Mental Exertion, at leaſt Painful, if not injurious to his natural Conſtitution: upon this Occaſion, he certainly miſſed an Opportunity of doing himſelf credit in the eyes of the Public, probably for the following weighty Reaſon, which has ſo often prevented him from contributing eſſentially to the Proſperity of that Public: His utmoſt wiſh may have been, in frequent Inſtances to contribute to the welfare of his Country, and he would have done ſo, but found it (like Idle in the Farce) ſo d-m--d troubleſome.

But to return to yourſelves—From the weight of influence you poſſeſs, the Public naturally look up to you for Protection: all ranks and conditions call upon you to take an active Part in the reſpective Councils to which you belong:

to

to diſappoint them in their diſtreſs, by withholding your aſſiſtance, and advice would be a degree of baſeneſs of which you never can be guilty; there ſeems to be a general Cry for an enquiry into the late management and conduct of our Navy, nay, I am told, the Noble Lord at the Head of that important Department has expreſſed an earneſt Deſire, that ſuch an Enquiry ſhould be inſtituted. We will for once admit, that his words expreſs his real meaning, and will, for argument ſake, ſuppoſe, that either can be relied upon.

In this inſtance, where his Deſires accord with thoſe of the Public, I flatter myſelf, that he will be indulged, and that this Enquiry may be conducted with candor, and with a ſerious inveſtigation, worthy the Importance of the Subject; it muſt not be a mock enquiry, like thoſe, which within theſe few years, after having excited the Anxiety, as well as the Curioſity, of the Public, have ended in nothing Satisfactory to the Community, or indeed eſſentially ſerviceable to the Parties themſelves.

It will, no doubt, be your Care to prevent a Repetition of ſuch State Mockery, ſuch Political Farces;

Farces; and it is with no ſmall pleaſure, that I hear Sir Wm. D. himſelf has declared,—"That "he is not one of thoſe credulous poor Souls, "who are ſuppoſed, on all occaſions, to vote "with Adminiſtration, be the Buſineſs what it "may, and that when the Examination ſhall "take Place, for his part, he will endeavour to "make it a ſound one, and probe every thing to "the Bottom; that he is ready to beſtow the "Rod or Wreath with equal Impartiality, the "good of the Nation being the only guide in his "reſearches."

The ſolemn Declarations of ſuch Men, inſpire the Public with hopes of better Times, they know that Characters of that ſtamp, can mean nothing but the public Welfare, and that the Artifices of Miniſters to deter them from purſuing their own Plan of Conſtitutional Duty, muſt, inſtead of ſucceeſs, meet with nothing but the contempt they merit.

If upon an enquiry fairly gone into, and impartially conducted, any Miniſter, or Miniſters, on whoſe conduct, ſuch enquiry is inſtituted, ſhall appear to have acted conſiſtently with that Duty they owe the Public, and in a manner favor-

ſavorable to its Intereſts, it will, unqueſtionably, be as much your Duty to declare their Innocence, or even merit, as on the contrary, it will behove you to declare their guilt: but in either caſe, ſilence on your Part muſt create ſuſpicion in regard to them.

I am extremely ready to allow you a conſiderable ſhare of merit, for the anxiety you profeſs for the Preſervation of internal order and tranquility, and which you frequently alledge as one Reaſon for condemning the Idea of a Change of Miniſters, as a proper Choice of Perſons to ſucceed to the Adminiſtration of Public Affairs, you imagine, would be a taſk of no eaſy nature. I own I cannot flatter any man, or ſet of Men, ſo far as to believe, perfection is to be found amongſt any of them, yet I cannot well conceive, how, after ſuch repeated Diſgraces, any change could be for the worſe, providing Parliament did its Duty: but if, on the contrary, the Legiſlative Body, inſtead of being what the Conſtitution wiſely ordained it to be, a Controul upon the Abuſes of thoſe employed by the executive Power, condeſcends quietly to ſubmit to ſink into a mere Regiſter of Royal Edicts, like ſome of the French Parliaments, I will then freely con-

feſs the difficulty of a proper Choice of Miniſters to be great indeed.

To mention to you every Circumſtance which demands your moſt ſerious attention at this alarming Criſis, would not only be treſpaſſing upon your Patience, but in fact inſulting your underſtanding. The great and primary Object of the Ambition of the Houſe of Bourbon, ſeems upon the Point of being accompliſhed, to the manifeſt Danger, if not to the certain Ruin of this Country.

To what cauſes are we to aſcribe the formidable and daily increaſe of her Navy? The Conſequences to this Country, whether conſidered in a Political or Commercial view, muſt be fatal.

To check the Progreſs of her ambitious views, to ſave the Poſſeſſions which ſtill remain in the Weſt Indies, and to prevent, if poſſible, the fatal ſeparation of the Empire, muſt ſtill be the great objects of your Deliberations. An active, well concerted, and vigorous exertion of that Force, under the Auſpices of firm and prudent Councils at Home, can alone furniſh a proſpect of ſucceſs, in the purſuit of theſe great momentous Points.

They

They all appear ſo cloſely connected, that miſconduct in one, muſt prove of the worſe Conſequence to all: and I am firmly of Opinion that no Peace with North America, which muſt not be diſgraceful, nay fatal to this Country, can ever be expected, until we have obtained ſome great and ſignal advantage over the Arms of France.

If to attain theſe ends, you are aſſured a continuance of our preſent Rulers in Office is neceſſary, give them a manly, and a generous ſupport: if on the other hand, you are convinced a Change is deſirable, ſpeak out: Flattery to any Party, at rhis Criſis, muſt be deemed, Treachery to All.

To you, my Lords and Gentlemen, it is become a more than ordinary Duty, to declare your ſentiments, and to moderate the intemperate zeal of either ſide of the Houſe.

To fulfill this Duty, every Idea of Public and of Private Virtue calls upon you.

Exert then e're it is too late, the too long hidden, though important Powers you poſſeſs—

apply them to the great, the laudable Purpoſes of National Preſervation: and while your Example corrects, convince your fellow Subjects, that no Influence, whether ſecret or avowed, can deter the Real Friends of their Country, from a firm and vigilant conduct in the purſuit of thoſe Meaſures, on which, not only the Reputation, but the Safety of the Empire depends.

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THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PORCUPINE.

FOURTH EDITION,

REVISED, ALTERED & CORRECTED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS BRADFORD, PRINTER,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
No. 8,
South Front Street.

1796.


BRITISH MUSEUM

BRADFORD'S FOURTH EDITION.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EMIGRATION

OF

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY,

AND ON THE SEVERAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED TO HIM, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT NEW-YORK,

WITH ADDITIONS;

CONTAINING MANY CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ON THE SUBJECT, NOT KNOWN HERE, WHEN THE FIRST EDITION WAS PUBLISHED:

TOGETHER WITH

A COMPREHENSIVE STORY,

OF A

FARMER'S BULL.

BY *PETER PORCUPINE.*

"Du menſonge toujours le vrai demeure maitre:
"Pour paraitre honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être;
"Et jamais, quoi qu'il faſſe, un mortel ici bas,
"Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il ne'ſt pas."

BOILEAU.

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1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTION.

THE facts *contained in this pamphlet having been ſo often and ſo ſtrenuouſly denied, by the friends of the imported patriots of every deſcription, it appeared in ſome ſort, neceſſary to prefix to the preſent edition a proof of their authenticity. The author could not wiſh for a better than is contained in the remarks of the* Gentleman's Magazine, *undeniably the moſt reputable periodical publication in Great-Britain, or in all Europe.*

With reſpect to the literary merit of the work, as the author never ſuppoſed it to have any, he is by no means anxious to defend its character in that way. He endeavoured to give a plain and true account of the Doctor's Emigration, and he believes, that the peruſal of the following remarks will convince the reader that he has ſucceeded.

From the Gentleman's Magazine of January 1795.

THIS pamphlet, publiſhed at Philadelphia, and reprinted in England, is perhaps, a ſeverer attack than any which Dr. P. has ever experienced. It is founded on *ſtubborn facts*, the force of which, probably, all his ingenuity will never enable him to palliate; and is intended to ſhew him that "it is not the people of England alone who know how to eſtimate his merit."

The Writer firſt ſets out by examining the Doctor's claims to compaſſion, and the truth of his declaration, that he hopes to find in America "that protection from violence which Laws and Government promiſe in all countries, but which he has not found in his own."

The riſe and progreſs of the riots at Birmingham are then impartially traced to the proceedings of the Doctor and his club, who willfully,

openly, and impudently, inflamed the minds of the people againſt them, by the celebration of the French Revolution on the 24th of July. For the property which the Doctor loſt in theſe riots, a jury of his country gave him upwards of 2500l. damages; eleven of the unfortunate rioters were tried, four of whom were condemned and two executed.

The Doctor's tergiverſation, in blaming the conduct of *the mob* when againſt him, and exciting *the people* to act for themſelves *when inſulted*, is well expoſed.

The object of the Doctor and his brother-labourers, under the pretext of Reform, has ſeldom been more accurately or juſtly developed than by this writer.

The conduct of all the preſent modern Enlighteners ſeems much of a piece with that which is wittily ridiculed by this author.

Throughout the pamphlet, the writer, in the keeneſt manner, remarks on the hypocriſy and duplicity of that ſyſtem of moderation and toleration which the Doctor profeſſes to be his only wiſh—while, in the mean time, he was *undermining* the religion and the conſtitution of his country; and pretended to foretel the time when the *train* which he had laid would catch fire, and blow up the whole fabrick.

The dullneſs and ignorance of the addreſſes preſented to the Worſhipful Doctor, emulated by the ſame qualities in his anſwers, form the remaining theme of ſarcaſm and detection to this author, who ſeems to have collected, in a ſhort compaſs, ſo many cutting truths and galling obſervations on this *Citizen of the World* and

Friend to Human Nature, and on the doctrines diſſeminated by him and his brethren in atheiſm and ſedition, as might have rendered intereſting a much larger volume.

OBSERVATIONS, &c.

WHEN the arrival of Doctor Prieſtley in the United States was firſt anounced, I looked upon his emigration (like the propoſed retreat of Cowley, to his imaginary Paradiſe, the ſummer Iſlands) as no more than the effect of that weakneſs, that deluſive caprice, which too often accompanies the decline of life, and which is apt, by a change of place, to flatter age with a renovation of faculties, and a return of departed genius. Viewing him as a man that ſought repoſe, my heart welcomed him to the ſhores of peace, and wiſhed him, what he certainly ought to have wiſhed himſelf, a quiet obſcurity. But his anſwers to the addreſſes of the Democratic and other Societies at New-York, place him in quite a different light, and ſubject him to the animadverſions of a public, among whom they have been induſtriouſly propagated.

No man has a right to pry into his neighbour's private concerns; and the opinions of every man are his private concerns, while he keeps them ſo; that is to ſay, while they are confined to himſelf, his family and particular friends; but when he makes thoſe opinions public; when he once attempts to make converts, whether it be in religion, politics, or any thing elſe; when he once comes forward as a candidate for public admiration, eſteem or compaſſion, his opinions, his principles, his motives, every action of his life public or private, become the fair ſubject of public diſcuſſion. On this principle, which the Doctor ought to be the laſt among Mankind to controvert, it is eaſy to perceive that theſe obſervations need no apology.

His anſwers to the addreſſes of the New-York ſocieties are evidently calculated to miſlead and deceive the people of the United States. He there endeavours to impoſe himſelf on them for a ſufferer in the cauſe of Liberty; and makes a canting profeſſion of moderation, in direct contradiction to the conduct of his whole life.

He ſays, he hopes to find here, "that pro-"tection from violence, which laws and govern-"ment promiſe in all countries, but which he "has not found in his own." He certainly muſt ſuppoſe that no European intelligence ever reaches this ſide of the Atlantic, or that the inhabitants of theſe countries are too dull to comprehend the ſublime events that mark his life and character. Perhaps I ſhall ſhow him, that it is not the people of England alone who know

how to eſtimate the merit of Doctor Prieſtley. Let us examine his claims to our compaſſion: let us ſee whether his charge againſt the laws and government of his country be juſt, or not.

On the 14th of July, 1791, an unruly mob, aſſembled in the town of Birmingham, ſet fire to his houſe, and burnt it, together with all it contained. This is the ſubject of his complaint, and the pretended cauſe of his emigration. The fact is not denied; but in the relation of facts circumſtances muſt not be forgotten. To judge of the Doctor's charge againſt his country, we muſt take a retroſpective view of his conduct, and of the circumſtances that led to the deſtruction of his property.

It is about twelve years ſince he began to be diſtinguiſhed among the diſſenters from the eſtabliſhed church of England. He preached up a kind of *deiſm** which nobody underſtood, and which it was thought the Doctor underſtood full as well as his neighbours. This doctrine afterwards aſſumed the name of Unitarianiſm, and the *religeux* of the order were called, or rather they called themſelves, Unitarians. The ſect never roſe into conſequence; and the founder had the mortification of ſeeing his darling Unitarianiſm growing quite out of date with

* This is one of thoſe "hazarded aſſertions;" alluded to in the introductory addreſs. But how is it hazarded? The Doctor ſays, in his anſwer to Paine's Age of Reaſon, that "the doctrines of *atonement*, *incarnation*, and the "*trinity*, have no more foundation in the ſcriptures, than "the doctrine of *tranſmigration*." Is not this a kind of *deiſm*? Is it not *deiſm* altogether? Can a man who denies the divinity of *Chriſt*, and that he died to ſave ſinners, have any pretentions to the name of *Chriſtian*.

himſelf, when the french Revolution came, and gave them both a ſhort reſpite from eternal oblivion.

Thoſe who know any thing of the Engliſh diſſenters, know that they always introduce their political claims and projects under the maſk of religion. The Doctor was one of thoſe who entertained hopes of bringing about a revolution in England upon the French plan; and for this purpoſe he found it would be very convenient for him to be at the head of a religious ſect. Unitarianiſm was now revived, and the ſociety held regular meetings at Birmingham. In the inflammatory diſcourſes, called ſermons, delivered at theſe meetings, the Engliſh conſtitution was firſt openly attacked. Here it was that the Doctor beat his drum eccleſiaſtic, to raiſe recruits in the cauſe of rebellion. The preſs ſoon ſwarmed with publications expreſſive of his principles. The revolutioniſts began to form ſocieties all over the kingdom, between which a mode of communication was eſtabliſhed, in perfect conformity to that of the Jacobin Clubs in France.

Nothing was neglected by this branch of the pariſian *Propagande* to exite the people to a general inſurrection. Inflammatory hand-bills advertiſments, federation dinners, toaſts, ſermons prayers; in ſhort, every trick that religious or political duplicity could ſuggeſt, was played off to deſtroy a conſtitution which has born the teſt, and attracted the admiration of ages; and to eſtabliſh in its place a new ſyſtem, fabricated by themſelves.

The fourteenth of July, 1791, was of too much note in the annals of modern regeneration to be

neglected by these regenerated politicians. A club of them, of which Doctor Priestley was a member, gave public notice of a feast, to be held at Birmingham, in which they intended to celebrate the French revolution. Their endeavours had hitherto excited no other sentiments in what may be called the people of England, than those of contempt. The people of Birmingham, however, felt, on this occasion, a convulsive movement. They were scandalised at this public notice for holding in their town a festival, to celebrate events which were in reality a subject of the deepest horror: and seeing in it at the same time an open and audacious attempt to destroy the constitution of their country, and with it their happiness, they thought their understandings and loyalty insulted, and prepared to avenge themselves by the chastisement of the English revolutionists, in the midst of their scandalous orgies. The feast nevertheless took place; but the Doctor, knowing himself to be the grand projector, and consequently the particular object of his townsmen's vengeance, prudently kept away. The cry of *church and king* was the signal for the people to assemble; which they did to a considerable number, opposite the hotel where the convives were met. The club dispersed, and the mob proceeded to breaking the windows, and other acts of violence incident to such scenes; but let it be remembered that no personal violence was offered. Perhaps it would have been well, if they had vented their anger on the persons of the revolutionists; provided they had contented themselves with the

ceremony of the horſe-pond or blanket. Certain it is, that it would have been very fortunate if the riot had ended this way: but when that many-headed monſter, a mob, is once rouſed and put in motion, who can ſtop its deſtructive ſteps?

From the *hotel of the federation* the mob proceeded to Doctor Prieſtley's Meeting-houſe, which they very nearly deſtroyed in a little time. Had they ſtopped here all would yet have been well. The deſtruction of this temple of ſedition and infidelity would have been of no great conſequence; but, unhappily for them and the town of Birmingham, they could not be ſeparated, before they had deſtroyed the houſes and property of many members of the club. Some of theſe houſes, among which was Doctor Prieſtley's, were ſituated at the diſtance of ſome miles from town; the mob were in force to defy all the efforts of the civil power, and, unluckily, none of the military could be brought to the place, 'till ſome days after the 14th of July. In the mean time many ſpacious and elegant houſes were burnt, and much valuable property deſtroyed; but it is certainly worthy remark, that during the whole of theſe unlawful proceedings, not a ſingle perſon was killed or wounded, either wilfully or by accident, except ſome of the rioters themſelves. At the end of four or five days this riot, which ſeemed to threaten more ſerious conſequences, was happily terminated by the arrival of a detachement of dragoons; and tranquillity was reſtored to the diſtreſſed town of Birmingham.

The magiſtrates uſed every exertion in their power to quell this riot in its very earlieſt

ſtage; and continued ſo to do to the laſt. The Earl of Plymouth condeſcended to attend, and act as a juſtice of the peace; ſeveral clergymen of the church of England alſo attended in the ſame capacity, and all were indefatigable in their endeavors to put a ſtop to the depredations, and to re-eſtabliſh order.

Every one knows, that in ſuch caſes, it is difficult to diſcriminate, and that it is neither neceſſary nor juſt, if it be poſſible, to impriſon, try, and execute the whole of a mob. Eleven of theſe rioters were, however, indicted; ſeven of them were acquited, four found guilty, and of theſe four, two ſuffered death; Theſe unfortunate men were, according to the law, proſecuted on the part of the king; and it has been allowed by the Doctor's own partizans, that the proſecution was carried on with every poſſible enforcement, and even rigour, by the judges and counſellors. The pretended lenity was laid to the charge of the jury! What a contradiction! They accuſe the government of of ſcreening the rioters from the penalty due to their crimes, and at the ſame time they accuſe the jury of their acquittal! It is the misfortune of Doctor Prieſtley and all his adherents ever to be inconſiſtent with themſelves.

After this general review of the riots, in which the Doctor was unlawfully deſpoiled of his property, let us return to the merits of his particular caſe, and his complaint; and here let it be recollected, that it is not of the rioters alone that he complains, but of the laws and government of his country alſo. Upon an examination of particulars we ſhall find, that ſo

far from his having juſt cauſe of complaint, the laws have rendered him ſtrict juſtice, if not ſomething more; and that if any party has reaſon to complain of their execution, it is the town of Birmingham, and not Doctor Prieſtly.

Some time after the riots, the Doctor and the other Revolutioniſts who had had property deſtroyed, brought their action, for damages againſt the town of Birmingham, or rather againſt the hundred of which that town makes a part. The Doctor laid his damages at £4122. 11. 9. *ſterling*; of which ſum £420. 15. 0. was for works in manuſcript, which he ſaid, had been conſumed in the flames. The trial of this cauſe took up nine hours: the jury gave a verdict in his favor; but curtailed the damages to £2502. 18. 0. It was rightly conſidered that the imaginary value of the manuſcript works ought not to have been included in the damages; becauſe the Doctor being the author of them, he in fact poſſeſſed them ſtill, and the loſs could be little more than a few ſheets of dirty paper. Beſides if they were to be eſtimated by thoſe he had publiſhed for ſome years before, their deſtruction was a benefit inſtead of a loſs, both to himſelf and his country. This ſum then of £420. 15. 0. being deducted, the damages ſtood at £3701. 16. 9; and it ſhould not be forgotten that even a great part of this ſum was charged for an apparatus of philoſophical inſtruments, which in ſpite of the moſt unpardonable gaſconade of the philoſo-

pher, * can be looked upon as a thing of imaginary value only; and ought not to be eſtimated at its *coſt* any more than a collection of ſhells or inſects, or any other of the *frivola* of a virtuoſo.

Now it is notorious that actions for damages are always brought for much higher ſums than are ever expected to be recovered. Some times they are brought for three times the amount of the real damage ſuſtained; ſometimes for double, and ſometimes for only a third more than the real damage. If we view then the Doctor's eſtimate in the moſt favorable light, if we ſuppoſe that he made but the addition of one third to his real damages, the ſum he ought to have received would be no more than £. 2467. 17. 10; whereas he actually recieved £. 2502. 18. 0.; which was £. 35. 0. 2; more than he had a right to expect. And yet he complains that he has not found protection from the laws and government of his country! If he had been the very beſt ſubject in England, in place of one of the very worſt what could the laws have done more for him? Nothing certainly can be a ſtronger proof of the independence of the courts of juſtice, and of the impartial execution of the laws of England than the circumſtances and reſult of this cauſe.

* "You have deſtroyed the moſt truly valuable and uſeful "apparatus of philoſophical inſtruments that perhaps "any individual, in this or any other country, was ever "poſſeſſed of, in my uſe of which I annually ſpent large "ſums, with no pecuniary view whatever, but only in "the advancement of ſcience, *for the benefit of my country "and of mankind.*"

Letter to the inhabitants of Birmingham.

A man who had for many years been the avowed and open enemy of the government and conſtitution, had his property deſtroyed by a mob, who declared themſelves the friends of both, and who roſe on him becauſe he was not. This mob were purſued by the government whoſe cauſe they thought they were defending; ſome of them ſuffered death, and the inhabitants of the place where they aſſembled, were obliged to indemnify the man whoſe property they had deſtroyed. It would be curious to know what ſort of protection this *reverend* Doctor, this "friend of humanity" wanted. Would nothing ſatisfy him but the blood of the whole mob? Did he wiſh to ſee the town of Birmingham, like that of Lyons, razed, and all its induſtrious and loyal inhabitants butchered; becauſe ſome of them had been carried to commit unlawful exceſſes from their deteſtation of his wicked project? BIRMINGHAM HAS COMBATED AGAINST PRIESTLEY. BIRMINGHAM IS NO MORE. This I ſuppoſe would have ſatisfied the charitable modern philoſopher, who pretended, and who the Democratic ſociety ſay did, "return to his enemies bleſſings for curſes." Woe to the wretch that is expoſed to the benedictions of a modern philoſopher. His "*dextre vengreſſe*" is ten thouſand times more to feared than the bloody poignard of the aſſaſſin: the latter is drawn on individuals only, the other is pointed at the human race. Happily for the people of Birnmingham theſe bleſſings had no effect; there was no National Convention, no Revolutionary Tribunal, or Guillotine, in England.

As I have already obſerved, if the Doctor had been the beſt and moſt peaceable ſubject in the kingdom, the government and laws could not have yielded him more perfect protection; his complaint would therefore be groundleſs, if he had given no provocation to the people, if he had in nowiſe contributed to the riots. If then he has received ample juſtice, coſidered as an innocent man, and a good ſubject, what ſhall we think of his complaint, when we find that he was himſelf the principal cauſe of theſe riots; and that the rioters did nothing that was not perfectly conſonant to the principles he had for many years been labouring to infuſe into their minds?

That he and his club were the cauſe of the riots will not be diſputed; for had they not given an inſulting notice of their intention to celebrate the horrors of the fourteenth of July, accompanied with an inflammatory hand-bill, intended to excite an inſurrection againſt the government, * no riot would ever have taken place, and conſequently its diſaſtrous effects would have been avoided. But, it has been ſaid, that there was nothing offenſive in this inflammatory hand-bill; becauſe forſooth "the "matter of it (however indecent and untrue) "was not *more virulent* than Paine's Rights of "man, Mackintoſh's anſwer to Burke, remarks

* This hand-bill was diſowned by the club, and they offered a reward for apprehending the author; but they took care to ſend him to France before their advertiſement appeared.

"on the conſtitution of England, &c. &c. which "had been lately publiſhed without incurring the "*cenſure of government.*" So; an inflammatory performance, acknowledged to be *indecent* and *untrue*, is not offenſive, becauſe it is not *more virulent* than ſome other performances, which have eſcaped the cenſure of government! If this is not a new manner of arguing, it is at leaſt an odd one. But this hand-bill had ſomething *more malicious* in it, if not *more virulent*, than even the inflammatory works above mentioned. *They* were more difficult to come at; to have *them* they muſt be bought. *They* contained ſomething like reaſoning, the fallacy of which the government was very ſure would be detected, by the good ſenſe of thoſe who took the pains to read them. A hand-bill was a more commodious inſtrument of ſedition: It was calculated to have immediate effect. Beſides, if there had been nothing offenſive in it, why did the club think proper to diſown it in ſo ceremonious a manner? They diſowned it with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations, offered a reward for apprehending the author, and afterwards juſtified it as an inoffenſive thing. Here is a palpable inconſiſtency. The fact is, they perceived that this precious morſel of eloquence, in place of raiſing a mob for them, was like to raile one againſt them: they ſaw the ſtorm gathering, and in the moment of fear diſowned the writing. After the danger was over, ſeeing they could not exculpate themſelves from the charge of having publiſhed it, they defended it as an inoffenſive performance.

The Doctor, in his juſtificatory letter to the people of Birmingham, ſays that the company were aſſembled on this occaſion "to celebrate "the emancipation of a neighbouring nation from "tyranny, without intimating a deſire of *any thing* "*more* than *an improvement of their own conſtitution.*" Exceſſive modeſty! *Nothing but an improvement?* A LA FRANÇOISE of courſe? However with reſpect to the church, as it was a point of conſcience, the club do not ſeem to have been altogether ſo moderate in their deſigns. "Believe me," ſays the Doctor in the ſame letter, "the church "of England, which you think you are ſupport-"ing, has received a greater *blow* by this conduct "of yours than *I* and *all my friends* have ever *aim-*"*ed at it.*" They had then it ſeems aimed *a blow* at the eſtabliſhed church, and were forming a plan for *improving* the conſtitution; and yet the Doctor, in the ſame letter, twice expreſſes his aſtoniſhment at their being treated as the enemies of church and ſtate. In a letter to the ſtudents of the college of Hackney he ſays, a "Hierarchy, equally the *bane of chriſtianity and ra-*"*tional liberty*, now confeſſes its weakneſs; and "be aſſured that you will ſee its complete reforma-"tion or *its fall.*" And yet he has, the aſſurance to tell the people of Birmingham, that their ſuperiors have deceived them in repreſenting him and his ſect as the enemies of church and ſtate.

But, ſay they, we certainly exerciſed the right of freemen in aſſembling together; and even if our meeting had been unlawful, cognizance ſhould have been taken of it by the ma-

giſtracy: there can be no liberty where a ferocious mob is ſuffered to ſupercede the law. Very true. This is what the Doctor has been told a thouſand times, but he never would believe it. He ſtill continued to bawl out: "The "ſunſhine of reaſon will aſſuredly chaſe away and "diſſipate the miſts of darkneſs and error; and "when the majeſty of the people *is inſulted*, or "they feel themſelves oppreſſed by *any ſet of* "*men*, they have the power to redreſs the griev-"ance." So the people of Birmingham, feeling their majeſty inſulted by *a ſet of men* (and a very impudent ſet of men too), who audaciouſly attempted to perſuade them that they were "*all ſlaves and idolators*," and to ſeduce them from their duty to God and their country, roſe "*to redreſs the grievance.*" And yet he complains? Ah! ſays he, but, my good townſmen,

"————you miſtake the matter:
"For, in all ſcruples of this nature,
"No man includes *himſelf* nor turns
"The point upon his own concerns."

And therefore he ſays to the people of Birmingham: "You have been miſled." But had they ſuffered themſelves to be miſled by himſelf into an inſurrection againſt the government; had they burnt the churches, cut the throats of the clergy, and hung the magiſtrates, military officers and nobility to the lamp poſts, would he not have ſaid that they exerciſed a ſacred right? Nay, was not the very feſtival, which was the immediate cauſe of the riots, held expreſsly to celebrate ſcenes like theſe? to celebrate the inglorious triumphs of a mob? The fourteenth of July was a day marked with the

blood of the innocent, and eventually the deſtruction of an empire. The events of that day muſt ſtrike horror to every heart except that of a deiſtical philoſopher, and would brand with eternal infamy any other nation but France; which thanks to the benign influence of the Rights of Man, has made ſuch a progreſs in ferociouſneſs, murder, ſacrilege, and every ſpecies of infamy, that the horrors of the fourteenth of July are already forgotten.

What we celebrate we muſt approve; and does not the man, who approved of the events of the fourteenth of July, bluſh to complain of the Birmingham riots? "Happily," ſays he to the people of Birmingham, "happily the minds "of Engliſhmen have a horror for *murder*, and "therefore you did not, I hope, think of that; "though by your clamorous demanding me "at the hotel, it is probable that, at that time, "ſome of you intended me ſome perſonal injury." Yes, Sir, happily the minds of Engliſhmen have a horror for murder; but who will ſay that the minds of Engliſhmen, or Engliſh women either would have a horror for murder, if you had ſucceeded in overturning their religion and conſtitution, and introducing your Frenchified ſyſtem of liberty? The French were acknowledged to be the moſt polite, gentle, compaſſionate and hoſpitable people in all Europe: what are they now? Let Lafayette, Briſſot, Anacharſis Cloots, or Thomas Payne himſelf anſwer this queſtion.

Let us ſee a little how mobs have acted under the famous government that the Doctor ſo much admires.

I ſhall not attempt a detail of the horrors committed by the cut-throat Jourdan and his aſſociates in Provence, Avignon, Languedoc, and Rouſillon. Towns and villages ſacked, gentlemen's ſeats and caſtles burnt, and their inhabitants maſſacred; magiſtrates inſulted, beat, and impriſoned, ſometimes killed; priſoners ſet at liberty to cut the throats of thoſe they had already robbed. The exploits of this band of *patriots* would fill whole volumes. They reduced a great part of the inhabitants of the fineſt and moſt fertile country in the whole world to a degree of miſery and ruin that would never have been forgotten, had it not been ſo far eclipſed ſince, by the operation of what is, in "that devoted country," called the law. The amount of the damages ſuſtained in property, was perhaps a hundred thouſand times as great as that ſuſtained by the Revolutioniſts at Birmingham. When repeated accounts of theſe murderous ſcenes were laid before the National Aſſembly, what was the conſequence? what the redreſs? "We had our fears" ſaid Monſieur Gentil, "for the priſoners of Avignon, and for "the lives and property of the inhabitants of "that unhappy country; but theſe fears are now "changed into a certainty: the priſoners are "releaſed; the country ſeats are burnt, and" ——Monſieur Gentil was called to order, and not ſuffered to proceed; after which theſe precious "Guardians of the Rights of Man" paſſed a cenſure on him, for having ſlandered the patriots. It is notorious that the chief of theſe cut-throats, Jourdan has ſince produced his butcheries in Avignon as a proof of his *civiſm*, and that

he is now a diſtinguiſhed character among the real friends of the Revolution.

Does the Doctor remember having heard any thing about the glorious atchievements of the 10th of Auguſt, 1792? Has he ever made an eſtimate of the property deſtroyed in Paris on that and the following days? Let him compare the deſtruction that followed the ſteps of that mob, with the loſs of his boaſted apparatus; and when he has done this, let him tell us, if he can, where he would now be, if the government of England had treated him and his friends, as the National Aſſembly did the ſufferers in the riots of the 10th of Auguſt. But, perhaps, he looks upon the events of that day as a glorious victory, a new emancipation, and of courſe will ſay, that I degrade the *Heroes* in calling them a mob. I am not for diſputing with him about a name; he may call them the heroes of the 10th of Auguſt if he will: "The Heroes of the 14th of July," has always been underſtood to mean, *a gang of blood thirſty cannibals*, and I would by no means wiſh to withold the title from thoſe of the 10th of Auguſt.

Will the Doctor allow, that it was a mob that murdered the ſtate priſoners from Orleans? or does he inſiſt upon calling that maſſacre an *act of civiſm*, and the actors in it, the heroes of the 12th of September? But whether it was an act of civiſm, a maſſacre, or a victory, or whatever it was, I cannot help giving it a place here, as I find it recorded by his countryman, Doctor Moore. "The mangled bodies," ſays he "were lying "in the ſtreet on the left hand as you go to the "*Chateau* from Paris. Some of the lower ſort of

" the inhabitants of Verſailles were looking on;
" the reſt ſtruck with terror, were ſhut up in their
" ſhops and houſes. The body of the Duke of
" Briſſac was pointed out, the head and one of
" the hands was cut off! a man ſtood near
" ſmoking tobacco, with his ſword drawn, and
" a human hand ſtuck on the point! another
" fellow walked careleſsly among the bodies
" with an entire arm of another of the priſoners
" fixed to the point of his ſword! A waggon
" afterwards arrived, into which were thrown
" as many of the ſlaughtered bodies as the
" horſes could draw! a boy of about fifteen
" years of age was in the waggon, aſſiſting to
" receive the bodies as they were put in, and
" packing them in the moſt convenient manner,
" with an air of as much indifference as if they
" had been ſo many parcels of goods! One of
" the wretches who threw in the bodies, and
" who probably had aſſiſted in the maſſacre,
" ſaid to the ſpectators in praiſe of the boy's ac-
" tivity; " *See that little fellow there; how bold*
" *he is!*"

" The aſſaſſins of the priſoners were a party
" who came from Paris the preceding evening,
" moſt of them in poſt chaiſes, for that purpoſe,
" and who attacked thoſe unhappy men while
" they remained in the ſtreet, waiting 'till the
" gate of the priſon which was prepared for
" their reception, ſhould be opened. The detach-
" ment which had guarded the priſoners from
" Orleans, ſtood ſhameful and paſſive ſpectators
" of the maſſacre,—The miſerable priſoners be-
" ing all unarmed, and ſome of them fettered,
" could do nothing in their own defence: they

" were moſt of them ſtabbed--and a few, who at-
" tempted reſiſtance, were cut down with ſabres.
" There never was a more barbarous and
" daſtardly action perfo rmed in the face of the
" ſun.—Gracious Heaven ! Were thoſe barbari-
" ties, which would diſgrace ſavages, committed
" by Frenchmen ? by that lively and ingenu-
" ous people, whoſe writings were ſo much ad-
" mired, whoſe ſociety has been ſo much cour-
" ted, and whoſe manners have been ſo much
" imitated by all the neighbouring nations ?—
" This atrocious deed, executed in the ſtreets
" of Verſailles, and the horrors committed in
" the priſons of Paris, will fix indelible ſtains
" on the character of the French nation. It is
" ſaid thoſe barbarities revolted the hearts of
" many of the citizens of Paris and Verſailles,
" as much as they could thoſe of the inhabitants
" of London or Windſor. It is alſo ſaid that
" thoſe maſſacres were not committed by the
" inhabitants of Paris or Verſailles, but by a
" ſet of hired aſſaſſins—But who hired thoſe
" aſſaſſins ? Who remained in ſhameful ſtupor
" and daſtardly inactivity, while their laws
" were inſulted, their priſons violated, and
" their fellow-citizens butchered in the open
" ſtreets ? I do not believe, that from the
" wickedeſt gangs of highway-men, houſe-
" breakers, and pick-pockets, that infeſt Lon-
" don and the neighbourhood, men could be
" ſelected who could be bribed to murder in
" cool blood, ſuch a number of their country-
" men !—and if they could, I am convinced
" that no degree of popular deluſion they are ca-

" pable of, no pretext, no motive whatever, " could make the inhabitants of London or " Windſor, or any town of Great-Britain, ſuf- " fer ſuch dreadful executions to be performed " within their walls."

No; I hope not: yet I do not know what might have been effected, by an introduction of the ſame ſyſtem of anarchy, that has changed the airy amiable French into a ſet of the moſt ferocious inhuman blood-hounds, that ever diſgraced the human ſhape.

From ſcenes like theſe, the mind turns for relief and conſolation to the riot at Birmingham. That riot conſidered comparatively with what Doctor Prieſtly and his friends wiſhed and attempted to ſtir up, was peace, harmony and gentleneſs. Has this man any reaſon to complain? He will perhaps ſay, he did not approve of the French riots and maſſacres; to which I ſhall anſwer, that he did approve of them. His public celebration of them was a convincing proof of this; and if it were not, his ſending his ſon to Paris, in the midſt of them, to requeſt the *honour* of becoming a French citizen, is a proof that certainly will not be diſputed.* If then we

* Another " hazarded aſſertion." Let us hear the Doctor again. " My ſecond ſon, who was preſent both at " the riot and aſſizes, felt more indignation ſtill, and wil- " lingly liſtened to a propoſal to ſettle in France; and " there his reception was but too flattering." It is uſeleſs to aſcertain the time of this flattering reception, in order to prove that it was in the midſt of maſſacres; for the revolution has been one continued ſcene of murder and rapine; but, however, if the reader has an opportunity of examining the Paris papers, he will find that the ceremony took place within a very few days of the time when Jourdan filled the *ice-houſe* at Avignon with mangled bodies.

take a view of the riots of which the Doctor is an admirer, and of thoſe of which he expreſſes his deteſtation, we muſt fear that he is very far from being that "*friend of human happineſs*," that the democratic ſociety pretend to believe him. In ſhort, in whatever light we view the Birmingham riots, we can ſee no object that excites our compaſſion, except the inhabitants of the Hundred and the unfortunate Rioters themſelves.

The charge that the Doctor brings againſt his country is, that it has not *afforded him protection*. It ought to be remarked here, that there is a material difference between a government that does not at all times afford *ſufficient protection*, and one that is *oppreſſive*. However, in his anſwer to the New-York addreſſes, he very politely acquieſces in the government and laws of England being oppreſſive alſo. Would he really prefer the proceedings of a *revolutionary tribunal* to thoſe of a court of juſtice in England? Does he envy the lot of his colleague Manuel, Lacroix, Danton and Chabot? How would he look before a tribunal like that of the Princeſs de Lambelle, for example? When this much lamented unfortunate lady was dragged before the villains that ſat in a kind of mock judgment on her, they were drinking *eau de vie*, to the damnation of thoſe that lay dead before them. Their ſhirt ſleeves were tucked up to their elbows, their arms and hands, and even the goblets they were drinking out of, were beſmeared with human blood! I much queſtion if the aſſaſſin's ſtab, or even the laſt pang of death with all its concomitant bitterneſs, was

half ſo terrible as the blood-freezing ſight of theſe hell-hounds. Yet this was a *court of juſtice*, under that conſtitution which "the friend "of human happineſs" wanted to impoſe on his countrymen! Paine in ſpeaking of the Engliſh government ſays exultingly, and as he fancies wittily: "they manage thoſe things better "in France." I fancy, this boaſting "repreſenta-"tive of twenty-four millions of freemen" would now be glad to exchange his poſt of deputy for that of under ſhoe black to the meaneſt Laquay at the court of London! Would he not with joy exchange his *cachot* with the reverſion of the guillotine into the bargain, for the darkeſt cell in that very Baſtile, the deſtruction of which he has ſo triumphantly and heroically ſung? His fate is a good hint to thoſe who change countries every time they croſs the ſea. A man of all countries is a man of no country: and let all thoſe citizens of the world remember, that he who has been a bad ſubject in his own country, though from ſome latent motive he may be well received in another, will never be either *truſted* or *reſpected*.

The Doctor and his fellow labourers who have lately emigrated to Botany Bay, have been continually crying out: "a reform of Parliament." The ſame viſionary deluſion ſeems to have pervaded all reformers in all ages. They do not conſider what *can* be done, but what they think ought to be done. They have no calculating principle to direct them to diſcover whether a reform will coſt them more than it is worth or not. They do not ſit down to count the coſt; but, the object being, as they think, deſirable, the

means are totally disregarded. If the French reformers had sit down to count the cost, I do not believe they were villains or ideots enough to have pursued their plan as they did. To save a tenth part of their income, they have given the whole, or rather it has been taken from them. To preserve the life of a person now and then unjustly condemned, they have drenched the country with the blood of the innocent. Even the Bastile, that terrible monument of tyranny, which has been painted in such frightful colours contained but *two* state prisoners when it was forced by the mob; and the reformers to deliver these two prisoners, and to guard others from a like fate, have erected Bastiles in every town and in every street. Before the revolution there were only *two* state prisoners, there are now above *two hundred thousand*. Do these people calculate? Certainly not. They will not take man as they find him, and govern him upon principles established by experience; they will have him to be "a faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," and wish to govern him according to a system that never was, or can be, brought into practice.

These waking dreams would be of no more consequence than those of the night, were they not generally pursued with an unjustifiable degree of obstinacy and intrigue, and even villainy; and did they not, being always adapted to flatter and inflame the lower orders of the people, often baffle every effort of legal power. Thus it happened in England in the reign of Charles the first; and thus has it happened in France. Some trifling innovation always paves the way

to the ſubverſion of a government. The ax in the foreſt humbly beſought a little piece of wood to make it a handle: the foreſt conſiſting of ſo many ſtately trees, could not, without manifeſt cruelty, refuſe the "humble" requeſt; but, the handle once granted, the before-contemptible tool began to lay about it with ſo much violence, that in a little time not a tree nor even ſhrub was ſtanding. That a parliamentary reform was the handle by which the Engliſh revolutioniſts intended to effect the deſtruction of the conſtitution needs not be inſiſted on; at leaſt if we believe their own repeated declarations. Paine and ſome others clearly expreſſed themſelves on this head: the Doctor was more cautious while in England, but, ſafely arrived in his "aſylum" he has been a little more undiſguiſed. He ſays the troubles in Europe are the natural offſpring of the "*forms of government*" that exiſt there; and that the abuſes ſpring from the "*artificial diſtinctions in ſociety.*"—I muſt ſtop here a moment to remark on the impudence of this aſſertion. Is it not notorious that *changing* thoſe forms of government, and *deſtroying* thoſe diſtinctions in ſociety, has introduced all the troubles in Europe? Had the form of government in France continued what it had been for twelve or thirteen hundred years, would thoſe troubles ever have had an exiſtence. To hazard an aſſertion like this, a man muſt be an idiot, or he muſt think his readers ſo.—It was then the *form* of the Engliſh government, and thoſe artificial diſtinctions; that is to ſay, of king, prince, biſhop, &c. that he wanted to deſtroy, in order to produce that "*other ſyſtem of liberty*," which he had been

ſo long dreaming about. In his anſwer to the addreſs of "the republican natives of Great Bri-" tain and Ireland, reſident at New-York," he ſays: "the wiſdom and happineſs of republican "governments, and the evils reſulting from "hereditary monarchical ones, cannot appear in "a ſtonger light to you than they do to me;" and yet this ſame man pretended an inviolable attachment to the *hereditary monarchical government* of Great Britain! Says he, by way of vindicating the principles of his club to the people of Birmingham "the firſt toaſt that was drunk, was, "*the king and conſtitution.*" What! does he make a merit in England of having *toaſted* that which he abominates in America? Alas! Philoſophers are but mere men!

It is clear that a parliamentary reform was not the object; an after game was intended, which the vigilance of government, and the natural good ſenſe of the people happily prevented; and the Doctor, diſappointed and chagrined, is come here to diſcharge his heart of the venom it has been long collecting againſt his country. He tells the Democratic ſociety that he cannot promiſe to be a better ſubject of this government than he has been of that of Great Britain. Let us hope that he intends us an agreeable diſappointment, if not, the ſooner he emigrates back again the better.

Syſtem mongers are an unreaſonable ſpecies of mortals: time, place, climate, nature itſelf muſt give way. They muſt have the ſame government in every quarter of the globe; when perhaps there are not two countries which can poſſibly admit of the ſame form of government, at

the ſame time. A thouſand hidden cauſes, a thouſand circumſtances and unforeſeen events conſpire to the forming of a government. It is always done by little and little. When compleated, it preſents nothing like a *ſyſtem*; nothing like a thing compoſed, and written in a book. It is curious to hear people cite the American government as the ſummit of human perfection while they decry the Engliſh; when it is abſolutely nothing more than the government which the kings of England eſtabliſhed here, with ſuch little modifications as were neceſſary on account of the ſtate of ſociety and local circumſtances. If then the Doctor is come here for a change of government and laws, he is the moſt diſappointed of mortals. He will have the mortification to find in his "*aſylum*" the ſame laws as thoſe from which he has fled, the ſame upright manner of adminiſtering them, the ſame puniſhment of the oppreſſor and the ſame protection of the oppreſſed. In the courts of juſtice he will every day ſee precedents quoted from the Engliſh law-books; and (which to him may appear wonderful) we may venture to predict, that it will be very long before they will be ſupplanted by the bloody records of the revolutionary tribunal. Let him compare the governments of theſe ſtates and the meaſures they have purſued, with what has paſſed under the boaſted conſtitution that he wiſhed to introduce into England, and ſee if he can find one ſingle inſtance of the moſt diſtant reſemblance. In the abolition of negro ſlavery for example, the governments of the United States have not ruſhed headlong into the mad plan of the National Convention. With much more humane views; with a much more

ſincere deſire of ſeeing all mankind free and happy, they have, in ſpite of clubs and ſocieties, proceeded with caution and juſtice. In ſhort, they have adopted as nearly as poſſible, conſidering circumſtances and ſituation, the ſame meaſures as have been taken by the government which he abhors. He will have the further mortification to find, that the government here is not, any more than in England, influenced by the vociferations of fiſh-women, or by the *toaſts* and *reſolutions* of popular ſocieties. He will, however, have one conſolation, here as well as there, he will find that the truly great, virtuous and incorruptible man at the head of government, is branded for an *Ariſtocrat*, by thoſe noiſy gentry.

Happineſs being the end of all good government, that which produces the moſt is conſequently the beſt; and compariſon being the only method of determining the relative value of things, it is eaſy to ſee which is preferable, the tyranny which the French formerly enjoyed, or the liberty and equality they at preſent labour under. If the Doctor had come about a year ſooner, he might have had the ſatisfaction of being not only an ear but an eye-witneſs alſo, of ſome of the bleſſed effects of this celebrated revolution. He might then have been regaled with that ſight, ſo delectable to a modern philoſopher;—opulence reduced to miſery.

The ſtale pretence, that the league againſt the French has been the cauſe of their inhuman conduct to each other, cannot, by the moſt perverſe ſophiſtry, be applied to the Iſland of St.

Domingo. That fine rich colony was ruined, its ſuperb capital and villas reduced to aſhes, one half of its inhabitants maſſacred, and the other half reduced to beggary, before an enemy ever appeared on the coaſt. No: it is that ſyſtem of anarchy and blood that was celebrated at Birmingham on the 14th of July, 1791, that has been the cauſe of all this murder and deva[illegible]ation.

Nor let the Doctor pretend that this could not be foreſeen. It was foreſeen and foretold too, from the very moment a part of the Deputies to the States General were permitted to call themſelves a national aſſembly. In proof of this, I could mention a dozen publications that came out under his own eye; but I ſhall content myſelf with giving a ſhort extract from a ſpeech in the Britiſh parliament, which is the more proper on this occaſion, as it was delivered but a few weeks before the period of the riots. "The Americans," ſaid Mr. Burke, "have "what was eſſentially neceſſary for freedom; "they have the phlegm of the good tempered "Engliſhmen——they were fitted for Republi- "cans by a republican education. Their revo- "lution was not brought about by baſe and dege- "nerate crimes; nor did they overturn a go- "vernment for the purpoſes of anarchy; but they "raiſed a republic as nearly repreſenting the Bri- "tiſh government at it was poſſible. They did not "run into the abſurdity of France, and by ſeiz- "ing on the *rights of man*, declare that the na- "tion was to govern the nation, and Prince

" Prettyman to govern Prince Prettyman.*
" There are in Canada many of the ancient inha-
" bitants; will it be proper to give them the
" French conſtitution? In my opinion there
" is not a ſingle circumſtance that recommends
" the adoption of any part of it, for the whole
" is abominably bad—the production of folly,
" not wiſdom—of vice, not virtue; it contains
" nothing but extremes, as diſtant from each
" as the poles—the parts are in eternal oppo-
" ſition to each other—it is founded on what
" is called the *rights* of man, but to my convic-
" tion it is founded on the *wrongs* of man, and
" I now hold in my hand an example of its ef-
" fects on the French colonies—Domingo,
" Guadaloupe, and the other French Iſlands,
" were rich, happy, and growing in ſtrength
" and conſequence in ſpite of the three laſt
" diſtreſſing wars, before they heard of the
" new doctrine of the rights of men; but theſe
" rights were no ſooner arrived at the Iſlands,
" than any ſpectator would have imagined that
" Pandora's box had been opened, and that Hell
" had yawned out diſcord, murder, and every
" miſchief; for anarchy, confuſion and blood-
" ſhed raged every where; it was a general
" ſummons for

* If this gentleman could ſee *a rant* publiſhed a few days ago, by *my old friends*, the New York Democratic Society, he would find that we are improved; and that Prince Prettyman is to govern Prince Prettyman here as well as in France. " What" ſay they, " ſhall preſerve public liberty, but the wiſdom of an en-
" lightened people? In every free ſtate the ſovereignty
" is veſted in the people, and every individual is at once
" *a legiſlator* and *a ſovereign*."

" Black ſpirits, and white,
" Blue ſpirits, and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may,"

" When the aſſembly heard of theſe diſorders, " they ordered troops to quel them; but it " proves that the troops have joined the inſur- " gents, and murdered their commander. I " look on the revolution with horror and dete- " tation; it is a revolution of conſummate folly, " formed and maintained by every vice."

But perhaps the Doctor's intenſe ſtudies; " his " continued labours for the good of mankind," might not leave him time to peruſe the debates of parliament; however, we may fairly preſume that he read the letters addreſſed to himſelf; and if ſo, he has read the following paſſage, " you think that a neighbouring nation " is emancipated from tyranny, and that a com- " pany of Engliſhmen may laudably expreſs " their joy on the occaſion. Were your premi- " ſes true, I would allow your concluſion. But " let us wait the event. Philoſophers ſhould " not be too credulous, or form their determi- " nations too raſhly. It is very poſſible that " all the magnificent ſchemes of your auguſt " diet in France may be ſucceeded by a ridicu- " lous, a villainous, or a bloody cataſtrophe."

Either he foreſaw the conſequences of the French Revolution or did he not foreſee them: if he did not, he muſt confeſs that his penetration was far inferior to that of his antagoniſts, and even to that of the multitude of his countrymen; for they all foreſaw them. If he did foreſee them, he ought to bluſh at being called

the " friend of human happineſs ;" for, to foreſee ſuch dreadful calamities and to form a deliberate plan for bringing them upon his country he muſt have a diſpoſition truely diabolical. If he did not foreſee them, he muſt have an underſtanding little ſuperior to that of an idiot ; if he did, he muſt have the heart of a *Marat*. Let him chooſe.

But it is pretty clear that he foreſaw the conſequences, or, at leaſt, that he approves of them; for, as I have obſerved above, he ſent his ſon into France, in the very midſt of the maſſacres, to requeſt the honor of becoming a French citizen; and in his anſwer to the addreſſers at New-York, he takes good care to expreſs his diſapprobation of the war purſued by his country (which he calls an infatuation) becauſe its manifeſt tendency is to deſtroy that hydra, that ſyſtem of anarchy which is the primary cauſe. Beſides, is not his emigration itſelf a convincing proof, that his opinion ſtill remains the ſame ? If he found himſelf miſtaken, he would confeſs his error ; at leaſt tacitly, by a change of conduct. Has he done this ? No : the French revolution is his ſyſtem, and ſooner than not ſee it eſtabliſhed, I much queſtion if he would not with pleaſure ſee the maſſacre of all the human race.

Even ſuppoſe his intended plan of improvement had been the beſt in the world inſtead of the worſt : the people of England had certainly a right to reject it. He claims, as an indubitable right, the right of thinking for *others*, and yet he will not permit the people of England to think for *themſelves*. Paine ſays : " what a

whole nation *wills*, it has a right *to do.*" Conſequently, what a whole nation does *not will*, it has a right *not to do.* Rouſſeau ſays: " the majority of a people has a right to *force* the reſt to be *free;*" but even the " inſane Socrates of the national aſſembly" has never, in all his abſurd reveries, had the folly to pretend, that a club of diſſenting malcontents has a right to *force* a whole nation to be *free.* If the Engliſh chooſe to remain ſlaves, bigots, and idolators, as the Doctor calls them, that was no buſineſs of his: he had nothing to do with them. He ſhould have let them alone; and perhaps in due time, the abuſes of their government would have come to that " *natural termination,*" which he truſts " will guard againſt future abuſes." But, no, ſaid the Doctor, I will reform you,—I will enlighten you,—I will make you free. You ſhall not! ſay the people. But I will! ſays the Doctor. By ——, ſay the people, you ſhall not " *And when* Ahithopel *ſaw that his counſel was* " *not followed, he ſaddled his aſs, and aroſe, and* " *gat him home to his houſe, to his city, and put his* " *houſehold in order, and hanged himſelf, and* " *died and was buried in the ſepulchre of his* " *father.*"

I now beg the reader's company in a ſlight review of the addreſſes, delivered to the Doctor by the ſeveral patriotic ſocieties at New York.*

* I An addreſs from " *the Democratic Society* "
II. From the " *Tammany Society.*"
III. From the " *Aſſociated Teachers.*"
IV. From the " *Republican Natives of Great Britain* " *and Ireland* "
Theſe addreſſes, with the anſwers to them, having all appeared in the Gazettes, it will be uſeleſs to give them at length here.

It is no more than juſtice to ſay of theſe addreſſes, in the lump, that they are diſtinguiſhed for a certain barrenneſs of thought and vulgarity of ſtile, which, were we not in poſſeſſion of the Doctor's anſwers, might be thought inimitable. If the parties were leſs known, one might be tempted to think that the addreſſers were dull by concert; and that by way of retaliation, the Doctor was reſolved to be as dull as they. At leaſt, if this was their deſign, nobody will deny but they have ſucceeded to admiration.

"The governments of the old world," ſay the Democratic Society, "are moſt of them now "baſely combined to prevent the eſtabliſhment "of liberty in France, and to effect the total "deſtruction of the rights of man."

What! The Rights of man yet? I thought that *Liberty and Equality, the Rights of man*, and all that kind of political cant, had long been diſcovered for the greateſt Bore in nature. Are there people in this country, and people who pretend to poſſeſs a ſuperior degree of ſagacity too, who are dolts enough to talk about *French Liberty*, after what paſſes under their eyes every day? Is not every Frenchman in the United States, obliged to go to a juſtice of the peace, every two or three months, to have a certificate of reſidence? And muſt he not have this certificate ſworn to and ſigned, by four inhabitants beſide the magiſtrate? And muſt he not pay for this too? And if he fails in any part of this ſlaviſh ceremony, or goes into Canada or Florida, is he not marked out for the Guilliotine? An Engliſhman may come when he will, ſtay as long as he pleaſes, go where he

will, and return when he will to his own country, without finding any law of proſcription, or confiſcation, iſſued againſt him or his property. Which has moſt liberty?

I thought no one would dun our ears with *French liberty*, after the decree which obliges every merchant, under pain of the Guilliotine, to make a declaration of all his property in foreign countries, and to give up his right and title of ſuch property to the convention; and not only to make a declaration of his own, but of his neighbour's property alſo, under the ſame penalty! It has long been cuſtomary to expreſs a deteſtation of the tyranny and cruelty of the Inquiſition: but the Inquiſition, in the height of its ſeverity, was never half ſo tyrannical as this decree. This is the boaſted "gallic liberty." Let us hear their own definition of this liberty. "Liberty," ſays Barrere, in his report to the National Convention, on the 3d of January 1794 "Liberty, my dear fellow citizens, is a privi-"ledged and general creditor; not only has "ſhe a right to our *property* and *perſons*, but to our *talents* and *courage*, and even to our "*thoughts*!" Oh Liberty! What a metamorphoſis haſt thou undergone in the hands of theſe political juglers!

If this be liberty, may God in his mercy continue me the moſt abject ſlave. If this be liberty, who will ſay that the Egliſh did not do well in rejecting the Doctor's plan for making them free? The Democrats of New York, accuſe the allies of being combined to prevent the eſtabliſhment of liberty in France, and to deſtroy the rights of man; when it is notorious that the

French themſelves have baniſhed the very idea of the thing from amongſt them; that is to ſay, if they ever had an idea of it. Nay, the author of the *rights of man*, and the authoreſs of the *rights of women*, are at this moment ſtarving in a dirty dungeon, not a hundred paces from the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of liberty and equality; and the poor unfortunate Goddeſs* herſelf is guilliotined! So much for liberty and the rights of man.

The Tammany ſociety comes forward in boaſting of their "*venerable anceſtors*," and, ſays the Doctor in his anſwer: "Happy would *our* "venerable anceſtors have been to have found "&c." What! Were they the Doctor's anceſtors too? I ſuppoſe he means in a figurative ſenſe. But certainly, gentleman, you made a *faux pas* in talking about your anceſtors at all. It is always a tender ſubject, and ought to be particularly avoided by a body of men "who diſdain the ſhackles of tradition."

You ſay that, in the United States, "there "exiſts a ſentiment of free and candid enquiry, "which diſdains the ſhackles of tradition, pre-"paring a rich harveſt of improvement and the "glorious triumph of truth." Knowing the religious, or rather irreligious, principles of the perſon to whom this ſentence was addreſſed it is eaſy to divine its meaning. But, without

* Madame Hebert, who had the honor of repreſenting this Deity, and who received for a conſiderable time, the adorations and incenſe of the devout Pariſians, was guilliotined not long ago. It is impoſſible to ſay for what ſhe was executed, as the court by which ſhe was tried do not waſte their precious time in committing their proceedings to writing.

flattery, your zeal ſurpaſſes that of the Doctor himſelf: he diſdains *revelation only;* the authority of Moſes, David, and a parcel of folks that nobody knows; but you diſdain what your fathers have told you: which is the more ſurpriſing, as, at the ſame time, you boaſt of your "*venerable anceſtors.*" People ſhould always endeavour to be conſiſtent, at leaſt *when intereſt does not interfere.* However, ſuppoſe the ſhackles of revelation and tradition both completely ſhaken off, and the infidel Unitarian ſyſtem eſtabliſhed in their ſtead; what good would the country derive from it? This is certainly worth enquiry; becauſe a thing that will do no good, can be good for nothing. The people of theſe ſtates are, in general, induſtrious, ſober, honeſt, humane, charitable and ſincere; dutiful children and tender parents. This is the character of the people, and who will pretend to ſay that the goſpel, the belief of which has chiefly contributed to their acquiring of this amiable character, ought to be exchanged for the atheiſtical or deſtical doctrines of a Monvel* or a Prieſtley? For my part I can ſee nothing to induce us to try the experiment; no, not even "the rich har-

* Upon the article of religion *Monvel* ſays, "the "world has ſeen three infamous impoſtors, Moſes, Ma"homet and Jeſus Chriſt; men have ever been divided "into two claſſes, the deceivers and the deceived; they "have always had falſe fears and vain hopes. Theſe "have introduced religions, that is to ſay, cheats and "dupes; and in ſhort, the ſoul of a man and that of a dog "are juſt as precious and as immortal the one as the o"ther."

This *Monvel* was a player, and was choſen by the National Convention of France as a Prieſt of Atheiſm. The

"veſt of improvement and the glorious tri-
"umph of truth," that you ſay it promiſes. We know *the truth* already; we want no improvement in religious knowledge; all we want is to practice better what we know; and it is not likely that our practice would be improved by diſdaining the theory.

You allow that a public and ſincere ſpirit of toleration exiſts among us. What more is wanted? If you were to effect a general diſdain of the ſhackles of tradition, perhaps the "rich harveſt" would be a corruption of manners, diſcord, perſecution and blood. The ſame cauſes generally produce the ſame effects: to ſee, and be terrified at thoſe effects, we have only to turn out eyes to that diſtracted country, where it muſt be allowed even by yourſelves, the ſhackles of tradition are ſufficiently diſdained.

Doctor Prieſtley profeſſes to wiſh for nothing but toleration; liberty of conſcience. But let us contraſt theſe moderate and diſintereſted profeſſions with what he has advanced in ſome of his lateſt publications. I have already taken notice of the aſſertion in his letters to the ſtudents of Hackney; "that the eſtabliſhed "church *muſt fall.*" In his addreſs to the Jews (who by the bye, he ſeems to wiſh to form a coalition with) he ſays; "all the perſecutions of the jews have ariſen from *trinitarian*, that is

above ſentiments, making part of a diſcourſe delivered by him in the church of St. Roch at Paris, were tranſlated from the *Journal Republicain de Paris*.

to ſay *Idolatrous Chriſtians.*" Idolatrous chriſtians! It is the firſt time I believe theſe two words were ever joined together. Is this the language of a man who wanted only toleration in a country where the eſtabliſhed church, and the moſt part of the diſſenters alſo, are profeſſedly *trinitarians?* He will undoubtedly ſay that the people of this country are *idolaters* too, for there is not one out of a hundred at moſt, who does not firmly believe in the doctrine of the Trinity.

Such a man complains of perſecution with a very ill grace. But ſuppoſe he had been perſecuted for a mere matter of opinion; it would be only receiving the meaſure he has meted to others. Has he not approved of the unmerciful perſecution of the unfortunate and worthy part of the French clergy; men as far ſurpaſſing him in piety and utility as in ſuffering? They did did not want to coin a new religion; they wanted only to be permitted to enjoy, without interruption, the one they had been educated in, and that they had ſworn in the moſt ſolemn manner, to continue in to the end of their lives. The Doctor ſays in his addreſs to the Methodiſts; "you will judge whether I have not reaſon and ſcripture on my ſide. You will at leaſt be convinced that *I have ſo perſuaded myſelf*; and you cannot but reſpect a real lover of truth, and *a deſire to bring others into it*, even in the man who is unfortunately in an error." Does not this man bluſh at approving of the baſe, cowardly and bloody perſecutions that have been carried on againſt a ſet of men, who erred, if they did err at all, from an exceſs of con-

ſcentiouſneſs? *He* talks of perſecution, and puts on the mockery of woe: theirs has been perſecution indeed. Robbed, dragged from their homes, or obliged to hide from the ſight of man, in continual expectation of the aſſaſſin's ſtab; ſome tranſported, like common felons, forever; and a much greater number butchered by thoſe to whoſe happineſs their lives had been devoted, and in that country that they loved too well to diſgrace by their apoſtacy! How gladly would one of thoſe unfortunate conſcientious men have eſcaped to America, leaving fortune, friends and all behind him! And how different has been the fate of Doctor Prieſtley! Ah, Gentlemen! do not let us be deceived by falſe pretenders: the manner of his emigration is, of itſelf, a ſufficient proof that the ſtep was not neceſſary, to the enjoyment of "protection from violence."

You ſay, he has "long *diſtintereſtedly* laboured for his country." 'Tis true he ſays ſo; but we muſt not believe him more diſintereſted than other reformers. If toleration had been all he wanted; if he had contented himſelf with the permiſſion of ſpreading his doctrines, he would have found this in England, or in almoſt any other country, as well as here. The man that wants only to avoid perſecution, does not make a noiſy and faſtidious diſplay of his principles, or attack with unbridled indecency, the religion of the country in which he lives. He who avoids perſecution is ſeldom perſecuted.

"The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
"Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of ſteel,

" To, men remote from pow'r but rarely known
" Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all your own."

But the Doctor did not want to be remote from power or *profit* either; for, in his ſermon on the teſt law, he propoſes " to ſet apart one " church for the diſſenters in every conſidera- " ble town, and a certain allotment of *tithes* for " their miniſter, proportioned to the number " of diſſenters in the diſtrict." A very modeſt and diſintereſted requeſt truly! Was this man ſeeking peace and toleration *only?* He thinks theſe facts are unknown in America. After all his clamour againſt tithes, and his rejoicing on account of their abolition in France he had no objection to their continuing in England, provided he came in for a ſhare. Aſtoniſhing diſintereſtedneſs!

In this country there is nothing to fear from the Doctor's diſintereſtedneſs; becauſe there being no public revenue annexed to any worſhip whatever, there is nothing to wrangle for; but from the diſſeminating of his deiſtical doctrine there is much to fear. A celebrated deiſt in England ſays that there can can be no ſuch thing as an atheiſt; that it is impoſſible: for ſays he, " every one muſt neceſſarily believe " that ſome cauſe or other produced the Uni- " verſe; he may call that cauſe what he pleaſ- " es; *god*, *nature*, or even *chance*; ſtill he believes " in the efficacy of that cauſe, and therefore is " no atheiſt." And indeed, we ſhall find that deiſm is but another name for atheiſm, whether we conſider it in theory or practice. That we ſhould not be bettered by the introduction

of deiſm or atheiſm, I think is a clear caſe. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of "wiſdom." While this fear exiſted in France there was ſome kind of manners, ſome kind of juſtice left; but ever ſince the deluded people have been taught that Jeſus Chriſt was an infamous impoſtor; and the worſhip of him has been forbidden as "idolatrous," the whole infernal legion ſeems to be let looſe amongſt them; and the nation appears marked out for a dreadful example to mankind. Indeed ſome ſuch example was neceſſary to cure the world of the infidel philoſophy of Voltaire, Rouſſeau, Gibbon, Prieſtley, and the reſt of that enlightened tribe.

We are continually exclaiming againſt prejudice, without attending to its effect on ourſelves. I am afraid prejudice in favour of the French Revolution has led Americans to approve many things, which, a few years ago, they would have viewed with the utmoſt abhorrence; and that they would even now view with abhorrence, in any other nation. And here I cannot help taking notice of an article that appeared not many days ago in one of our public papers. The writer is giving a liſt of eminent perſons who have "ariſen on the democratic "floor," which he concludes with *Marat*, *St. Paul*, and *Jeſus Chriſt*. Is it not a moſt horrid blaſphemy to put the Son of God, the prince of peace, on a footing with the bloody author of the maſſacres at Paris and Verſailles? I hope and believe, that ſuch Blaſphemers are rare in the United States, and the only way to keep them ſo, is for the people to reject unanimouſly

every attempt to debaſe chriſtianity, in whatever ſhape, and under whatever diſguiſe it may appear.

In the addreſs of "the republican natives of "Great-Britain and Ireland, reſident at New-"York," we find a very extraordinary paſſage indeed. But, before we ſay any thing about this addreſs, it will not be amiſs to ſay a word or two about the addreſſers. I believe one might venture to ſay, that there are but very few natives of Ireland among them; becauſe, the emigrants from that country, being generally engaged in agricultural purſuits from their firſt arrival here have not the time to form themſelves into political ſocieties: and the words "Great-Britain" might probably have been ſupplied by *one word*. However, as the gentlemen have not this word worthy of a place in their addreſs, I can by no means think of introducing it here. But let us ſee what they ſay of themſelves; "After a *fruitleſs oppoſition* to a corrupt and "tyrannical government, *many of us, like you*, "ſought freedom and protection in the United "States of America. We look back on our "native country with *pity* and *indignation*, at "the outrages that humanity has ſuſtained in "the perſons of the virtuous *Muir* and his pa-"triotic aſſociates." We may then fairly ſuppoſe, that theſe "republican natives of Great-"Britain and Ireland" can be no other than the members of that renowned convention of which the "*virtuous* Muir," who is now fortunately on his paſſage to Botany Bay, was preſident.

The paſſage of their addreſs, alluded to above, is as follows; "Participating in the many bleſ-

" ſings, which the government is calculated to " inſure, we are happy in giving it this proof of " our reſpectful attachment. We are only " *grieved*, that a ſyſtem of ſuch beauty and ex- " cellence ſhould be at all *tarniſhed* by the ex- " iſtence of *ſlavery in any form;* but, as friends " to the equal rights of man, we muſt be per- " mitted to ſay, that we wiſh theſe rights extend- " ed to every human being, *be his complexion* " *what it may.* We however look forward with " pleaſing anticipation to *a yet more perfect ſtate* " *of ſociety;* and from that love of liberty which " forms ſo diſtinguiſhing a trait in the American " character, are taught to hope that this *laſt,* " *this worſt diſgrace of a free government,* will " finally and for ever be done away." So! Theſe gentlemen are hardly landed in the United States before they begin to cavil againſt the government, and to pant after a *more perfect ſtate of Society!* If they have already diſcovered that the ſyſtem is *tarniſhed* by *the very laſt and worſt diſgrace of a free government*, what may we not reaſonably expect from their future reſearches? If they, with their virtuous Preſident, had been landed in the ſouthern ſtates, they might have lent a hand to finiſh the great work, ſo happily begun by citizens Santhonax and Polverel. They have caught the *itch* of addreſſing, petitioning and remonſtrating in their own country; let them ſcratch themſelves into a cure; but let them not attempt ſpreading their diſorder. They ought to remember, that they are come here " to ſeek freedom and " protection" *for themſelves*, and not *for others.* When the people of theſe ſtates are ready for a

total abolition of negro ſlavery, they will make a ſhift to ſee the propriety of adopting the meaſure without the aſſiſtance of theſe northern lights. In the mean time, as the convention cannot here enter on their legiſlative functions, they may amuſe themſelves with a fable written for their particular uſe.

The Pot-Shop, a Fable.

In a pot-ſhop well ſtocked with ware of all ſorts, a diſcontented ill formed pitcher unluckily bore the ſway. One day after the mortifying neglect of ſeveral cuſtomers, "gentlemen," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to his brown brethren in general, "gentlemen, with your "permiſſion, we are a ſet of tame fools, without "ambition, without courage: condemned to "the vileſt uſes, we ſuffer all without murmuring. Let us dare to declare ourſelves, and "we ſhall ſoon ſee the difference. That ſuperb "ewer, which like us is but earth; thoſe "gilded jars, vaſes, china, and in ſhort all "thoſe elegant nonſenſes, whoſe colours and "beauty have neither weight nor ſolidity, muſt "yield to our ſtrength and give place to our "ſuperior merit."

This civic harangue was received with peals of applauſe, and the pitcher (choſen preſident) became the organ of the aſſembly. Some, however, more moderate than the reſt, attempted to calm the minds of the multitude. But all thoſe which are called jordans or chamber pots, were become intractable. Eager to vie with the bowls and cups, they were impatient

almoſt to madneſs to quit their obſcure abodes, to ſhine upon the table, kiſs the lip and ornament the cup-board.

In vain did a wiſe water jug (ſome ſay it was a platter) make them a long and ſerious diſcourſe upon the peacefulneſs of their vocation. "Thoſe," ſays he, "who are deſtined to "great employmentsare rarely the moſt happy. "We are all of the ſame clay, 'tis true; but he "who made us, formed us for different functions. One is for ornament, another for uſe. "The poſts the leaſt important are often the "moſt neceſſary. Our employments are extremely different, and ſo are our talents."

This had a wonderful effect; the moſt ſtupid began to open their ears: perhaps it would have ſucceeded, if a greaſe pot had not cried out with a deciſive tone: "You reaſon like an "aſs; to the devil with you and your ſilly leſſons."

Now the ſcale was turned again: all the hord of jordans, pans, and pitchers applauded the ſuperior eloquence and reaſoning of the greaſe pot. In ſhort, theydetermined on the enterprize; but a diſpute aroſe who ſhould be chief: all would command and none obey. It was then you might have heard a clutter: pots, pans and pitchers, mugs, jugs and jordans, all put themſelves in motion at once; and ſo wiſely and with ſo much vigour were their operations conducted that the whole was ſoon changed—not into china, but *rubbiſh*.

Let us leave the application of this fable to thoſe for whom it is intended, and come to the addreſs of "the aſſociated teachers in the city "of New-York."

From the profeſſion of theſe gentlemen, one would have wiſhed not to find them among the Doctor's addreſſers; and it will be for thoſe who employ the "aſſociated teachers" to judge, how far their approbation and praiſe of the writings of ſuch a man, is a proof of their being calculated for "the arduous and *important* "taſk of cultivating the human mind."* They very civilly invite the Doctor to aſſiſt them to "*form the man*; and, in his anſwer, he ſeems to hint that he may poſſibly accept the invitation. All I can ſay on this matter, is, if he ſhould embrace this profeſſion, I hope he will be exactly as ſucceſsful in forming the man, as he has been in reforming him.

In the anſwer to the "aſſociated Teachers," the Doctor obſerves, that, *claſſes* of men, as well "as *individuals*, are apt to form *too high* ideas of "their *own importance*." Never was a juſter obſervation than this, and never was this obſervation more fully verified than in the parties themſelves. The Doctor's ſelf importance is ſufficiently depicted in the quotation that I have given from his letter to the people of Birmingham; and as for the "aſſociated teachers," how familiarly ſoever they may talk of "the

* I have been informed, that theſe *aſſociated* brethren of the birch complain of my attacking them in the dark; but let them lay their hands to their hearts, and ſay, if they can that I fight more unfair than they do, when they diſcharge their ill-humour on a poor little trembling wretch, whoſe pitiful look would ſoften the heart of a tiger. However, ceaſe the inglorious combat: I confeſs it is not fair to attack them with a pen. They know how to write with a rod only: and I dare ſay their anſwer to my obſervations on their addreſs is ſtill legible on the back ſides of their unfortunate pupils.

" intriguing politics and vitiating refinements " of the European World," I muſt ſay, I think, they know but little of what paſſes in that world; or they never would have larded with ſuch extravagant eulogiums, productions, which, in general, have been long exploded.

With reſpect to the Doctor's metaphyſical reveries, or in other words, his ſyſtem of infidelity, I ſhall leave to himſelf the taſk of expoſing that to the deteſtation of Americans, as it has long been to that of the Engliſh. * Of his ſcientific productions, I propoſe, in a little time, to give the public a ſhort review; † meanwhile I refer the curious reader to the publication of the royal ſociety, of 1791 and 1792, and to Doctor Bewley's treatiſe on air. He will there ſee his ſyſtem of chemiſtry and natural philoſophy detected, expoſed and defeated; and the " cele- " brated philoſopher" himſelf accuſed and convicted of plagiariſm. § He will there find the key of the following ſentence: " The " *patronage* to be met with, in monarchical go- " vernments, is ever *capricious*, and as often " employed to bear down merit as to promote " it, having for its object, not ſcience, or any " thing uſeful to mankind, but the mere repu- " tation of the patron, *who is ſeldom any judge* " *of ſcience.*" ‡ This is the language of every ſoured neglected author, from a ſorry ballad

* He has made a pretty good beginning already, as we ſhall ſee by and by.

† The Doctor has ſaved me the trouble of doing this.

§ Have a little patience, reader, and you ſhall be ſatisfied of this.

‡ This was addreſſed to the Philoſophical ſociety at Philadelphia. We ſhall ſee all this unravelled by and by.

monger to a doctor with a half a dozen initials at the end of his name.

As to his talants as a writer we have only to open our eyes to be convinced that they are far below mediocrity. His ſtyle is uncouth and ſuperlatively diffuſe. Always involved in *minutiæ*, every ſentence is a ſtring of parentheſiſes, in finding the end ofwhich, the reader is lucky if he does not loſe the propoſition they weremeant to illuſtrate. In ſhort, the whole of his phraſeology is extremely diſguſting; to which may be added, that even in point of grammar he is very often incorrect.

As a proof of what I have here aſſerted, I could give a thouſand ſentences from his writings; but I chooſe one or two from his anſwers to the addreſſers, as theſe pieces are in every body's hands; and, not to criticiſe unfairly, I ſhall take the firſt ſentence I come at. It runs thus:

"Viewing with the deepeſt concern, as you "do, the proſpect that is now exhibited in "Europe, thoſe troubles which are the natural "offspring of their forms of goverments, ori- "ginating indeed in the ſpirit of liberty, but "gradually degenerating into tyrannies, equal- "ly degrading to the rulers and the ruled, I "rejoice in finding an aſylum from perſecu- "tion in a country in which thoſe abuſes have "come to a natural termination, and produced "another ſyſtem of liberty, founded on ſuch "wiſe principles, as I truſt, will guard againſt "all future abuſes; thoſe artificial diſtinctions "in ſociety, from which they ſprung, being "completely eradicated, that protection from

" violence, which laws and government promiſe
" in all countries, but which I have not found
" in my own, I doubt not I ſhall find with you,
" though I cannot promiſe to be a better ſub-
" ject of this government, than my whole con-
" duct will evince that I have been to that of
" Great-Britain."

This is neither the *ſtyle periodique*, nor the *ſtyle coupé*, it is I preſume the *ſtyle entortillé*: for one would certainly think that the author had racked his imagination to render what he had to ſay unintelligible. This ſentence of monſtrous length is cut aſunder in the middle by a ſemicolon, which, except that it ſerves the weary reader by way of half way houſe, might be placed in any other part of the ſentence to, at leaſt, equal advantage. In fact, this is not a ſentence; it is a rigmarole ramble, that has neither beginning nor ending, and conveys to us no idea of any thing but the author's incapacity.

" Viewing with the deepeſt concern as you
" do, the proſpect that is now exhibited in Eu-
" rope, thoſe *troubles* which are the natural off-
" ſpring of THEIR forms of government." What, in the name of goodneſs, does this mean? —*Troubles* is the only antecedent that can be found to *their*, and the neceſſary concluſion is, *troubles have their forms of government.*

The Doctor ſays, in his anſwer to the Tammany ſociety: " Happy would our venerable
" anceſtors, as you juſtly call them, *have been*
" to *have found* America ſuch a retreat to
" them." It may perhaps be uſeful to the learned Doctor to know, that he ought to have

ſaid " Happily would our venerable anceſtors, " as you juſtly call them, have been, *to find* " America, &c.

I grant that there is great reaſon to believe, that the Doctor was reſolved to be as dull as his addreſſers ; but I aſſert that it is impoſſible for a perſon accuſtomed to commit his thoughts to paper with the ſmalleſt degree of taſte or correctneſs, to fall into ſuch groſs ſoleciſms, or to tack phraſes together in ſuch an awkward home-ſpun manner. In ſhort, he cannot be fit for even the poſt of *caſtigator* ; and therefore it is to be hoped that the " aſſociated teachers" will not leſſen their " importance" by admitting him amongſt them; that is to ſay, except it be as a pupil.

There are many things that aſtoniſh us in the addreſſes, amongſt which the *compaſſion* that the addreſſers expreſs for that " *infatuated*" and " *devoted country*," Great-Britain, certainly is not the leaſt.

The Democratic ſociety, with a hatred againſt tyranny, that would have become the worthy nephew of Damien,* or the great Marat himſelf, ſay : " The multiplied oppreſſions which cha- " racteriſe that government, excite in us, the " moſt painful ſenſations and exhibit a ſpecta- " cle as diſguſting in itſelf as diſhonorable to " the Britiſh name."

And what a tender affectionate concern do the ſons of Tammany expreſs for the poor diſtreſſed unfortunate country of their " venerable " anceſtors." " A country," ſay they, " al-

* Robeſpierre.

" though now preſenting a proſpect frightful to " the eye of humanity, yet *once* the nurſe of " ſciences, of arts, of heroes and of freemen, a " country which although at preſent apparent- " ly *devoted to deſtruction*, we *fondly* hope may " yet *tread back the ſteps of infamy and ruin*, and " *once more riſe conſpicuous among the free nations* " of the earth."

But of all the addreſſers none ſeem ſo zealous on this ſubject as " the republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland." " While," ſay they, " we look back on our native country " with emotions of pity and indignation, at the " outrages human nature has ſuſtained, in the " perſons of the virtuous *Muir* and his patrio- " tic aſſociates; and deeply lament the fatal " apathy into which our *countrymen* have fallen: " we deſire to be thankful to the great author " of our being, that we are in America and " that it has pleaſed him, in his wiſe provi- " dence, to make theſe United States an Aſy- " lum, not only from the immediate tyranny of " the Britiſh government, but alſo from thoſe " impending calamities, which its increaſing " deſpotiſm, and multiplied iniquities, muſt " infallibly bring down on a deluded and op- " preſſed people." What an enthuſiaſtic warmth is here! No ſolemn-league-and-cove- nant prayer, embelliſhed with the naſal ſweet- neſs of the conventicle, was ever more affect- ing.

To all this the Doctor very pitiouſly echoes back " ſigh for ſigh, and groan for groan; and " when the fountain of their eyes is dry, his " ſupplies the place and weeps for both."

There is ſomething ſo pathetic, ſo irreſiſtably moving in all this, that a man muſt have a hard heart indeed to read it, and not burſt into laughter.

In ſpeaking of Monarchies, it has often been lamented that the ſovereign ſeldom, or never hears the truth; and much afraid I am, that this is equally applicable to democracies. What court ſycophants are to a prince, demagogues are to a people; and the latter kind of paraſites is by no means leſs dangerous than the former; perhaps more ſo, as being more ambitious and more numerous. God knows, there were too many of this deſcription in America, before the arrival of Doctor Prieſtley; I can therefore ſee no reaſon for boaſtings and addreſſings on account of the acquiſition.

Every one muſt obſerve, how the Doctor has fallen at once into the track of thoſe, who were already in poſſeſſion of the honourable poſt. Finding a popular prejudice prevailing againſt his country, and not poſſeſſing that *patriæ caritas*, which is the characteriſtic of his countrymen, he has not been aſhamed to attempt making his court by flattering that prejudice. I grant that a prejudice againſt this nation is not only excuſable, but almoſt commendable in *Americans*; but the misfortune is, it expoſes them to deception, and makes them the ſport of every intriguing adventurer. Suppoſe it be the intereſt of Americans that Great Britain ſhould be ruined and, even annihilated, in the preſent conteſt; it can never be their intereſt to believe that this deſirable object is already nearly or quite accompliſhed, at a time when ſhe is become more formidable than ever, in every quarter of

the globe. And with reſpect to the internal ſituation of that country, we ought not to ſuffer ourſelves to be deceived by "gleanings "from morning chronicles, or Dublin ga- "zettes:" for, if we inſiſt that newſpaper report is the criterion by which we ought to judge of the governments, and the ſtate of other countries, we muſt allow the ſame meaſure to foreigners with reſpect to our own country; and then what muſt the people of England think of the government of the United States, upon reading a page or two from the ſlovenly pen of *Agricola*.

"It is charitable," ſays this democrat, "It "is charitable to believe many who ſigned the "conſtitution, never dreamed of the meaſures "taking place, which alas! we now experience. "By this double government, we are involved "in unneceſſary burdens which *neither we nor* "*our fathers* ever knew. Such a *monſter of a* "*government* has ſeldom ever been known on "earth. We are obliged to maintain two go- "vernments, with their full number of officers "from head to foot. Some of them receive "ſuch wages as never were heard of before in "any government upon earth; and all this be- "ſtowed *Ariſtocrats* for doing next to noth- "ing. A bleſſed revolution! a bleſſed revolu- "tion indeed! but farmers, mechanics and "labourers have no ſhare in it, we are the aſſes "who muſt have the honor of paying them "all without any adequate ſervice. Now let "the impartial judge whether or government "taken collectively, anſwers the great end of "*protecting our perſons and property!* Or whether "it is not rather calculated to drain us of our "money, and give it to men who have not

" rendered adequate ſervice for it. Had an " inſpired prophet told us the things which " our eyes ſee, in the beginning of the revolu- " tion, he might have met Jeremiah's fate; or " if we had believed him, *not one in a thouſand* " *would have reſiſted Great Britain.* Indeed, my " countrymen, we are ſo loaded by our new " governments, that we can have little heart to " attempt to move under all our burdens; we " have this conſolation, when things come to " the worſt, there muſt be a change, and *we* " *may reſt ſatisfied, that either the federal or ſtate* " *governments muſt fall.*"

If " gleanings " like theſe were publiſhed in England, would not the people naturally exclaim; What! the boaſted government of America come to this already? The poor Americans are dreadfully tyrannized by the Ariſtocrats! There will certainly be a *revolution* in America ſoon! they would be juſt as much miſtaken as the people in this country are, when they talk of a revolution in England.

Neither ought we to look upon the emigration of perſons from England to this country as a proof of their being perſecuted, and of the tyranny of the Engliſh government. It is paying America a very poor compliment, to ſuppoſe that nothing ſhort of perſecution, could bring ſettlers to its ſhores. This is beſides the moſt unfortunate proof that could poſſibly be produced by the advocates of the French Revolution: for if the emigration of a perſon to this country be a proof of a tyranny exiſting in that from which he comes, how ſuperlatively tyrannical muſt the government in France be? But they ſay, thoſe who emigrate from France are Ariſ-

tocrats: they are not perſecuted; they emigrate becauſe they *hate a free country*. What! do they really come to *America* becauſe they *hate a free country?* Did the governors of Martinico, &c. make a capitulation to be ſent here, *to avoid going to a free country?* The Democratic ſociety will certainly oblige the world very much in explaining this enigma.

I am one of thoſe who wiſh to believe that foreigners come to this country from choice, and not from neceſſity. America opens a wide field for entreprize; wages for all mechanics are better, and the means of ſubſiſtence proportionably cheaper than in Europe. This is what brings foreigners amongſt us: they become citizens of America for the honeſt purpoſes of commerce, of turning their induſtry and talents to the beſt account, and of bettering their fortunes. By their exertions to enrich themſelves, they enrich the ſtate, lower the wages, and render the country leſs dependent upon others. The moſt numerous as well as the moſt uſeful are mechanics; perhaps a cobler with his hammer and awls, is a more valuable acquiſition than a dozen philoſophi-theologi-political empiricks with all their boaſted apparatus.

Of all the Engliſh arrived in theſe States (ſince the war) no one was ever calculated to render them leſs ſervice than Doctor Prieſtley; and what is more, perhaps no one (before or ſince, or even in the war) ever intended to render them leſs: his preference to the American government is all affectation: his emigration was not voluntary: he ſtaid in England till he ſaw no hopes of recovering a loſt reputation; and then, burſting with envy and reſent-

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ment, he fled into what the Tammany ſociety very juſtly call "baniſhment," covered with the univerſal deteſtation of his countrymen.

Here ended the pamphlet in its original form, concluding with ſome of thoſe aſſertions which were ſaid to be the moſt "hazarded," and for the truth of which I am ſorry I have no better voucher than the Doctor himſelf.

In the preface to his farewell ſermon, preached to his diſciples at Hackney, he ſays: "I hope "my friends, and the public, will indulge me "while I give the reaſons of its being the laſt, "in conſequence of my having at length, after "much heſitation, and *now with reluctance*, "come to a reſolution to leave the kingdom." —"I cannot refrain from repeating that I leave "my country with *real regret*.

Was it a "hazarded aſſertion" then, to ſay that his preference to the American government was all affectation, and that his emigration was not voluntary?

"My friends," ſays he, "earneſtly adviſed "me to diſguiſe myſelf as I was going to Lon-"don. But all that was done in that way was "taking a place for me in the mail coach, which "I entered at Worceſter, in another name "than my own. However, the friend who had "the courage to receive me in London, had "thought it neceſſary to provide a dreſs that "ſhould diſguiſe me, and alſo a method of mak-"ing my eſcape, in caſe the houſe ſhould have "been attacked on my account; and for ſome "time my friends would not ſuffer me to ap-"pear in the ſtreet."—"The managers of one

" theprincipal charities among the diſſenters ap-
" plied to me to preach their annual ſermon,
" and I conſented. But the treaſurer, a man
" of fortune, was ſo alarmed at it, that he de-
" clared he could not ſleep. I therefore, to his
" great relief, declined preaching at all."——
" When the Hackney aſſociation was formed,
" ſeveral ſervants in the neighbourhood ac-
" tually removed their goods; and when there
" was ſome political meeting at the houſe of
" Mr. Breillat, though about two miles from
" my houſe, a woman whoſe daughter was ſer-
" vant in the houſe contiguous to mine, came
" to her miſtreſs, to entreat that ſhe might be
" out of the way."—" On ſeveral occaſions
" the neighbourhood has been greatly alarmed
" on account of my being ſo near them. I
" could name a perſon, and to appearance a
" reputable tradeſman, who declared that, in
" caſe of any diſturbance they would immedi-
" ately come to Hackney, evidently for the
" purpoſe of miſchief. In this ſtate of things,
" it is not to be wondered at, that, of many ſer-
" vants who were recommended to me, and
" ſome that were actually hired, very few could,
" for a long time, be prevailed upon to live
" with me."*—" My eldeſt ſon was ſettled in
" a buſineſs, which promiſed to be very advan-
" tageous, at Mancheſter; but his partner,
" though a man of liberality himſelf, informed
" him, on perceiving the general prevalence of
" the ſpirit which produced the riots in Bir-
" mingham, that, owing to his relationſhip to

* Servants *in England* have a character to preſerve, I ſuppoſe.

me, he was under the neceſſity of propoſing a "ſeparation, which accordingly took place." —"Many times, I have been burnt in effigy "along with Mr. Paine; and numberleſs in- "ſulting and threatning letters have been ſent "to me from *all parts of the kingdom*"—— "Ill treated as I had been, not merely by the "populace of Birmingham, but by *the country* "*in general*, and afterwards by the *Repreſenta-* "*tives of the Nation*,* I own I was not without "deliberating on the ſubject of emigration."

Was it a "hazarded aſſertion" then, to ſay that he fled into baniſhment, covered with the univerſal deteſtation of his countrymen?

But, though the above quotations moſt amply prove that he was deteſted by the whole nation, from the Peer to the Pariſh-Boy, and that he was a volunteer emigrant, about as much as one of the hurlers that our tarpawlings catch on the coaſt of Ireland, yet the real cauſe of his emigration remains to be explained.

While the Birmingham affair was freſh in the Doctor's mind, he ſays that he had ſome thoughts of emigration; but that, all things conſidered, he "determined to ſtay in England, expoſed as "he was to every kind of obloquy and inſult." He therefore went to Hackney, to ſucceed his dear friend and fellow labourer of factious memory, Doctor Price. Here, as appears by his own words above quoted, the people diſliked

* He might have made an exception or two here; for, among the lords he had for advocate the Earl of Stanhope, whom an Engliſh author very aptly compares to *Praiſe-God Bare-Bones*; and, among the commons, he had the immaculate Charles Fox. A ſingle word of praiſe from men like theſe would blaſt the character of a Saint.

him ſo much, that he was obliged to remove to Clapton. At this place he found the peace and tranquility he ſought, and for that reaſon, ſays he, "I took a long leaſe of my houſe, and ex- "pended a conſiderable ſum in improving it. I "alſo determined, with the aſſiſtance of my "friends, to reſume my philoſophical and other "purſuits; and after an interruption amount- "ing to about two years, it was with a plea- "ſure that I cannot deſcribe, that I entered my "new laboratory, and began the moſt com- "mon preparatory proceſſes, with a view to "ſome *original enquiries.*"

Here then we ſee him (in the month of Auguſt 1793) in quiet poſſeſſion of every thing he wanted to enjoy. What then could make him come off to America ſo ſoon after? If he had determined to ſtay, when expoſed to every kind of obloquy and inſult, what could make him fly away when no longer expoſed to it? It muſt be allowed that the Doctor's paſſion for controverſy and perſecution is ſuch as would excuſe a belief that he grew angry with the people for letting him alone; but candor obliges me to confeſs that this was not the caſe in the preſent inſtance; for, he was going on very diligently with his proceſſes and his "original enquiries." Yes reader, it was theſe curſed "*original* enquiries" that did all the miſchief. For, the Doctor being in the height of them, happened to fall upon a WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, which, tho' *erroneous* was not *original.* However, all would yet have been ſafe, if he had kept it within the walls of his laboratory; but his communicative temper would not permit him to do this, and

the fortunate *wonderful diſcovery* made its public entry into the book-ſeller's ſhops on the 16th of November 1793.

This brought him a "*New-Year's Gift*" from Doctor Harrington, his old antagoniſt and his conqueror, as we ſhall ſee by the following extract from the gentleman's Magazine for May, 1794.

"Doctor Prieſtley, immediately after the "Birmingham riots might be ſuppoſed to have "real cauſe of alarm. But as his reſolution "withſtood the firſt fury of the flood, it "is rather extraordinary that he ſhould now "all at once turn coward, and fly to America. "He muſt ſurely be greatly at a loſs for ſolid "reaſons, when he thinks it worth while to ad-"vance ſuch trifling circumſtances as the goſ-"ſiping of his ſervant-maid with the neighbours, "or the fooliſh declaration of an individual "before one of his congregation. But, that "the Doctor was able to brave theſe dreadful "denunciations and the terrors of his maid, "appears from his venturing to take a long "leaſe of his houſe, expending a conſiderable "ſum of money upon it, and accepting the con-"tributions of his friends towards another ap-"paratus, laboratory, &c. The Doctor, as a "prudent man, would certainly not have ex-"pended his money thus, had he not fully de-"termined again to remain in the kindgom."

"Then what, give me leave to aſk, Mr. "Urban, can have ſo lately happened to make "him alter his reſolution? As there appears to "be ſomething which the Doctor is at pains

" to conceal, it may be worth while to enquire " what it is."

" Doctor Prieſtley, Sir, for many years, had " been acquiring a very high degree of fame " from his chemical and philoſophical experi- " ments. According to his own account, it " was this great reputation which gave him ſo " much conſequence in the eyes of the French " philoſophers, and which ſanctioned his other " purſuits. On the 16th of November laſt, he " publiſhed a pamphlet in a very boaſting and " exulting ſtyle, informing the world, that he " had made a moſt important diſcovery, that " water was formed of dephlogiſticated and " phlogiſticated airs; the ſame airs, and the " ſame proportions, which your correſpondent " Doctor Harrington obſerves, that the Hon- " ourable Mr. Cavendiſh, from his miſtaken ex- " periments, conſiders as conſtituting the ni- " trous acid. The abſurdity of theſe opinions " has been pointed out by Doctor Harrington " in your Magazine for January and February " laſt; in which it is moſt clearly and ſatisfacto- " rily ſhown in what manner Doctor Prieſtley, " was miſtaken: proving at the ſame time the " real formation of the different airs, diſplaying " the very great futility and the errors of our " modern chemiſtry; and at the ſame time, " bringing the very heavy charge of plagiariſm " upon Doctor Prieſtley."*

" As Doctor Prieſtley, in this laſt pamphlet, " announcing his intentions of publiſhing again " very ſoon, having materials for another by

* See the *New Year's Gift*, to Dr. Prieſtley, Gentleman's Magazine, for Jan. and Feb. 1794.

" him, expreſſing apprehenſions leſt any per-
" ſon ſhould interfere with him in theſe experi-
" ments, I expected every day to hear of the
" Doctor's vindicating himſelf and his opinions,
" anſwering the charges of Doctor Harrington,
" or acknowledging his philoſophical miſtakes.
" Inſtead of which, to my very great ſurprize,
" I am informed he is ſtealing off to America;
" thus leaving his antagoniſt maſter of the
" field, and only ſaying that the world may hear
" of him again in his chemical purſuits. This
" is certainly very different from what he gave
" us reaſon to expect, when he announced to
" the world, in his oſtentatious pamphlet, that
" we might expect to hear regularly from him.
" But I think, you will agree with me, that
" he has totally fled from his aerial chemiſtry,
" and, what is the moſt awkward and extraor-
" dinary thing of all, without one word of de-
" fence from the charges of philoſophical pla-
" giariſm."

" It was not till Doctor Prieſtley received the
" New-Year's Gift of your January and Fe-
" bruary Magazine, that he was in earneſt
" about America. And, I am informed, that
" he was ſo much afraid that he ſhould receive
" another from the ſame valuable work, that
" he got on board of the ſhip the very evening
" before the Magazine for the month of March
" made its appearance, although the ſhip was
" not likely to fail immediately."

Was it a " hazarded aſſertion" then, to ſay that the great philoſopher was accuſed and convicted of plagiariſm, and that he ſtaid in England till he ſaw no hopes of recovering a loſt reputation?

It has been already obſerved, that the Doctor merited the univerſal odium he laboured under in England, and we find nothing in his juſtificatory preface to his farewell ſermon (which was re-publiſhed at Philadelphia as an indirect anſwer to the firſt edition of this pamphlet) that ought to induce us to reject this opinion. For it certainly will not be pretended that his being hated by King, Lords and Commons, by high and low, rich and poor, churchmen and diſſenters, proves him to be an innocent inoffenſive man: on the contrary, if that trivial and favourite republican maxim, "the voice of the people is the voice of God," be founded in truth, then does the Doctor ſtand condemned by God as well as man.

But let us hear a little of what he ſays in his vindication.

After ſtating that he had been unjuſtly charged with being a ſeditious, factious politician, he ſays; "let any one only caſt his eye over the "long liſt of my publications, and he will ſee "that they relate almoſt wholly to *theology*, &c." And he has taken care to publiſh this liſt at Philadelphia, amounting to *ſeventy-five* different works. Yes, "by thy works ſhalt thou be "judged," but not by the *number* of them.

He tells us he hardly ever meddled with *politics*, and in the very next paragraph, acknowledges that he wrote a ſmall anonymous pamphlet (when he was a younger man) in favour of *Wilkes and Liberty*. Mr. Wilkes has had the good ſenſe to retract moſt of the wild notions that the Doctor wrote to defend, and happy would it have been for the latter if he had pro-

fited from age, and from the example of his patron. Mr. Wilkes is now a determined champion of that conſtitution that the Doctor wanted to deſtroy, and accordingly, he occupies one of the firſt offices in the firſt city in the world, while Doctor Prieſtley is a very inſignificant ſettler, in a town conſiſting of a couple of hundred of wooden houſes.

Another work he wrote, addreſſed to the diſſenters, on the ſubject of the approaching war with America; which he ſays was *diſtributed in great numbers by his friends*, and *not without effect*. The ſubject of this work, and the good it was intended to do *his* country are eaſily conceived, as he tells us it was written at the *requeſt of Doctor Franklin*—He does not tell us whether he was paid in ſterling or continental money for this work.

On this occaſion the reader will pleaſe to bear in mind, that I am not pretending that *we* ought to diſlike Doctor Prieſtley; for he is certainly as much entitled to our gratitude and eſteem as Arnold was to that of the Britiſh.

After this he ſays he meddled no more with *politics*; "except as far as the buſineſs of the "*Teſt Act*, and all *civil eſtabliſhment of religion*, had a concern with politics."* And yet he was *no factious politician*.

* This is the great ſtumbling block of the Engliſh Diſſenters. What can there be in this *Teſt Act*, that makes them ſo unhappy? Why, it prevents them from obtaining——not the *kingdom of heaven* but *lucrative employments* Is it not amazing, that people, who are ſo very godly that they cannot conform to the eſtabliſhed religion of the country. ſhould trouble themſelves about places and penſions? They are continually telling us that their kingdom is not of

Boaſting of his intimate connexion with Doctors Price and Franklin is a drole way of proving the peaceableneſs of his diſpoſition, and his attachment to his country. With full as much reaſon might he boaſt of being a relation of *Jenny Cameron* or *Guy Fawkes*.

Franklin, Price and Prieſtley! A precious trio! well worthy of each other. Methinks I ſee them now in one of their dark conſultations, like the three Weird Siſters round their cauldron, brewing

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
"Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

As for Benjamin Franklin, Eſqr. and Soap Boiler, his character for *peaceableneſs* is as well known as his character for *gratitude* and *integrity*; and moſt people knows that the "political divine," Price, ſpent the greateſt part of a too long life in indeavouring to blow up the flames of rebellion in England. He was one of the principal projectors of the famous college of diſſenting Jeſuits at Hackney; from whence were to come the Titus Oateſes of an Unitarian Plot.*

this world, and yet they want to reign. I think, however, it would be but right to grant them what Helvetius was willing to grant the Prieſts; every thing *above* the tops of the houſes.

* When this pious old Apoſtle of diſcord heard of the triumphs of the Paris mob, and of the bloody ſcenes that enſued, he exclaimed: "Lord now let thy ſervant depart "in peace for mine eyes have ſeen thy *ſalvation*." Pretty *ſalvation* truly. Accordingly to my ideas of *damnation*, the ſcenes that have ta ken place in France ſince the Revolution

It is pretty clear that the preface, to which I have been ſo often obliged, was intended more to procure the Doctor a favourable reception *here*, than to reconcile him to his countrymen; and, in this reſpect, the thing was prudent, though the publiſhing of it in England was certainly a trait of inſolence, unparalleled even in the annals of Unitarianiſm. It was courting a kick on the breech by way of farewell ſalute; but even in this he was diſappointed, and was at laſt obliged to come off without or even ſo much as a box on the ear, to afford an excuſe for his whining, and for the milk-ſop ſighs of the New-York Societies.

I have heard many grave people, and by no means anarchiſts, expreſs a ſorrow for the ill uſage Doctor Prieſtley received in England. But *how* was he ill uſed?—He was threatned;—people would not let him into their houſes;—ſervants would not live with him;—a farmer would not learn his ſon huſbandry;—a mechanic turned another ſon out of his partnerſhip;—Doctor Horſley would not ſubſcribe to his antichriſtian theology, nor Doctor Harrington to his aërial chemiſtry. Well, and what then? Do we call this ill uſage? Grant me patience! have not the people of England a right to like and diſlike whom they pleaſe, as well as the people of America?

If, as I have already obſerved, he had fallen into the hands of a French mob—but ſtop; we have no occaſion to croſs the ſea. If he had

reſemble it as much as any thing on earth can do. I am ſure there has been a continual "weeping and wailing and gnaſhing of teeth."

fallen into the hands of an American mob, how would he have fared? Let us ſee.

" About twelve perſons, armed and painted " black, in the night of the 10th of June, broke " into the houſe of *John Lynn*, where the office " was kept, and after having ſeduced him to " come down ſtairs, and put himſelf in their " power, they ſeized him, threatened to hang " him, took him to a retired ſpot in the neigh- " bouring wood; and there, after cutting off " his hair, tarring and feathering him, ſwore " him never again to allow the uſe of his houſe " for an exciſe office: having done which they " bound him naked to a tree, and left him in " that ſituation till morning. Not content with " this, the malcontents, ſome days after, made " him another viſit; pulled down part of his " houſe, and put him in a ſituation to be oblig- " ed to become an exile from his home, and " to find an *aſylum* elſewhere."

This is no " hazarded aſſertion," at any rate; unleſs Mr. Hamilton hazarded it; for it is taken from his report to the Preſident of the United States.

This mob ſtopped the mail, cut open the bags, and took out the letters. This mob *killed* ſeveral perſons, took others priſoner, and uſed the *Marſhal* in particular extremely cruelly: they even went ſo far as to preſent their pieces at him with every appearance of an intention to aſſaſſi- nate. And yet neither the *Marſhal* nor *Lynn* has ever had any thoughts of *emigrating*.

Has any thing of this kind ever happened to Doctor Prieſtley? Has the weight of a ſingle

finger, ever been laid upon him, or any of his family? "You have," ſay the addreſſers, at New-York, "fled from the rude arm of vio-
"lence, from the *rod* of lawleſs power:—We
"have learned with regret and indignation the
"abandoned proceedings of thoſe ſpoilers who
"deſtroyed your houſe and goods, ruined your
"philoſophical apparatus and library, commit-
"ted to the flames your manuſcripts, pryed into
"the ſecrets of your private papers, and in their
"*barbarian fury* put your life itſelf in *danger*.—
"We enter, Sir, with emotion and ſympathy
"into the numerous ſacrifices you muſt have
"made, to an undertaking which ſo eminently
"exhibits our country, as an aſylum for the
"perſecuted and oppreſſed." All this was extremely apropos in the midſt of the Weſtern inſurrection. If it was "*barbarian fury*" to put *life in danger* what was it to *take life away?* The people over the mountains ſeem to have revolted on purpoſe to make theſe addreſſers a laughing ſtock. Are they not aſhamed to have made a canting ſympathetic addreſs to a ſtranger, whoſe ſufferings, if real, they knew nothing about while they have born with a more than ſtoic firmneſs, and *without a ſingle addreſs*, the well known ſufferings of their own countrymen? They want the Pittſburg affair forgotten; why then do they want to perpetuate the memory of the Birmingham riots? "Thou hypocrite, firſt
"caſt the beam out of thine own eye; and
"then ſhalt thou ſee clearly to caſt the mote out
"of thy brother's eye."

The Doctor complains again in his preface, of partiality in the courts of juſtice; and ſays,

" I am not unaffected by the unexampled pu-
" niſhments of Mr. *Muir* and my *friend* Mr.
" *Palmer*, for offences, which, if, in the eye of
" reaſon, they be any at all, are ſlight, and *very*
" *inſufficiently proved.* But the ſentence of Mr.
" *Winterbothom*, for delivering from the pulpit
" *what I am perſuaded he never did deliver*, and
" which, ſimilar evidence might have drawn
" down on myſelf, has ſomething in it ſtill
" more alarming." Aye, aye, very alarming, without doubt, but nothing like Doctor Harrington's New Year's Gift.

This is another pretty bold trait of modeſty and moderation. Here are three courts of juſtice, three grand and three petty juries all condemned in the lump. If what the Doctor ſays be true, then were the Engliſh all become a neſt of ſcoundrels and perjurers, except his innocent ſelf, his three ſons, and his worthy *friends* the Botany-Bay Convicts; but, if what he ſays be not true, what did he deſerve at the hands of the Engliſh, for thus aiming a ſtab at their reputation?

There are ſome among us, who pretend to have a belief in this partial juſtice in Great-Britain; and the hobgoblin accounts of it have been noiſed about theſe ſtates, in a ſtyle that would have ſounded well from the top of a chimney, or at the bar of a brothel; but unfortunately for our political vultures, the trial of *Hardy* has undeceived every one that is capable of thinking.

When the account of this trial firſt arrived,

it cauſed nearly as great joy, among ſome people, as did the "*taking of Amſterdam*" or the ſending of "the *Duke of York* to Paris in an *iron cage;*" in fact, it was almoſt of feſtivic conſequence. But this was ſoon perceived to be an egregious blunder. People began to reflect. What, ſaid they, there is ſome juſtice left in England then? The nation is not become "one *inſular Baſtile?*"

What a chance would poor *Hardy* have ſtood before the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris or Bordeaux? Would he have had *eight days* trial? Would he have had *eight minutes?* Would the *ſans-culotte* populace have carried him home amidſt acclamations? No; unleſs it had been to his laſt home. It appears that Meſſrs. Erſkine and Gibbs have received great and deſerved applauſe for their able defence of an innocent man, and that the government has not touched a hair of their heads,—Where is Monſieur *De Malſherbe*, the generous *De Malſherbe*, who ſtepped forth at the age of 75 to defend his innocent and deſerted ſovereign?—Where is he? Numbered with the dead! Gone to the receptacle of all that was eſtimable in France!—Neither his admired talents, his long and eminent ſervices, his generous fidelity, his grey hairs, nor his ſpotleſs life, could ſave him from the fury of thoſe regenerated ruffians whom Doctor Prieſtley does not bluſh to call his "dear fellow citizens."*

Every man that is condemned in England, whether it be by the public voice or by a court of

* Monſ. De Seze, the ſecond counſel of Louis XVI, ſaved his life by flight.

juſtice, is ſure, according to ſome people, to be vilely treated.—The people are ſlaves ; —the jury was packed———But how would this meaſure ſuit if meted to ourſelves? A fellow, who was hanged here the other day, told the crowd, juſt as he was going off, that be had no doubt but the greateſt part of them merited the ſame fate.* This "farewell ſermon" was full as modeſt as Doctor Prieſtley's; but if the Engliſh were to pretend to believe that the majority of us deſerve the halter, ſhou'd we not call them a ſet of narrow-ſouled, ill-natured, envious wretches? Certainly we ſhould, and with a great deal of juſtice too.

I ſhould here put an end to my obſervations, flattering myſelf that the whole buſineſs of the Doctor's emigration has been ſet in a pretty fair light; but, as he has lately publiſhed ſomething which he calls an *anſwer* to Paine's *age of Reaſon*, and as he there attempts to wipe off the charge of *deiſm*, I look upon myſelf as called upon to ſay a word or two in reply.

This *Anſwer* conſiſts of a number of letters, addreſſed to the *philoſophers* in France, and to a *philoſophical* unbeleiver. In the preface, the Doctor ſays: "The more I attend to this ſub-"ject, the more ſenſible I am that no defence "of chriſtianity can be of any avail 'till it be "freed from the many *corruptions* and abuſes "which have *hitherto* encumbered it." Among theſe *corruptions* he numbers, *atonement*, *incarnation* and the *trinity*; and, ſays he: "the *expo-*"*ſing* of theſe *corruptions* I therefore think to be

* See the American Daily Advertiſer.

" the moſt eſſential preliminary to the defence " of chriſtianity, and conſequently I ſhall omit " no fair opportunity of reprobating them in " the ſtrongeſt terms, to whatever odium I " may expoſe myſelf." He has been as good as his word ; for, the whole piece appears to be an attack on the doctrine of the *trinity* rather than an *Anſwer* to Paine.*

He begins the firſt letter with telling us, that he has, "read with pleaſure, and even with en- " thuſiaſm, the *admirable* report of Robeſpierre " on the ſubject of morals and religion." Now, it is well known, that this report contained a regular plan for eſtabliſhing a *deiſtical* worſhip in France ; and it is alſo well known, that Paine wrote his book to flatter Robeſpierre, and by that means to procure his own diſcharge from priſon. How comes it then that the Doctor ſhould *admire* the principles of the one, and pretend to *anſwer* thoſe of the other ?

He very artfully cries off all acquaintance with Voltaire, Rouſſeau and Gibbon ; but he knows they are in a place whence they cannot anſwer him. However, Gibbon left him a letter that he ought not to have forgotten ſo

* If the reader looks over the firſt and ſecond chapters of the Goſpel according to St. Matthew, he will ſee every thing that is neceſſary to confirm him in the doctrines that Doctor Prieſtley thinks it his duty to *reprobate in the ſtrongeſt terms*. But the Doctor gets rid of this proof, which he knows to be in every one's hands, by telling us that thoſe two chapters are " ſpurious ;" that is to ſay, *falſe*. This is a knock me down argument. He will certainly tell us that the firſt chapter of the Goſpel of St. John is " ſpurious" alſo ; and thus he may go on 'till he leaves us but juſt enough text to make up an Unitarian Creed.

ſoon.——The Doctor, having no *wonderful diſcovery* upon his hands, wrote to Mr. Gibbon, not long before the death of the latter, challenging him to the combat, This Mr. Gibbon very politely declined, by ſaying that he could never bring himſelf to diſpute with a perſon from thoſe writings he had in a great meaſure imbibed his principles; adding, that if the Doctor was really become a convert to chriſtianity ſince he had received the laſt anſwer from Doctor Horſly, he thought, the probable remainder of his life was by no means too long to repair the injury the former part of it had done; and therefore adviſed him not to loſe his time in vain and unprofitable diſpute. If the Doctor had followed this ſalutary advice, we ſhould have been ſpared the pain of ſeeing an old man turned of ſixty amuſing, himſelf and the world with a ſham anſwer to the wild incoherent blaſphemy of a poor unhappy wretch, whom diſapointment and hunger had driven to deſpair, and who would have turned Turk, Jew, or even Eunuch, for an extraordinary buiſcuit or a bundle of ſtraw.*

The Doctor boaſts of his having been elected a Deputy to the National Convention, and ſtyles himſelf their "*highly honoured* fellow citi-"zen." It is ſubject both of wonder and regret, that he did not prefer France to America; he was preſſed to go there, which never was to come here; there he could have done no harm, here he may. If he had went to his adopted country, and accompanied his colleague,

* When we reflect on the degradation of this quondam Legiſlator, is it ſome conſolation that he is an Engliſhman.

Paine, in his legiſlative career, he might have had an opportunity of *anſwering* him by word or mouth. The bottom of a dungeon would have been a very fit place for them to debate, like Milton's fallen angels, on the ſureſt means of ſowing diſcord among mankind, and ſeducing them from their Maker.

One obſervation more on this *anſwer* to Paine and I diſmiſs it for ever.

The zealous *anſwerer* boaſts of his freedom as an *American* at the ſame time that he calls himſelf a *citizen of France* and a Fellow of the *Royal* ſociety of London! This is being literally, "all things to all men." With the Engliſh he is a *Royaliſt*, with the Americans, a *Republican*, and with the French, a *Carmagnole*. Thus the triple goddeſs (under whoſe influence, Doctor Harrington ſwears, he acts) is called *Luna* in heaven, *Diana* on earth, and *Hecate* in Hell.

Before I bid the Doctor adieu, I ſhould be glad to aſk him how he finds himſelf in his "*aſylum*" It is ſaid, he has declared that the duplicity of our Land-Jobbers is more to be feared than the outrages of a Birmingham mob; and, indeed, if all his complaints had had the ſame appearance of being well founded, the public would never have been troubled with theſe obſervations; for, there is little doubt of his having been moſt cruelly fleeced. This honeſt profeſſion, vulgarly called land-jobbing, a member of Congreſs very juſtly ſtyled "ſwindling upon a broad ſcale;" it is, in fact a South ſea bubble upon *terra firma*, as hundreds and thouſands of ruined foreigners, beſides Doctor Prieſtley, can teſtify.

It is to be hoped that the Doctor's anger againſt his country is by this time nearly aſſuaged: dear bought experience has at laſt taught him, that an Utopia never exiſted any where but in a delirious brain. He thought, like too many others, to find America a Terreſtrial Paradiſe; a land of Canaan, where he would have nothing to do, but open his mouth and ſwallow the milk and honey: but, alas! he is now convinced, I believe, that thoſe who cultivate the fertile Leſowes of Warwickſhire,

> " Where all around the gentleſt breezes play
> " Where gentle muſic melt on every ſpray,

have little reaſon to envy him his rocks and his ſwamps, the muſic of his bull-frogs and the ſtings of his muſquitoes.

In the preface, ſo often mentioned. the Doctor expreſſes a deſire of one day returning to " the land that gave him birth; " and, no offence to the New-York addreſſers, I think we ought to wiſh that this deſire may be very ſoon accompliſhed. He is a bird of paſſage that has viſited us, only to avoid the rigour of an inclement ſeaſon: when the re-animating ſunſhine of revolution ſhall burſt forth on his native clime, we may hope to ſee him prune his wings, and take his flight from the dreary banks of the Suſquehannah to thoſe of the Thames or the Avon.

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THE SHORT BUT COMPREHENSIVE STORY OF A FARMER's BULL.

A CERTAIN troubleſome fellow, who turned his back upon the church, having occaſion to paſs through a large farm-yard in his way to Meeting-houſe, met with a fine majeſtic venerable old Bull lying down at his eaſe, and baſking in the ſun-ſhine. This Bull was at times the tameſt creature in the world; he would ſuffer the curs to yelp at him, the flies to teaſe him, and even ſome of the miſchievous fellows to pull him by the horns. He was at this very moment in one of his gentleſt humours; ruminating upon paſt and preſent ſcenes of delight; contemplating the neighbouring dairy and the farm-yard, where the milch cows had all their bags diſtended till they were nearly running over; the calves, and the pigs, and the poultry, were friſking, and grunting, and crowing on ev-

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ery dung-hill; the granaries were full, and the barns ready to burſt there were, beſides, many a goodly rick of wheat, and barley, and oats, and peaſe, and beans, and hay, and rye-graſs and clover. The dairy was full of curds, and cream, and butter, and cheeſe of every kind. To be ſure, there was plenty for the maſter and his family, and all the ſervants, and every body belonging to the farm. Nay, thoſe that were poor and needy, and idle, and lazy, and ſick, and proud, and ſaucy, and old, and infirm, and ſilly, were freely ſupplied: and even this troubleſome fellow himſelf, notwithſtanding he had long ſince quarrelled with the head-farmer and all his beſt friends, and an old grudge was ſtill ſubſiſting betwixt them, yet, upon making at any time a ſolemn promiſe to do no miſchief, had free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs, into every part of the farm and the dairy, and was at liberty to help himſelf wherever he liked. In ſhort he was allowed to do any thing but *ſkim the cream* and ſet *his own mark upon the butter*.

Now, becauſe the bull had happened to place himſelf acroſs his favourite foot-path, although there was plenty of room to the right and to the left, nothing would ſatisfy this impudent fellow but he muſt kick *Old John*, for that was the Bull's name, out of his way; and all the world agrees that *John* ſuffered him to kick a long while, before he ſhewed the leaſt inclination to riſe and reſent the affront. At laſt, however he got upon his legs, and began to look round him, but ſtill it was a look of contempt only, which the fooliſh fellow miſtook for the marks of fear;

and now, growing bolder, and bolder, and hallooing the curs, and calling all his comrades to prick and goad him in the tendereſt parts of his body, the Bull began to threaten and roar; — this was on the 14th of July, one of the hotteſt days in the ſummer, when ſome body threw a fiery ſtick under his tail, at the very moment that a parcel of impudent half witted fellows were trying to flouriſh a French flambeau (lighted and blazing at both ends) full in his face.— No wonder that the Bull ſhould ſet off with a vengeance into the ſtreet :— down went the gingerbread-ſtalls, and the hard-ware ſhops, the buckle menders and the razor-grinders, and the dagger-makers: he even got into private houſes and in one place threw down whole baſkets full of bottles and chemical glaſſes, crucibles and gun-barrels; — ſmaſh went all the jars of inflammable air, which inſtantly took fire, and ſpread all over the place; every thing went to rack and ruin; nothing was ſafe; even the religious houſes themſelves, where nothing had ever been heard but the moſt pious exhortations (like thoſe of Doctor Viceſſimus Knox), to peace and harmony, and obedience to the governing powers. In ſhort, nothing could pacify, or put a ſtop to the fury of this poor enraged animal, till his honeſt maſter the farmer, as quiet and as good a kind of church-going man as ever lived in the world, father of a large family, hearing of the rumpus, ſent a number of his beſt and ſteadieſt old ſervants to muzzle the beaſt, which had already toſſed the fellow with the fiery ſtick over the tops of the houſes and gored him in fifty different places. It was next to a miracle that

he escaped with his life; and every body thought he had reason to be thankful that he got off so well as he did; but no sooner did he find himself safe in a *Hackney*-coach, than, to the astonishment of all the world, he began to *preach* up his innocence and to lodge a complaint against poor *Old John*, who, in the end, suffered a great deal more than himself. Some silly people pitied him; some laughed at him; others again were wicked enough to wish him at the devil:—even his best friends were ashamed of him; and although they, one and all, defended him as much as they could in public, there was a confounded deal of muttering and grumbling in private. "I thought what it would come to," said one; "a pretty method of driving a mad Bull through the church-pales," said another.

But, to go on with my story; no sooner was the Bull fairly muzzled, and properly confined, than the friends and neighours on both sides were called in, to enquire into the whole affair; but there were so many contradictory stories that it was impossible to come at the truth, how it happened, or who had first provoked him; but since it was plain to every body that *Old John* did the mischief, and as he was proved to be the Town Bull, it was at last settled that the parish should pay all the damages, for not keeping him in better order.

And here again was fresh matter for discontent: some thought it hard to pay for all the inflammable air, which had done full as much mischief as the Bull. Others again objected to a monstrous out-of-the-way heavy demand for a large quantity (several reams) of fools-cap pa-

per, which had been ſcribbled upon and ſpoiled long before the affair happened. Indeed, in the opinion of ſome ſenſible perſons, it was fit for nothing but kindling the fire.

But the ſtrangeſt part of the ſtory remains to be told; for when this buſtle was all over and ſettled, and every body thought the perverſe fellow was going to take to his church, and get his living in an honeſt way, what did he do but ſet to work bottling up his own f-rts, and ſelling them for ſuperfine inflammable air, and what's ſtill worſe, had the impudence to want a patent for the *diſcovery*; and, indeed, a good many people were deceived for a long time; but, they ſay, two of a trade can never agree, and ſo it happened here; for a brother trade one day catched him at his dirty tricks and expoſed him to the whole pariſh. After this all the neighbours cried ſhame on him: the women laughed, the girls they tittered, even the little boys pointed at him and made game of him as he went along the ſtreet. In ſhort, one dark night when all the neighbourhood was quiet and every body faſt aſleep, up he got and ſat off into the next pariſh, bag and baggage.

Here he trumped up a terrible ſtory, pretended to be frightened to death, and ſwore and d——d his ſoul if the Bull was not juſt at his heels. The good folks (who by the by, had a monſtrous grudge againſt *Old John*) believed him at once; and now there was the devil to do again; the women ſcreamed and fell into fits out run the men and boys with broomſticks and pitchforks and ſcalping knives to kill the bull: but it was all a ſham, for poor *Old John* was quiet at home, grazing in the meadow, up to

his eyes in clover, and blue-bells, and daffodils, and cows-lips, and primroſes, as contented as a lamb, and neither thinking nor caring any more about the fellow with the fiery ſtick than about one of the flies that he was bruſhing off with his tail.

But the worſt of all is to come yet; for while theſe ſilly people were running about and making a hue and cry againſt *Old John*, their *own Bull* (a thirſty beaſt that they had penned up in a barren lot, without any pond or watering-place) broke looſe, and did ten times more miſchief than *John* had ever done. This made a fine laugh all round the country; every body ſaid it ſerved them juſt right; and ſo be ſure it did, for they ſhould have looked at home, and minded their own Bull, and not run bawling about after *Old John*.

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FINIS.

A

BONE TO GNAW,

FOR THE

DEMOCRATS;

OR,

OBSERVATIONS

ON

A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

"*The Political Progreſs of Britain.*"

BY *PETER PORCUPINE.*

The fourth edition, with additions by the Author.

"Quand tu manges, donnes à manger
"Aux chiens, duſſent-ils te mordre.
La Pompadour."

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY THOMAS BRADFORD, NO. 8, SOUTH FRONT STREET.

1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

READER,

IF you have a Shop to mind, or any other buſineſs to do, I adviſe you to go and do it, and let this book alone; for, I can aſſure you, it contains nothing of half ſo much importance to you, as the ſale of a ſkein of thread or a yard of tape. By ſuch a tranſaction you might poſſibly make a net profit of half a farthing, a thing, though ſeemingly of ſmall value, much more worthy your attention than the treaſures under the State houſe at Amſterdam, or all the mines of Peru. Half a farthing might lay the foundation of a brilliant fortune, and ſooner than you ſhould be deprived of it by this work, though it may be called my offspring, I would, like the worſhippers of Moloch, commit it to the flames with my own hands.

If you are of that sex, vulgarly called the fair, but which ought always to be called the divine, let me beseech you, if you value your charms, to proceed no further. Politics *is a mixture of anger and deceit, and these are the mortal enemies of beauty. The instant a lady turns politician farewell the smiles, the dimples, the roses; the graces abandon her, and age sets his seal on her front. We never find* Hebe, *goddess ever fair and ever young, chattering politics at the table of the gods; and though* Venus *once interposed in behalf of her beloved* Paris, *the spear of* Diomede *taught her "to tremble at the name of arms." And have we not a terrible example of recent, very recent, date? I mean that of the unfortunate* Mary Wolstoncraft. *It is a well known fact, that, when that political lady began* The Rights of Women, *she had as fine black hair as you would wish to see, and that, before the second sheet of her work went to the press,*

it was turned as white, and a great deal whiter than her ſkin. You muſt needs think, I have the ambition common to every author; that is to ſay, to be read; but I declare, that ſooner than bleach one auburn ringlet, or even a ſingle hair; ſooner than rob the world of one heavenly ſmile, I would with pleaſure ſee my pamphlet torn up to light the pipes of a Democratic club, or burnt, like the Political Progreſs, *by the hands of a Scotch hangman, or even loaded with applauſes by the* Philadelphia gazette.

It is a little ſingular for an author to write a Preface to hinder his work from being read; but this is not my intention; all I wiſh to do, is, to confine it within its proper ſphere. I am aware that my ſincerity in this reſpect may be called in queſtion, and that malice may aſcribe to me motives that never entered my thoughts: but of this I am totally regardleſs; my work anſwers to its title, and, conſequently, nobody but the Democrats can have any thing to do with it. Nor

does it court their approbation; I throw it in amongſt them, as amongſt a kennel of hounds: let them ſnarl and growl over it, and gnaw it, and ſlaver it: the more they wear out their fangs this way the leſs dangerous will be their bite hereafter.

Philadelphia, March 10th, 1795.

A
BONE to GNAW
FOR THE
DEMOCRATS.

THOUGH the good people of America cannot for their lives comprehend the views from which they have been favoured with a publication of *The Political Progreſs of Britain*, we may ſuppoſe, that the fondneſs of the Author led him to ſee a poſſibility of its being read, and, as it in the nature of reading to give riſe to obſervations, he will not be ſurpriſed, that, ſome of thoſe, ariſing from the reading of his patriotic labours, have, by a very ordinary proceſs, found their way into print. It is thus that books, more grateful than the children of men, never fail to yield aſſiſtance to thoſe that have given them birth. Whenever neglect lays its icy hand on an unfortunate production, another flies to its aid; and, though it cannot cancel the irrevocable doom; it ſaves it, for a moment at leaſt, from the jaws of the unclean monſter that is day and night gaping to receive it. Such being, at leaſt in part, the charitable

views of this pamphlet, it will undoubtedly meet with a hearty welcome from all the friends of *The Political Progreſs*, and particulary from its Author.

Let me then aſk; what could induce him to come a' the wa' from Edinborough to Philadelphia to make an attack upon poor old England? And, if this be ſatisfactorily accounted for, upon principles of domeſtic philoſophy, which teaches us, that froth and ſcum ſtopped in at one place will burſt out at another, ſtill I muſt be permitted to aſk; what could induce him to imagine, that the citizens of the United States were, in any manner whatever, intereſted in the affair? What are his adventures in Scotland, and his "narrow eſcape," to us, who live on this ſide the Atlantic? What do we care whether his aſſociates, *Ridgway* and *Symons*, are ſtill in Newgate, or whether they have been tranſlated to Surgeon's Hall? Is it any thing to us whether he prefers Charley to George, or George to Charley, any more than whether he uſed to eat his burgoo with his fingers or with a horn ſpoon? What are his debts and his miſery to us? Juſt as if we cared whether his poſteriors were covered with a pair of breeches, or a kelt, or whether he was literally ſans culotte? In Great Britain, indeed, his barking might anſwer ſome purpoſe; there he was near the object of his fury; but here he is like a cur howling at the Moon.

Indeed, he himſelf ſeems to have been fully ſenſible of the ridiculouſneſs of the ſituation in which this publication would place him, and therefore he has had the precaution to ſurround himſelf with company, to keep him in countenance. He ſays that *Mr. Jefferſon*, late Ameri-

can Secretary of State, ſpoke of his work, on different occaſions, in reſpectful terms ; and that he declared, " it contained the moſt aſtoniſhing " concentration of abuſes, that he had ever heard " of." " He tells us beſides, that *other gentlemen* have delivered their opinions to the ſame effect ; and that their *encouragement* was one principal cauſe of the appearance of this American edition.

And did he in good earneſt, imagine that mixing with ſuch company would render his perſon ſacred and invulnerable ? He ſhould have recollected, that though one *ſcabby* ſheep infects a whole flock, he does not thereby work his own cure.

As to *Mr. Jefferſon*, I muſt ſuppoſe him entirely out of the Queſtion ; for nobody that has the leaſt knowledge of the talents, penetration and taſte of that Gentleman, will ever believe, that he could find any thing worthy of *reſpect* in a production, evidently intended to ſeduce the rabble of North Britain. Beſides, upon looking a ſecond time over the words attributed to *Mr. Jefferſon*, I think, it is eaſy to diſcover, that the quotation is erroneous : the word *abuſes*, I am pretty confident, ſhould be, *abuſe ;* and thus, by leaving out an *s*, the ſentence expreſſes exactly what one would expect from ſuch a perſon as *Mr. Jefferſon :* " that the work contained the " moſt aſtoniſhing concentration of *abuſe*, that " he had ever heard of."

With reſpect to thoſe *other gentlemen*, whoſe encouragement has thruſted the Author forward, it is not difficult to gueſs to what *clan* they belong ; but, let them be who they may, and let their ſituation be what it may (and if I am right in my gueſs, it is at this time aukward enough) I think they would not exchange it for the one

they have placed him in. He vainly imagines himſelf the hero of the farce, when he is nothing but the buffoon. Indeed he has deſcribed the part he is acting better than I, or any one elſe can do it. He ſays that Authors of revolutionary pamphlets form a kind of "forlorn hope on the ſkirts of battle." Every one knows, that the forlorn hope, or *enfans perdu*, was, amongſt the ancient Gauls, compoſed of the outcaſts of ſociety; wretches whoſe lives were already forfeited (and who had not had the good luck, like our Author, to "eſcape," who were ſet in the front of battle, not for their *courage*, but their *crimes*. The compariſon he has pilfered from Dean Swift; it is therefore juſt to return it to its owner; but as to the application of it to himſelf, I am certain nobody can have the leaſt objection.

However, I can hardly imagine, that the *encouragement* of theſe *gentlemen* would, alone, have dragged him into ſo dangerous a ſervice. I think, his conduct may be, in part, accounted for upon phyſical principles. We are told, that there is, or ought to be, about every human body, a certain part called the *crumena*, upon which depends the whole œconomy of the inteſtines. When the *crumena* is full, the inteſtines are in a correſpondent ſtate; and then the body is inclined to repoſe, and the mind to peace and good neighbourhood: but when the *crumena* * becomes empty, the ſympathetic inteſtines are immediately contracted, and the whole internal ſtate of the patient is thrown into inſurrection and uproar, which, communicating itſelf to the

* The purſe.

brain produces what a learned ſtate physician calls the *mania reformatio;* and if this malady is not ſtopped at once, by the help of an hempen necklace, or ſome other remedy equally efficacious, it never fails to break out into Atheiſm, Robbery, Unitarianiſm, Swindling, Jacobiniſm, Maſſacres, Civic Feaſts and Inſurrections. Now, it appears to me, that our unfortunate Author muſt be afflicted with this dreadful malady, and if ſo, I will appeal to any man of feeling, whether his friends would not have ſhewn their humanity, in relieving him by other means than thoſe they have *encouraged* him to employ; which, beſides being unproductive, have expoſed both him and them to the birch of public opinion.

Such are the mighty effects of the *mania reformatio*, that I was at firſt inclined to believe, we were indebted to that alone for the publication in queſtion; and that the *gentleman*, from whom the Author had received *encouragement* to proceed, were purely the creatures of his diſordered imagination; but I have lately ſeen it introduced to public notice ſo often, and in ſuch a way, that I have been obliged to change my opinion.

A Newſpaper printed at Philadelphia, whoſe motto is, "*The public will our guide;—the public good our end*" has borne a conſpicuous part in "uſhering this dark born devil into light." In one number of that truly puffing print, the ſpeech of a member of Congreſs is cut aſunder in the middle, for the purpoſe of wedging in an extract from *The Political Progreſs of Britain.* The debate was on *the propriety of the houſe's cenſuring certain ſocieties that had aſſiſted in bringing about an inſurrection in the weſtern counties of Penſylvania;* and the extracted morſel, wedged in

as above mentioned, went to prove that *bread was abſolutely dearer in Scotland than in England!* —Well enough may you ſtare reader. Was there ever ſuch an impudent, ſuch a barefaced *puff* as this, ſince the noble art of puffing has been diſcovered; And did the author of it imagine, that there was any two legged creature ſo ſtupid as not to perceive it? It is an inſult to our national underſtanding. Why not ſay candidly; "gentlemen and ladies, here is a poor man in diſtreſs, who, for want of better employment, has trumped up an old pamphlet, which he propoſes to ſell for a new one; in buying each of you one, you will render him a great ſervice, and the bookſeller a ſtill greater. Unleſs you will be pleaſed to beſtow your charity, the worms will ſtuff away upon the work, while the Author's belly will be empty." This would have been plain downright honeſt dealing, and would have brought the wiſhed-for relief at once. We give a ſixpence to a good blunt beggar who tells his caſe in three words; but we have not time to liſten to the canting ſybil that offers to tell our fortunes for a halfpenny.

The gazette above mentioned, in good will to Great Britain, does not yield to *The Political Progreſs* itſelf. It can do any thing, it can work miracles, when the "public will" requires it. For this year paſt it has kept an army of a hundred thouſand Carmagnoles in conſtant readineſs to invade England, and has even landed them once, and ſet them to fricaſſeing the poor Engliſh, with as little mercy as they do the poor Frogs in their own country. Nor is it ſecond to any, with reſpect to home affairs. It may be called the political barometer of the Union. At

a time when the atmoſphere of popular opinion ſeemed to lower over the principal officers of the Federal Government, the Editor, in conformity to the firſt part of his motto, expunged the word *Federal* from the title of his gazette. As a reaſon for this alteration, he obſerves, with his uſual modeſty: Previous to the adoption of "the Federal Conſtitution, this paper bore an "*honourable* and decided part in its *favour*; but "this Conſtitution *no longer* needs the *aid* of a "Newſpaper." Notwithſtanding this plauſible excuſe, moſt people thought, that the expunging of the word *Federal* had ſomething ominous in it. I confeſs myſelf to have been of that number; I thought, I could perceive in it a preparatory ſtep to ſomething elſe: as ſkillful mariners, when they ſee a ſtorm gathering, throw the heavy lumber overboard, that they may be able to tack with more celerity. And, if things had taken a different turn from what they did, who knows but we might have ſeen the protean Editor change his preſent reſpectable ſign* for the head of Citizen Genet? Happily for all parties, we have been ſpared this mortification.

I ſtop here to throw myſelf on the mercy of the reader. "A digreſſion," ſays Shaftſbury, "is "ever inexcuſable in proportion as the ſubject "of it is contemptible." Acknowledging, as I do, the juſtneſs of this maxim, I am but too well aſſured, that nothing can apologize for the digreſſion I have juſt been led into.

The Political Progreſs has, as the girls ſay, more than one ſtring to its bow. The Editor

* Waſhington's Head.

above mentioned is surpassed in charity by one of his brethren of the same city; the first has only recommended it to others, while the latter has taken it under his own roof. I shall trouble the reader with but one instance, among a hundred, of this *gentleman's* generosity. He is upon the subject of the blood that has been shed in France, since the commencement of the Revolution. He says, "it would be an easy matter *to* "*apologize for all the massacres* that have taken "place in that country; but even taking them "as they are, it will be found, upon reflection, "that, *at this moment*, the *sum* of human happi- "ness is greater in France than in the *Queen of* "*Isles*:" these are his very words. To prove this he presents us with "an anecdote, copied from "a work *of great merit (to be had at the office* "*of the Aurora,)* entitled, *The Political Progress* "*of Britain.*" This rare anecdote informs us, that, in the year *one thousand seven hundred and seventy seven*, a woman was hanged at Tyburn for stealing a piece of linen. Now, how the hanging of a woman at Tyburn, in 1777, could reduce the sum of human happiness in the Queen of Isles, in 1794; and how the reduction of the sum of human happiness in the Queen of Isles could make an addition to the sum of human happiness in France, is, I presume, a problem to be solved by those, and those alone, who have been initiated in the arcanum of democratic algebra.

Many have been the conjectures on the reason of this Print's assuming the name of *Aurora*. The Editor, after having, like a second Phæton, driven the blazing car of democratic fury, till it was within an inch of burning us all up to cinders, has assumed the gentle gait and mo-

deſt veil of the Goddeſs of the morning: "A right chip of the *Old Block*," as *Poor Richard* ſays. Some think, that, having ſeen the Sun of all his hopes and expectations ſet in the *weſt*, he thought it was high time to riſe upon us from the *eaſt*. But, however, this is not the reaſon, the thing is an imitation of a French Paper, conducted by "Le veritable pere du Chêne,"* and bearing the motto, "*Bougrement Patriotic.*" It is ſomething wonderful that the *Aurora* has not adopted a motto ſo characteriſtic of the matter it contains: but, to make uſe of a well known democratic quotation, "nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus."† Though, perhaps, the *Aurora*, and ſome other prints, may boaſt of being an exception to this maxim, yet it may ſerve as a ſeaſonable hint to their readers.

Never mind, reader; I know what I am about. I have ſet my foot amongſt a neſt of vipers here; but the poor devils do not know how to ſting. Let them writhe and hiſs, while we return to *The Political Progreſs of Britain.*

Taking it for granted, that the Author is neither more nor leſs than the "forlorn hope" of the phalanx by whom he is encouraged, I do not look upon myſelf as bound to obſerve the laws of neutrality towards them, any more than towards him; and therefore I ſhall make very free with them; whenever they may fall in my way. Nor will the title of *gentlemen*, which he has, and very uncitizen like too, beſtowed on them, withold my hand; we know that hawkers and

* The founder of the religion of "*Reaſon*" in France, and of which the editor of the *Aurora* is now publiſhing the manuel.

† No one ever became infamous all at once.

pedlars, ſwindlers, highwaymen and pickpockets, call one another gentlemen; and that even the members of every ſelf-created back-door club, except in their fulminations *ex officio*, take the ſame title; but does this prevent any body from thinking and ſpeaking of them as they deſerve: Certainly not. They claim the liberty of the preſs in the evomition of their anarchical poiſon, and ſhall not others claim the ſame liberty in adminiſtering the antidote?

What then is this bleſſed performance? what does it contain, that ſuch uncommon, ſuch unnatural efforts ſhould be made to drag it into day; Why, *The Political Progreſs*, or *Sawney's Complaint* (for this title would become it much better than the one it has aſſumed), * paints in as odious a light as black and white will admit of, thoſe kings of England who have inflicted ſeverities on the Scotch; it abuſes all the moſt celebrated Whigs of the United Kingdoms, and in general, every body who was oppoſed to the cauſe of the *Pretender*; it contains the moſt ſophiſtical and ill-digeſted account of the national debt, the wars, taxes, and expences of govern-

* I cannot leave the reader to imagine for a moment, that I aim here at the Scotch *in general*. They are *a nation* I reſpect above any other, except my own. For prudence, perſeverence, integrity, courage and learning, they are above all praiſe. And as to loyalty, by no means the leaſt of virtues, the great body of the nation are far more loyal than their neighbours in the South. But the merits and fidelity of *a nation* can never juſtify the apoſtacy of individuals. after having confeſſed candidly my admiration and reſpect for the one, I muſt be allowed to expreſs as candidly my abhorrence of the other.

ment in Great Britain, that has ever yet appeared; in ſhort, the piece altogether, forms one of the moſt complete Whiſky-boy Billingſgate libels, or as *Mr. Jefferſon* emphatically expreſſed it, "the moſt aſtoniſhing concentration of abuſe," that ever was ſeen, or heard of.

Yes, reader, look at it again, and tell me what you can find here, that can merit the attention of an *American*. If you want to know the characters of the kings of England, you will find them recorded in hiſtory; you will there find the good with the bad: you will find, that they have all had their faults, and moſt of them their virtues. If you find that ſome of them were wolves, you will never find that their ſubjects or their neighbours were lambs. From the ſame ſource you will learn, that, ever ſince the abdication of James II. the embers of diſcontent have been kept alive in Scotland, by the means of ambitious demagogues: you will find that their influence is daily decreaſing, but that like the Anti-federaliſts in America, they ſeize every opportunity to exert it, in reviling the government, repreſenting every tax as an oppreſſion, and exciting the ignorant to inſurrection. * You will

* I wiſh we could ſay, that a change of air had produced a change of conduct in ſome of them. The comrades of *Muir* and *Palmer* were no ſooner landed at New-York laſt year, than they began to attack the *American Government*. They openly declared, that it was "*tar-*"*niſhed by the laſt and worſt diſgrace of a free government*," and ſaid, that they looked forward to "*a more perfect* "*ſtate of Society*" (See their addreſs to the *Unitarian Doctor*.) I do not ſay that they had any immediate hand in the weſtern affair: but when rebels from all quarters of the world are received with open arms, as perſecuted patriots it is no wonder that rebellion ſhould be looked upon as patriotiſm.

obſerve (and undoubtedly with a great deal of pleaſure) that exertions of ſuch a horrid tendency have not, latterly, had the ſame effects there, that they have here; but you muſt nevertheleſs agree, that it was as prudent and as juſtifiable in the government of Great Britain, to proſecute thoſe who were endeavouring to kindle the flames of civil war in Scotland, as it is in the government of the United States to proſecute the men, who, for a ſimilar crime, are now in Philadelphia jail, waiting their trials. As to the taxes in Great Britain they are heavy, and I believe in my ſoul it is in their very nature to be heavy, as much as it is in the nature of lead; for, the people complain of their weight not only there, but here, and every where elſe. You will, perhaps, like many other compaſſionate people, feel a good deal of anxiety about the *national debt* of Great Britain, and may poſſibly have your fears of *a general bankruptcy*: but, ſuffer me to caution you againſt an exceſs of ſenſibility; for, though compaſſion is, in itſelf, amiable it degenerates into weakneſs, when laviſhed on an unworthy object: nay, it even looks meddling, if not childiſh, to be eternally expreſſing a ſolicitude for people who do not ſeem at all ſenſible of your kindneſs. Only look at the conduct of their Merchants, for example, towards *Mr. Dayton:* we have not heard, that they have expreſſed the leaſt gratitude to that honeſt gentleman for his kind motion for putting aſide about four or five millions of their dollars, in a ſafe corner, to preſerve them from the Hanover Rats and the ſcrambling clutches of Billy Pitt! If I were in the place of the honourable Member from New-Jerſey I think it would be a leſſon to me never

to meddle with their affairs again. Such a perverſe ſtiff-necked race ought to be left to their fate. All we have to do, is, to take care that they do not get into our debt, and then let them break as ſoon as they will. Humanity requires that we ſhould pity our diſtreſſed fellow creatures, but it does not oblige us to expoſe ourſelves to their contempt.

In defence of the conduct of the *gentlemen encouragers* of *The Political Progreſs of Britain*, it has been roundly aſſerted, that there exiſts a Monarchy Party in the United States, and that every thing tending to render it odious is neceſſary and laudable; and that, conſequently, it was no more than fair play to borrow, or hire, the pen of a needy foreigner to lampoon the government and conſtitution of his own country. But, whoever will give themſelves the trouble to open their eyes, or make uſe of a very little recollection, will be convinced, I fancy, that there is no reaſon for alarm on this account.

Our democrats are continually crying ſhame on the ſatellites of Royalty, for carrying on a Cruſade againſt Liberty; when the fact is, the ſattellites of Liberty* are carrying on a Cruſade againſt Royalty. If one could recollect all their valorous deeds, on this ſide the water, ſince the beginning of 1793, they would make a hiſtory far ſurpaſſing that of Tom Thumb or

* Take care, reader, how you confound terms here. *Liberty*, according to the Democratic Dictionary, does not mean *freedom from oppreſſion*; it is a very comprehenſive term, ſignifying among other things, *ſlavery*, *robbery*, *murder*, and *blaſphemy*. Citizen David painter to the Propagande, has repreſented *Liberty* under the form of a *Dragon*; it is, I ſuppoſe, for this reaſon that our democrats cry out againſt St. George as "the moſt dangerous of Li-"berticides.

Jack the Giant Killer. The *Aurora*, and two or three other prints of that ſtamp, have ſerved them by way of Backers-on: they have been, and are yet, the Saint Bernards and Peter the Hermits of the Cruſade.

When they found the government was not to be bullied into a war, they were upon the point of declaring it themſelves againſt the coaleſced Monarchs, ſo well known for their depredations on the purſes of all Chriſtendom, and againſt that old ruffian Harry the Eighth, who is a ſort of ſetter-on of the whole pack. And though this reſolve was not put into execution, out of reſpect for the inviolable and ſacred perſon of his Majeſty of Clubs, they immediately " let ſlip the dogs "of war " at every thing elſe that bore the name or marks of Royalty.

Their firſt object of attack was the Stage. Every Royal or Noble character was to be driven into everlaſting exile, or, at leaſt, none ſuch was ever to be introduced except by way of degradation. The words your Majeſty, My Lord, and the like, were held to be as offenſive to the chaſte ears of Republicans, as ſilks, gold lace, painted cheeks and powdered periwigs to their eyes. In ſhort the higheſt and loweſt titles were to be *citizen* and *citeſs* and the dreſſes were all to be *à la mode de Paris*.

That the Theatre might not ſuffer for want of pieces adapted to the reformed taſte, the reformers had the goodneſs to propoſe *William Tell* and ſeveral others equally amuſing.—— *William* was to be modernized: in place of ſhooting the Governor with a bow and arrow, he was to ſtab him in the guts with a dagger, cut off his head, and carry it round the Stage

upon a *pike*, while the muſic was to play the *Murderer's Hymn* and *Ha, çaira.*

It is hardly neceſſary to ſay, that the gentlemen and ladies of the buſkin (though they have taken for motto, *Vivat Reſpublica* *) turned a deaf ear to all innovations of this kind. It was no eaſy matter to perſuade people, who had been kings and queens from their infancy, to turn kennel-rakers and cut throats all at once. In vain did the Cruſaders repreſent to them, that their conduct was inconſiſtent with their motto, and that their vanity was like that of the Aſs loaded with Relicks. Expoſtulations and menaces were vain: after having ſtrutted ſo long in furbelowed brocades and White Chapel diamonds, they felt themſelves by no means diſpoſed to go ſlinking about the ſcene in an a— clout.

Some people may think, that this is all invention; but if they think it worth while to look over the Gazettes I have mentioned above, they will find that the merit of it does not fall to my ſhare.

To make the reader amends for *William Tell*, I am going to treat him with a delicate morſel indeed; and, which adds to its merit, it is not in every body's hands, the publication, from which I have extracted it, being, thank God, but very little known.

* Theſe, I am told, are cabaliſtical words of amazing virtue. It was my intention to give the reader a ſatisfactory explanation of them: but, though I have conſulted all the moſt renowned Cabaliſts among the democrats, I have not been able to procure it. Some ſay that repeating them about nine hundred times every other day will change a high-flying Tory into a ſtaunch Republican. Others ſay, they have no virtue at all; and that they mean neither more nor leſs than—*Huzza for the ſtrongeſt.*

" PHILADELPHIA

" A new Song called the Guillotine, Sung " at the celebration of the *fourth of July*, by a " number of French and *American* citizens at " Hamburg. Written by the celebrated Mr. " *Barlow*, who was then at that place.

" God ſave the Guillotine,
" Till *England's King and Queen*,
" Her power ſhall prove:

" 'Till each anointed knob
" Affords a clipping job,
" Let no vile halter rob,
" The Guillotine.

" Fame let thy trumpet ſound,
" Tell all the world around,
" How *Capet* fell:

" And when great *George's* poll
" Shall in the baſket roll,
" Let mercy then controul,
" The Guillotine.

" When *all* the *ſceptred crew*
" Have paid their homage, due
" The Guillotine,

" Let freedom's flag advance,
" 'Till all the world like France,
" O'er tyrants' graves ſhall dance
" And Peace begin."

With reſpect to this tender madrigal, we are at a loſs which to admire moſt; the ſtyle and ſentiments of the " celebrated Author, " * the de-

* It would be worth the reader's while to enquire whether this *celebrated author* has never employed his poetic talent in making an addition to Dr. Watt's verſion of the Pſalms? If this ſhould appear to be the caſe, it muſt be allowed he is in a fair way to become an univerſal genius, and an honour to his country.

licacy of the Editor, or the taſte of his readers. I ſay *his* readers, for I ſhould be ſorry to think it was the taſte of the inhabitants, in general, of Philadelphia. However, I think the reader will agree with me, that at a time when ſuch a piece at this could poſſibly be admitted into a public print, there could be no neceſſity for a publication of *Sawney's Complaint :* to bring it out after ſuch a tit bit as this, was as bad as ſerving up a meſs of burgoo after a cramberry tart.

That there ſhould be found amongſt us men ſo vindictive as to pray for the murder of the King and Queen of England, people who had offended us, is not ſo very aſtoniſhing ; unfortunately there are men of that ſtamp in all countries, and conſequently, we muſt expect to find ſome of that deſcription amongſt thoſe who live by entertaining the public. It is not therefore more wonderful that ſuch a ſentiment ſhould find its way into a Newſpaper than that it ſhould be conceived. But that there ſhould be found a *number* of *Americans*, or even *one*, capable of rejoicing and laughing at the tragic fall of the unfortunate Louis XVI, is a fact of ſuch a horrid nature that we wiſh not to believe our eyes and ears.

Who is not ſenſible of the efforts, the mighty, the ſucceſsful efforts made by that Monarch in favour of theſe States ? Who is not ſenſible, that to thoſe efforts America owes her Independence? Every one is ſenſible of it ; and it is for this reaſon, that all parties join in celebrating the 6th of February, the anniverſary of the concluſion of the Treaty of Alliance between Louis XVI. and the United States.* Recollect, reader,

* I ſay Louis and the United States, for it was *he*, and he

that the ſong above quoted, was ſung on the *fourth of July;* on the anniverſary of that Independence we boaſt of as a ſovereign good. Recollect that a number of Americans, aſſembled to rejoice on Account of this bleſſing, called to the univerſe at the ſame time, to witneſs their joy at the murder of him who conferred it! This was all that was wanted to the humiliation of the houſe of Bourbon and to the revenge of its Rival. Poor Louis might deſerve ſomething of this kind in the eyes of Engliſhmen; by them he might expect his memory would be execrated. Could he now look from the grave, what would be his aſtoniſhment to ſee them among the firſt to defend it, and ſome of us among the firſt, among the very firſt, to tear it to pieces? Could this innocent, this virtuous, this injured Prince, now behold the ungrateful hell-hounds, that, from all quarters of the world, aſſail his reputation, would he not exclaim, like Cæſar when he ſaw the dagger of his beloved Brutus,—— *and you too Americans?*

Let us leave theſe Bacchanalians, whoſe beverage is the blood of their benefactors, and return to our Cruſaders; though I am afraid we ſhall gain but little by the change.

alone. There were no Fayettes, no Robeſpieres, no Barreres in thoſe days: the king was abſolute, and to him was the alliance owing and to nobody elſe. He was then as much and more, an abſolute monarch than he was at the beginning of the French Revolution; yet none of us ever dreamed of calling him a *deſpot*, a *tyrant*," an *ermined monſter*." The Congreſs, the very Congreſs that declared us independent, declared him to be our *great* and *good* ally, our *deliverer*; and not a word about *deſpotiſm*. Whence come all theſe approbrious terms now? From the ungrateful hearts of thoſe who make uſe of them.

Their next attack was on all pictures, carved work, and ſtucco work. At the diſtance of a few miles from the Metropolis, a Tavern-Keeper, who, about a dozen years ago, hoiſted the *Queen of France*, to attract cuſtom to his houſe, found it neceſſary laſt ſummer, to ſever her head from her body, and ſet the blood ſtreaming down her garments.*

Who can have forgotten the card, ſent to the Clergy and Veſtry of Chriſt Church? This card begged, or rather demanded, of the perſons to whom it was addreſſed, to remove the image and crown of George II. and to be as quick as poſſible in doing it, for fear it ſhould endanger the ſalvation of the citizens; "for," ſays the card, "that *mark of infamy* has a tendency to "keep many *young and virtuous men* from attend-"ing public worſhip."

For my part, I look upon the deſtruction of this image and Crown as an event of about as much conſequence to the citizens of Philadelphia as the deſtruction of the *Swiſs*,† *at the door of their Library*, would be. The church is full as well without it, as with it. I have frequented Chriſt

* The reader will undoubtedly feel a conſiderable relief when he hears that this complaiſant creature was a *patriotic* Engliſhman. But who were his cuſtomers?

† This image has obtained the name of the *Swiſs* for two reaſons: Firſt, becauſe the citizens of Switzerland are generally employed by other nations in the capacity of *Porters*; and ſecondly, becauſe their motto is, "*Point d' argent, point de Swiſs*;" in Engliſh, "*No pay no Swiſs.*" I leave the reader to determine whether the name be applicable or not to the image in queſtion.

Church for near about thirty years, without ever obſerving that ſuch a thing was on the walls of it; nor did I ever imagine that *my ſalvation could be endangered* by the form of a lump of ſtucco. In this affair, one would have wiſhed only, for the ſake of thoſe who made the requeſt, that it had not been made at ſo unfortunate a juncture. It was almoſt literally biting off the noſe to be revenged on the face. George II. who died, God reſt his ſoul, in 1760, could not help Sir Charles Gray's taking the French Iſlands, Colonel Brathwaite's taking Pondicherry, Lord Hood's taking Corſica, and burning the arſenals and Fleet at Toulon, nor Lord Howe's unmerciful inhuman baſtinado of the Carmagnole Fleet off Uſhant, all which happened in 1794; yet I believe, nobody doubted, that if nothing of this kind had taken place, the "*young and virtuous men*" would have felt no qualms of conſcience on account of the image and crown. If the poor image could have ſpoken, it certainly would have remonſtrated againſt ſuch an act of manifeſt injuſtice; an act trangreſſing all laws both human and divine. For, I believe it is a principle eſtabliſhed in law, that thirty years, if not leſs, of uninterrupted poſſeſſion, conſtitutes a right; and, though we have heard of the ſins of the fathers being viſited upon the children, it was left for theſe "*young and virtuous men*" to find out the juſtice of viſiting the ſins of the children upon the fathers.

Of a piece with this heroic action was that of the Democrats, of *Charleſton*, South Carolina, when they precipitated the ſtatue of the late Lord Chatham from its pedeſtal, and bragged in the gazettes of having ſevered the head from the

body. If one were to aſk theſe wiſe acres, what honour or profit they could promiſe themſelves in this triumph over a piece of marble, I wonder what would be their anſwer. It was not the Engliſh that placed it there; it was themſelves. It was an idol they had raiſed with their own hands. Did they expect to find it, like the man's wooden God, ſtuffed with gold and ſilver? Had this been the caſe, and had their expectation been well founded, the profit of the enterprize might have kept them in countenance: but, as it was, their ſally of ſans-culottiſm has produced them nothing but deriſion; has fixed them as a mark, "for the hand of ſcorn to point its ſlow and "moving finger at." People compare them to the child who fights with his man of clay, and calls out to his playmates to admire his bravery. No wonder that the Jacobin Club at Paris ſhould object to the adoption of ninnies like theſe.

I will not fatigue the reader with any more of theſe feats of modern chivalry; what I have here related will, I think, be ſufficient to prove, that the pictures of half a dozen old kings, painted with a Caledonian mop, were by no means neceſſary to frighten the people into Democratic principles.

I now come to an epoch of American ſans-culotiſm, that ought not to be forgotten in haſte. I mean the beginning of the Weſtern Rebellion. When the back-door Clubs firſt received the news, they put a Janus's face upon the matter: they pretended not to approve, altogether, of the *hoſtile* operations of *their* "Weſtern Breth-"ren"; but at the ſame time they took good care to declare, that they would *never ceaſe to oppoſe the law which had given them umbrage.* The

manœuvres that were employed to prevent the Militia of Pennſylvania from turning out, and the ſarcaſms that were thrown out on the Jerſey Militia, only becauſe they did turn out, are freſh in every one's memory. As is the ever-memorable petition that was preſented to the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the State of Pennſylvania, on the 6th of September laſt. The Legiſlature was no ſooner met, for the ſpecial purpoſe of enforcing the execution of one exciſe law, than they were beſought to aſſiſt in oppoſing the execution of another exciſe law! The petition was an appeal to the Legiſlature, not from an inferior, but from a ſuperior Legiſlature; and, which is perhaps the moſt incongruous of all the incongruities that ever were heard of, at the head of the appellants was the Preſident of one branch of that very Legiſlature from which they were appealing!! Had the Preſident of the United States joined Citizen Genet, in his appeal to the people, the ſtep would not have been more ridiculous.

No body can doubt, that the ſcheme of the Democrats was, by means like theſe, to deaden the limbs of Government, and then ſeize the reins themſelves. But ſucceſs was dubious; they therefore proceeded with caution. Look at and admire their conduct, from this time, 'till they ſaw a ſufficient force ready to march againſt their "Weſtern Brethren." You will find them lying on their arms, ſilent and ſnug, but the inſtant ſuch a force appeared, adieu all *relationſhip*: the poor devils were in a moment tranſformed from "Weſtern Brethren" into "Inſurgents," and (Oh, monſtrous transformation!) even into "Royaliſts"! If this be the way they

treat their own fleſh and blood, what have ſtrangers to expect at their hands?

Let this be a warning to you, all you underſtrappers of Democratic Clubs; leave off your bawling and your toaſting, go home and ſell your *ſugar* and your *ſnuff*, and leave the care of "*Poſterity*" to other heads; for, when the hour of diſcomfit arrives, your Jack Straws and your C. Foxes will leave you in the lurch. When you get your carcaſſes baſtinadoed, or, which is far worſe, penned up within the walls of a jail, they will ſcoff at you, as the devil ever does at a baffled ſinner. This is an article of their creed. Do you want a proof of it? Look at their conduct towards their venerable founder, Citizen Genet: no ſooner had the poor citizen made his political exit, than they began to "dance on his grave," as their brother Barlow did on that of Louis XVI. However, all their ungrateful efforts, all their unnatural malice has not been able to injure their immortal Sire.—Though baffled and perſecuted on this ſide the Styx, he has bribed old Charon to ferry him over into the Iſland of Bliſs, where he may, uninterrupted by tormenting Ariſtocrats, ſip the live long day, and the live long night too, at the lovely ſtream, flowing from the pure fountain of the pureſt democracy.

But to return; our democrats had another view in ſtigmatizing their "weſtern brethren" for Royaliſts, beſides that of diſowning them. They ſaw a good opportunity of throwing the blame on the ſhoulders of Great Britain, at the ſame time that they ſhifted it from their own. Thus, by a ſtroke of addreſs peculiar to them-

ſelves they turned misfortune to advantage: this was making the beſt of a bad market with a vengeance! Hence all the grave alarming accounts of people's crying out, "King George for ever;" and of billets being "ſtuck upon trees with, "*Britiſh freedom will never oppreſs you.*" Billets ſtuck upon trees! Like thoſe of Orlando and Roſalind, I ſuppoſe.

"Untill the tree ſhall quit the rind,
"I'll never quit my Roſalind."

This is very pretty in making love, but it is a romantic way of carrying on Treaſon and Rebellion, and ſeems to agree but very ill with the language of thoſe gentle ſwains aſſembled at Parkinſon's Ferry.

I muſt be excuſed alſo, if I do not give full credit to what the Governor of Pennſylvania aſſerted on this ſubject, when he was harranguing the militia officers to perſuade them to aſſemble their quotas, for the purpoſe of marching againſt the "Weſtern Brethren." "Liſten," ſaid he, "to the language of the *Inſurgents*, and your "ſpirit will riſe with indignation.* They not "only aſſert that certain laws ſhall be repealed, "let the ſenſe of the majority be what it may, "but they threaten us with the eſtabliſhment of "an independent government, or *a return to the* "*allegiance of Great Britain.*"

Moſt people thought this was a *bolt ſhot*; but, they forgot, that he ſaid, in the ſame harrangue, that, "from defects in the militia ſyſtem, *or* "*ſome other unfortunate cauſe*, the attempts to ob-

* Ah, Sir! ought the officers and ſoldiers of the State *of Pennſylvania* to feel *indignation* againſt nobody but the *deluded* "Weſtern Brethren?"

"tain the quota of militia by regular drafts "*had failed.*" If they had recollected, that, under ſuch circumſtances, the end of an harrangue was to "ſtir men's bloods," and not to be very nice in the ſtatement of facts, they would not have been ſurpriſed, that our Solomon (I can have no intention to hint, that the wiſe Governor has ever had *three hundred concubines* at a time; human nature cannot ſtand that, now a days) they would not, I ſay, have been ſurpriſed, that our Solomon ſhould chooſe Great Britain as a ſpur.

Reader, when you were a little boy, did you never carry on a ſecret correſpondence with the pies and tarts; and, when, by the rattling of the plates, or ſome other accident, you were like to be caught at it, did you never raiſe a hue and cry againſt the poor dogs and cats? Thoſe who look upon the conduct of our Democrats as unnatural, forget their own little roguiſh tricks.

I will venture to ſay, that there are not five perſons in the United States, poſſeſſing a degree of underſtanding ſuperior to that of the brute creation, who believe that the Rebels have ever had, from firſt to laſt, the leaſt idea of ſeeking protection from the Britiſh. From whence comes the probability? *All* their partizans *in this quarter* were to be found among the *revilers* of Great Britain. Read their reſolves, and ſee if you can find any thing that leaves them a poſſibility of fraternizing with the Britiſh. Beſides, can any body ſuppoſe, that the Britiſh would have accepted of them? Unleſs, indeed, they had had them in Europe, where they might have employed them as a "forlorn hope;" as the Democrats have the poor Author of the *Political*

Progreſs. I fancy, if they, with *all* their partizans, and *Tom* the Tinker and his *prevaricating* Coadjutor at their head, had went and offered themſelves, bodies and ſouls, to Old foxy Dorcheſter, he would have ſaid, as Louis XI. did to the Genoeſe : "*Vous vous donnez a moi, et moi, "je vous donne au Diable.*"

I aſk any reaſonable man, what they could poſſibly expect to do among the Britiſh? The Britiſh have ſo many of this ſtamp already, that they are ſending off ſhip loads to Botany Bay every month. Could a fellow, for inſtance imagine, that having been the *ſecretary of a back door club*, would recommend him to the poſt of ſecretary in Canada? Prudence would prevent the employment of one whoſe *only talent* is, *blowing hot and cold with the ſame mouth*, becauſe ſuch a perſon might become *the tool of every intriguing foreigner*, and by his *prevarication*, might embroil the whole government. Would any one (except one *like himſelf*) put ſuch a man in a poſt of confidence? I put this queſtion to every thinking American, and particularly to every Pennſylvanian.

And with reſpect to *Tom* the Tinker himſelf, (for he is, on every account, entitled to the preeminence), what could he expect among the Britiſh? If he were to play any of his drunken tinker like tricks amongſt them, it would not be begging pardon, that would bring him off. If he were to tell them that his "hammer was "up, and his ladle hot, and that he would not "*travel the country for nothing*," I am miſtaken if they would not pay him off with a good five hundred laſhes, well counted; for the Britiſh are punctual in paying their debts. They would

* "You give yourſelves to me, and I give you to the devil."

teach him how to ſet people together by the ears another time.

Could a ſot like *Tom* imagine that the Canadian ladies would have fallen in love with him, becauſe his ſcull had often been decorated with a liberty Cap, to teſtify his attachment to the nation from which they are deſcended? No; the ladies, all the world over, are, from long experience, too well convinced of the truth of Goldſmith's maxim: "A man who is eternally vo-"ciferating liberty! liberty! is generally, *in* "*his own family*, a moſt cruel and *inhuman tyrant*,"

The truth is, thoſe among us who have made the moſt noiſe, and have expreſſed the moſt rancour againſt Great Britain, ſeem to have done it only to cover their enmity to the Federal Government, and conſequently to their country, if we may with propriety call it *their* country. Let any man take a review of their conduct ſince the beginning of the preſent European war, and ſee if this obſervation is not uniformly true. It was they who raiſed ſuch a clamour againſt the Preſident's wiſe Proclamation of Neutrality; it was they who encouraged an inſolent and intriguing foreigner to ſet the laws of the Union at defiance, and to treat the Supreme Executive Authority as if he had been a Talien or a Barrere, or the Preſident of nothing but a Democratic or Jacobin Club; it was they who brought the vexations and depredations on the commerce, and then Guillotined in effigy the Embaſſador extraordinary, the Angel of Peace, who went to repair their fault; finally, it was they who fanned the embers of Rebellion in the Weſt into a flame, and cauſed fourteen or fifteen thouſand men to be taken

their homes, to undergo a moſt fatiguing campaign, at the expence of a million and an half of Dollars to the United States. The ſame perverſe clan that heroically hurled down the Statue of Lord Chatham, and manfully made war upon an Image and a Crown, endeavoured to introduce a law to prevent the Preſident of the United States from being re-elected, and openly declared (by the uſual vehicle of their manifeſtos, a gazette) that it was improper to ſend the Chief Judge as Embaſſador Extraordinary to England, becauſe they might want him here to—try the Preſident!*

It is rather, an aukward circumſtance, I muſt confeſs, that the meddling enemies of the Britiſh Government and of that of the United States ſhould be the ſame, the fact is however indiſputable, as will appear in a minute.

For proof, I like always to have recourſe to what has appeared in print; words are wind; a man ſays a thing in earneſt that he retracts by turning it into a joke. Beſides, we ſay a hundred things in the heat of argument or paſſion, that we do not think: but writing, and particularly writing for the preſs, is a deliberate act. When a perſon ſits down to write, his mind muſt be in ſome ſort compoſed; time is neceſſary for the arrangement of his ideas; what he has written muſt be examined with care; he augments, curtails, corrects and improves. All this natu-

* Will not the reader be ſurpriſed to hear that the following toaſt was a favourite with them? "May national gratitude ever diſtinguiſh Americans." This is a pretty clear proof, I think, that they did not look upon themſelves as Americans; or, at leaſt, that in their capacity of Democrats, they looked upon themſelves as exempted from all thoſe moral obligations that bind the reſt of mankind.

rally implies the moſt mature reflection, and makes an aſſertion or an opinion in print be juſtly regarded as irretractable. For this reaſon, I ſhall, in ſupport of my poſition, bring an extract from a print whoſe character in the *patriotic* world, yields to that of no one.

I have already done myſelf the honour of extracting a ſong from this print, after which its hatred to the Government of Great Britain will not be diſputed, and, I think, the reader will ſoon be convinced that its hatred to that of the United States is equally ſincere. Indeed the following extract bears in itſelf ſuch ample confirmation of what I aſſert, that it needs no comment.

"There is a ſet of men in this country [America] who, to palliate, or rather deny the mal-"adminiſtration of Government, charge the "*diſcontents* and *clamours* of the people to a "reſtleſs temper, or the arts of factious and "deſigning men. In order to illuſtrate this aſ-"ſertion, it is inſiſted that *our conſtitution* is a "perfection of human wiſdom—it is admitted "that our conſtitution is excellent, and that "compared with the forms of government "which have preceeded it, we really diſcover a "ſuperiority, that occaſions a ſurpriſe that the "people are *not* happy and contented."

"Whatever courtiers may pleaſe to ſay, on "my part, I feel no inclination to complement "men in power at the expence of the diſpoſition "and good ſenſe of my fellow citizens———"To charge a people heretofore diſtinguiſhed "for their prompt and due ſubmiſſion to the "laws, and orderly conduct, with turbulence

" and *unjuſt diſcontent*, or to ſuppoſe that the
" good ſenſe of American citizens cannot pene-
" trate the deſigns of factious men, are aſſer-
" tions ſcarcely meriting ſerious attention.

" The conſtitution of the United States is free
" and excellent, and yet the people are *not* hap-
" py and contented. In free governments when
" the laws are well adminiſtered, the national
" honour regarded, and the property of the
" citizens protected, ſubmiſſion to the law, and
" confidence in thoſe who are charged with the
" adminiſtration, will conſequently follow. But
" when the property of the *citizen* is unprotect-
" ed, nay even his *ſacred* perſon can find no
" protection*——when the honor of the nation
" is become ſo *proſtituted*, that an invaſion of
" territory or denial of juſt right is ſubmitted
" to with humility—when the national honour
" cannot be aſſerted, becauſe it might interfere
" with the *venal projects of a certain junto*—when
" every meaſure which is *pretended* to be pur-
" ſued for the public welfare, is veiled with a
" myſterious ſecrecy becoming a *Turkiſh Divan*,
" and when men are appointed to procure re-
" dreſs—in whom the people moſt intereſted
" *have no confidence*, and againſt whom conſtitu-
" tional objections are juſtly ſuggeſted—what
" are we to expect ?—diſguſt ; diſcontent and
" total want of confidence muſt reſult."

* I wonder whether this furious Democrat would have the Congreſs go in perſon and tear the Dey of Algiers' eyes out? How could they help the peace between the Algerines and Potugueſe, any more then they can help its thundering or raining ? I'll venture my life this liberty boy has never given a penny towards the ranſoming of the priſoners in Algiers.

" That the people are diſſatisfied, and do
" complain from New Hampſhire to Georgia,
" from the Ocean to the Miſſiſſipi, is what no
" proſtituted ſycophant of power will dare de-
" ny—That thoſe complaints are too well foun-
" ded is our misfortune— but if you doubt, aſk
" your merchant what redreſs he has received
" for his *property robbed* and plundered upon
" the moſt infamous pretexts? aſk your mariner
" what *redreſs he has received for the loſs of his*
" *hard earned ſervices.** for his ſuffering by pri-
" ſon ſhips and empreſſment?-----aſk your fel-
" low citizens from one end of our extenſive
" frontier to the other, what they ſuffer? On
" the one hand they are expoſed to the mur-
" dering hatchet of the ſavage Indians, and the
" encroachments of *the more ſavage Briton.*-----
" On the other a *natural* right is withheld,
" though *ſecured by ſolemn treaty*.----But under
" all theſe diſgraceful and diſtreſſing circum-
" ſtances, we are told that our complaints, are
" the ebullitions of a reſtleſs diſpoſition, or
" that they are created by the machinations of
" a faction---for we have a moſt excellent go-
" vernment, and virtuous, and great men to
" adminiſter it.----That the government is good
" we believe----but without charging any par-
" ticular branch of it, we ſhall not heſitate to
" pronounce that our affairs are badly conduct-
" ed and whether from the errors of ignorance or
" the deſigns of wickedneſs, a remedy, ſhould be
" applied--And thank God! that remedy, though
" *not immediately*, will, *'ere long be in the hands of*

* I ſuppoſe the reader knows, that Democrats claim as a natural privilege, an exemption from writing and ſpeaking ſenſe.

" *the people* *---then it is to be hoped that the " *true Republicans* of America will unite, and " hurl with juſt reſentment from their exalted " ſtations, men who have abuſed the confidence " of a generous people.---*To effect this*----per- " ſevere ye writers in defence of liberty----and " you *popular ſocieties*, relax not your *laudable* " *purſuits*, your countrymen ſhall bleſs you, and " your honeſt zeal ſhall be crowned with pa- " triotic rewards——let no conſiderations of " *paſt ſervices*, or temporary dignity, deter you " from exhibiting to public view the *public ſer-* " *vant* who has abuſed *his truſt*, or acts not for " the intereſt of thoſe who conſtituted him. " Diſregard the inſinuations of men who object " to ſuch inſtitutions----no man would object to " ſuch ſocieties, but *one who wiſhes to reduce you* " *to the condition of ſlaves*, to deprive you of the " right of thinking and exerciſing your opi- " nions upon public affairs, or one whoſe con- " duct will not bear the teſt of inveſtigation."

I could go on to a thouſand pages with pieces of this caſt, that have appeared within the laſt nine months ; but, I dare ſay, the reader will excuſe my ſtopping here. This piece was among the firſt I came at, and I have copied it word for word and letter for letter, without even the omiſſion of a comma or a daſh. Since the failure of a certain enterpriſe, there is no doubt that the Author or Authors of it would wiſh it turned into blank paper ; but, alas ! the wiſh is vain ; in vain would they cry, with Lady Mac-

* This prophecy appeared in print about the 20th of July laſt, juſt at the time when the Rebellion in the Weſt was breaking out ; its date explains its meaning.

beth ; " out, damn'd ſpot!" It is like——their reputations.

Thus then I think, nobody will deny, that a hatred of the Britiſh Government and of that of the United States go hand in hand. Nor is the reaſon of this at all myſterious ; it is not becauſe of their reſemblance to each other in form, nor as the Democrats have ingeniouſly obſerved, becauſe " there is ſome dangerous " connection between Great Britain and our " public affairs ;" it is becauſe they are both purſuing the ſame line of conduct with reſpect to clubs and conſpirations ; it is becauſe they have both the ſame radical defect, a power to ſuppreſs anarchy ; it is, to ſay all in one word, becauſe they are *governments*. Great Britain has a government of ſome ſort (nobody will deny that I ſuppoſe), and this is ſufficient to merit their execration. It is not the form of a government, it is not the manner of its adminiſtration ; it is the thing itſelf, they are at war with, and that they muſt be eternally at war with ; for, government implies order, and order and anarchy can never agree. The Carmagnole ſyſtem (if there can be any ſyſtem in annihilation) is exactly adapted to their taſte and intereſt ; a ſyſtem that has made " rich " men look ſad and ruffians dance and ſing." If this were not the true reaſon, why ſuch an eternal larum about the Britiſh Government ? What have we or our Democrats to do with it If the people of that country like it, why need it peſter us ? That pious and patriotic Scotchman, the Author of *the Political Progreſs*, tells us " to " wiſh that an Earthquake or a Vulcano may

" bury the whole Britiſh Iſlands * together ni
" the centre of the globe; that a ſingle, but
" deciſive exertion of Almighty vengeance may
" terminate the *progreſs* † and the remembrance
" of their crimes." Yea, be it even as thou ſayeſt, thou mighty Cyclop; but let us leave them then to the vengeance of the Almighty; let us not uſurp the place of the Thunderer.

Underſtand me, reader; I would by no means inſinuate, that a man cannot be a firm friend of the Federal Government, and at the ſame time wiſh all manner of ſucceſs to the French, in their preſent ſtruggle for what their vanity and our complaiſance have termed Liberty; on the contrary, I think it very natural for an American, who has no other idea of Liberty than that which is conveyed to him by his ſenſes; who is not refined enough to taſte that metaphyſical kind of Liberty, that can exiſt only in a brain afflicted with the *mania reformatio*; who in ſhort, has no notion that Liberty conſiſts in yielding up the crop he has laboured all the year to raiſe, and in receiving three or four ounces of black bread a day in lieu of it: it is natural, and even laudable for ſuch a man to be zealous in the cauſe of the French, who, as he is told, are fighting for Liberty; but even he ought to keep his zeal within the bounds of decency: when it breaks out into Civic-Feaſts, Cockades

*And the Iſle of Sky, that "terreſtrial Paradiſe," among the reſt.

†If ſome ſuch exertion had terminated another *progreſs*, it might have ſpared ſomebody a good many fits of the gripes.

a la tricolor, and ſuch like buffoonery, it expoſes him to ridicule, and makes him one of the rabble. "Let the French wear their gar-" lands of ſtraw; let them dreſs up their ſtrum-" pets in leaves of oak, and nickname their ca-" lendar; let them play thoſe pranks at home, " and we ſhall be but merry ſpectators." Theſe are the words of a gentleman, who ſeems to have been, on this occaſion, and, indeed, on moſt other occaſions, rather unfriendly to our allies. I am for carrying our complaiſance further; I am for not only letting them play their pranks at home, but here alſo, if th y pleaſe. If there be ſomething, the ſeeing of which may turn to our amuſement or profit, I ſee no reaſon why we ſhould ſhut our eyes? Did not the wiſe Lacedemonians make their ſlaves drunk, and turn them looſe, once a year, to inſpire their youth with a horror for that beaſtly vice? In ſhort, I am for hearing them, looking at them, laughing at them or any thing but imitating them. Imitation here is ridiculous. When Shakeſpear wrote the character of an *Iago* or a *Caliban*, or Molier that of a *Tartuffe*, they certainly never meant to excite imitation. Thouſands of mob crowd to ſee one of their friends hanged, but not one of them ever dreams of participating in the ceremony.

Talking of dreaming puts me in mind of a dream I had laſt ſummer, which is ſo apropos to the preſent ſubject, and contains ſo many whimſical circumſtances, that I flatter myſelf it will not be diſagreeable to the reader.

In the month of *Auguſt* laſt (I believe, it was on the 10*th* or 11*th* day), I retired to reſt about

eleven o'clock; but the heat and muſquitoes together prevented me from falling aſleep, 'till the Watchman had been round for three. Soon after this I dropped off for about an hour and a half, during which time my fancy ſported in the following dream.

I thought, I was walking up Market Street, by the ſide of Old William Penn, the founder of the City; who told me, I thought, that he was come upon earth again to ſee if his deſcendants, and thoſe of his companions, continued to walk in the paths of peace and integrity. I thought, I aſked him with a kind of a ſneer, whether he had not found things ſurpaſſing his expectation; upon which the old man, after a heavy ſigh, told me a long deal about freeing Blacks with one hand, and buying Whites with the other, about godly malice and maple-ſugar, and about thoſe "precious hypocrites" (theſe were his very words) Briſſot and Warner Mifflin* &c. &c. &c. to the end of the chapter.

* To juſtify this title of "precious hypocrites," I ſhall I ſhall here give an extract from Briſſot's Travels, Letter IX,

"I knew (ſays Friend Warner to Friend Briſſot) I knew, friend, that thou waſt here, and I am come to ſee "thee. Beſides, I *love thy nation*. I was, I confeſs, "much prejudiced againſt the French; I even *hated* them, "having in this reſpect, been miſled by an *Engliſh* educa-"tion. But, when I ſaw them, a *ſecret voice* ſaid to me "that I ought to *know* them and *love* them. I have *known* "them, and have found them to poſſeſs a ſpirit of *mild-"neſs* and *benevolence*, that I *never found among the Engliſh*."

"This made" ſays Friend Briſſot, "a deep impreſſion, "on *my heart*. What humanity! what charity! what "love of mankind!"

Yes, this made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on Friend Briſſot's heart, that the villain went home and ſet to mordering with the utmoſt diligence. This very Briſſot was the leading

Before the good old man had finiſhed his ſtory, which, by the by, was a pretty tough one, we were, I thought, got to the upper end of Market Street, where we were ſtopped by a monſtrous crowd of people, that not only blocked up the way, but filled all the fields for a great way out. I thought, however, that we wedged along among the crowd for a good while, 'till at laſt we could penetrate no further. Our ears were aſſailed from all quarters with the firing of cannon, ſounding of trumpets, beating of drums, ringing of bells, ſinging, hooping, hallooing and blaſpheming, as if hell itſelf had been broke looſe. Yet, the crowd ſeemed not to expreſs the leaſt fear: joy ſeemed ſeated on every countenance, and expectation in every eye. We had not waited long in this ſituation, when two banners, at ſome little diſtance, announced the approach of a proceſſion, at once the moſt ludicrous and moſt idolatrous that ever eyes beheld. I thought, there was a ſort of pyramid, made of

accuſer of the king for the conſpiracy of the 10th of Auguſt, and he himſelf afterwards boaſted to have organized the conſpiracy, in concert with Louvet, &c. "What humanity! what charity!"

As to Friend Warner, the Engliſh learnt him to *hate the French*, though they could not learn him to *pull off his hat*. "What humanity! what charity!"—A *ſecret* voice told him that he ought to *know* them and to *love* them, and he has *known* and *loved* them, and found them to poſſeſs a ſpirit of *mildneſs* &c. Warner ſeems to have forgotten their ſcalping knives; but let him *now* tell us whether they are *mild* or not. If I *knew* this Warner I would make him a preſent of a "*Bloody Buoy*," which I think would convince him, that, in ſpite of all his cant, the Engliſh ſtill poſſeſs a little more *mildneſs* than his new Friends.

I beg to be underſtood here, as throwing no ſlur on the ſect to which Warner belongs, and for which I have as much reſpect as moſt perſons.

paper, with a red night cap upon the top of it, and carried by two Americans and two Foreigners, all of whom, like the pyramid, were dreſſed in red night caps. Round the pyramid marched I thought, a bevy of virgins in white robes, each wearing a crown and ceſtus tricolor, and bearing a garland in her hand; and (what ſtuff do we dream of!) I thought theſe nymphs were uſhered by nine or ten prieſts, whoſe only mark of diſtinction was a *noſegay* of *ſtraw* tied round with a ribbon. I thought that behind theſe, came a company of artillery with their cannon, and that they were followed by a gang of muſic. Then, I thought, followed the two banners above mentioned; one of them having for arms the imperial Eagle, juſt as it is ſeen on the ſtandards of the Holy Roman Empire; the other was ſo black and dirty that I could not diſtinguiſh its armory; it ſeemed, I thought, rather the enſign of the infernal regions than of any earthly nation. "After "this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude that "no man could number, of all nations, and "kindreds, and people, and tongues," and *colours*. I thought however I could diſtinguiſh amongſt them (but it is all a dream) the *Chiefs* of the *State of Pennſylvania!!*

I thought, we followed this antick ſhow into a ſpacious encloſure, where, on an altar, not of burniſhed gold, but of deal boards, ſtood *The Goddeſs*, the object of the Feaſt. She was dreſſed like the Cyprian Queen, when ſhe received the prize from the Idalian Shepherd; that is to ſay, —in her ſkin: in her right hand ſhe held a ſtaff mounted with a night-cap, and in her left, a dagger; on her head ſhe had a cap, decorated, in appearance, with lillies; but, upon a

cloſer examination, I thought, I found them to be real bells. This diſcovery, led me to perceive, that I had committed an error with reſpect to the identity, of her perſon; for hearing that her worſhippers were called cus-nus,* I had concluded ſhe was the Goddeſs *Cloacina*, and in this opinion I was in ſome meaſure confirmed by ſeeing her worſhipped with *noſe-gays of ſtraw;* but the Cap and Bells ſet me right at once; in ſhort, I ſaw plainly it was the *Goddeſs of Folly;* which, I thought, was beſides fully proved by the behaviour of the cro d. But ſtill, the dagger remained unexplained; for, we all know, that that weapon is not among the inſignia of this Goddeſs. In this perplexity I happened to caſt my eyes downward, and, on the front of the altar, I thought I ſaw the following phraſe from Voltaire: "*Sous ma tutelle,* "*les ſinges agacent les Tigres.*"

The Prieſts, I thought, were ranged round the altar, offering up their noſe-gays, and invoking the aſſiſtance of the Goddeſs, while the air rang with Hallelujahs. The invocation was no ſooner ended and the benediction given by the High Prieſt, than the whole (not excepting the *Chiefs*, I thought, of the *State of Pennſylvania*) began dancing and capering *a la cannibale* round the altar, at the ſame time deafening the very firmament with their cries.

Here my venerable companion, who, had been very uneaſy during the whole ſcene, would abſolutely ſtop no longer; and to confeſs a truth, I began to feel a good deal uneaſy myſelf. I thought, we got with ſome difficulty to the out-ſide, and ſeeing a young fellow of a

* This in the vulgar tongue, means, bare——A——es.

milder aſpect than the reſt, the Old Man ventured to aſk him, *how long thoſe people had been Pagans*, I thought, the fellow gave him a look of infinite contempt, and anſwered: "I "ſee you are a ſuperſtitious old fool, that knows "nothing of the luminous cloſe of the Eigh-"teenth Century. Why, you ſtupid old dog, "we are all Chriſtians yet: what you have "ſeen to-day is only a jubilee, to celebrate the "down-fall of *our beſt friend*, and the maſſacre of "*nine hundred* of our neighbours by the hands "*of forty thouſand* of their countrymen." —

As he ſpoke theſe laſt words, I thought his perſon, which was that of a genteel and gentle American, aſſumed the hideous form of the terrific *Meduſa*; his fingers were transformed into the claws of a Tyger, the fangs of a Boar hung down his foaming jaws, his eyes became a glaring ball, and his hair a bed of Snakes, curling round his ſkull and hiſſing deſtruction. The poor Old Man, though immortal, was appalled, and ruſhed into the grave to hide himſelf from the petrifying ſight. I uttered a ſhriek, and awaked; but, awaking was very far from putting an end to my fright: ſtill the noiſe continued, and ſtill was I ſtiffened with horror; unable to determine whether it was a dream or not. My voice, however, had alarmed the family, and Oh! how glad was I to find, that the noiſe I heard, was nothing but that of the French and our own *citizens*, aſſembled to celebrate the "*Holy* Inſurrection" of the 23d Thermidor, *10th of Auguſt, Old Style.**

* To thoſe who live at ſome diſtance from Philadelphia, it may be neceſſary to ſay, that this is a correct deſcription of the *Civic Feaſt* that was held there on the 10th of Aug. 1794.

Ah! Mr. Author of *The Political Progreſs;* you think I have forgotten you, do you? You will find preſently that I have not: but I muſt have time for ſleeping, you know, whether I dream or not. I did not, like you, bring my pamphlet, ready fabricated, from Scotland; and, beſides, I have better company than you, at preſent, you will therefore pleaſe to excuſe me for a quarter of an hour longer.

In France, and, I believe, in moſt of the other countries of Europe, when a Mountebank Doctor, a puppet man, or any other of the itinerant tribe, enters a town, he goes round with a trumpet to announce his arrival. Tantarra ſoon brings a troop of blackguard boys round him, and, thus attended, he ſtruts about the ſtreets, ſtopping from time to time to advertiſe the people of the unheard-of feats that are juſt going to be performed, and concluding every harrangue with, "*hollow*, you dogs, *hollow!*" Upon this follows a noiſe, compared to which, the War Hoop of the Indians, or even a debate in the National Convention, is melody. But, deteſtable as it is, it anſwers the purpoſe of the Operator; for, though ſober ſenſible people ſhun him, and all that belongs to him, as they would the Itch or the Halter, he generally finds dupes in too great abundance.

How often has this *tour* of European *charlatanerie* been played off upon us, ſince the month of March, 1793. Since that time more money has been ſpent in drinking "deſtruction to the "combined deſpots," and *liberty* to the *French*, than would have ranſomed our unfortnnate, and I am afraid forgotten, brethren, who are groaning in chains in Algiers! Merciful Heaven! that heareſt the moans of the Captive, and ſeeſt

the hearts of all men, is this *humanity!*" is this "*patriotiſm?* If any thing could add to the humiliation of having been the Zany of a *charlatan*, it would certainly be this.

Among the many ſhining talents of our Democrats, there is none for which they are more juſtly deſerving admiration than their adroitneſs in transferring their attachment from one object to another. It is beyond the power of figures or words to expreſs the hugs and kiſſes that were laviſhed on Citizen Genet. The poor citizen had like to have ſhared the fate of the image of Abel on the church of our Lady of Loretto, which, we are told, is almoſt worn away by the ardent kiſſes of the Pilgrims: for, our Pilgrims who went to meet the Citizen, were by no means leſs eager to give this mark of their affection to the darling of the great Alma Mater of Anarchy. Such was their eagerneſs to obtain precedence on this joyful occaſion, that very few parts, if any, of the Citizen's body, eſcaped a ſalute; and before he arrived ſafe at the "*Capitol*" of ſome places, he was licked as clean as as a bear at three hours after being whelped.

For a long time *Lafayette* was their god; * but it was found juſt and fit to exchange him for the "virtuous Egalite." *Egalite* was ſupplanted by *Danton*; "the great and dreadful *Danton*, "who comes thundering on the Ariſtocrats,

* *Paine* dedicated his ſecond part of *The rights of Man* to *Lafayette*, and, in leſs than a year afterwards, aſſiſted in paſſing an act of condemnation againſt him; and another act, by which his innocent wife and children were left without bread to eat! Poor Lafayette! to make uſe of a parody on your own words, "May your fate ſerve as a leſſon to demagogues, and as an example to governments."

" like *Neptune* from *Olympus.*" * But the Olympian thunder of this Neptune was obliged to give place to the " *morals and religion of Robeſpierre.*" After his pious report on the ſubject of religion, which the Unitarian Doctor (Prieſtley) read " with pleaſure, and even enthuſi-" aſm," it is thought, that our Democrats really began to believe there was a God; and there is no telling what a favourable change of conduct this might have produced, if the news of the unfortunate cataſtrophe of the 18th of July had not come to ſet their affection afloat again. Alas! it is now wandering on the ſea of uncertainty; nor can we ever expect to ſee it caſt anchor, 'till we know who has the ſecure poſſeſſion of the Guillotine.

Yet (for, though I hate the very name of Democrat, I would ſcorn to detract from their merit) there is one character to whom they have ever conſerved an unſhaken attachment. How grateful muſt it be to thee, injured ſhade of, the gentle *Marat!* whether thou wandereſt on the flowry banks of the Stygian Pool, or batheſt thy pure limbs in the delightful liquid of Tartarus, or walkeſt hand in hand with *Jeſus Chriſt* in that Literary Elyſium, the *Philadelphia Gazette*, †—how grateful muſt it be to thee, though thou makeſt Hell more hideous and frighteneſt the very furies into fits, to be yet adored by the Democrats of the city *of brotherly love.*

* See the *General Advertiſer.*

† In this print, for the month of July laſt, is a liſt of Democrats, *the great benefactors of mankind*; among them are *Marat* and *Jeſus Chriſt.*

The American Union preſents, at this moment, a ſpectacle that ſtartles the eye of reaſon. We ſee a kind of political land-mark, on one ſide of which, Order walks hand in hand with the moſt perfect Liberty; and, on the other, Anarchy revels, ſurrounded with its den of ſlaves. We ſee, that thoſe who are moſt accuſtomed to the exerciſe of tyranny, are the firſt to oppoſe every meaſure for the curbing of lincentiouſneſs; or, in other words, we ſee, that anarchy and deſpotiſm are the ſame.

If there could be found a perſon in this country who has a doubt of this, I think, the following authentic pieces would operate his conviction. We ought not to ſpeak ill of our neighbours, but if people will ſpeak ill of themſelves, believing them ought not to be termed malice. Let us hear then what our Democrats ſay of themſelves.

I hope, reader, you are ſenſible of the benefits *Jeſus Chriſt* has conferred on the world; but perhaps you may not know what has entitled *Marat* to an equality with him. Know then, that *Marat* was the principal author of the *maſſacres* of the 2d and 3d September, 1792, in which upwards of two thouſand five hundred innocent perſons were inhumanly butchered; and that, after this, he openly declared in the National Convention, and publiſhed repeatedly, that another two hundred & fifty thouſand heads were neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of the Liberty of the French.

Doctor Moore (who was far from being an enemy to revolutionary principles) ſpeaks of *Marat* in the following terms. "*Marat* is a little man of a cadaverous complexion, and "a countenance exceedingly expreſſive of his diſpoſition; "to a painter of maſſacres, *Marat's* head would be ineſtima-"ble." In another place, he ſays: "This *Marat* is ſaid "to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human "ſacrifices like Moloch, God of the Ammonites." Here, reader, you ſee the man that the *Philadelphia Gazette* (whoſe end is the "public good") puts upon a level with the *Bleſſed Jeſus!!*

Toaſts drunk on the 6th of Feb. 1794, by French and American Citizens.

" 1. The Democratic Societies throughout " the world——may they ever be the watch- " ful guardians of Liberty.

" 2. Citizen *Maddiſon* and the *Republican* " *party* in Congreſs.

" 3. The firm patriot, and *true Republican*, " Citizen Genet.*——a ſalute from the French " Sloop of War.

" 4. The Guillotine to all Tyrants, Plun- " derers, and *funding* Speculators.

" 5. May the flags of France and America „ ever be united againſt regal tyranny.

" 6. The 6th of February, 1778, *the day* " *which ſecured liberty to America*, † and ſowed " its ſeeds in the ſoil of France.

" 7. Gratitude. The firſt of National as well " as individual virtues.‡

" 8. May laws and *not proclamations*, § be " the inſtruments by which free men ſhall be " regulated.

" 9. The perſecuted Citizen Genet; may his " country reward his honeſt zeal, and the ſhafts

* This was candid indeed. The Democrats might have left us to believe, that the " *republican party*" in Congreſs meant the real friends of this country; but they have taken care to avoid leading us into this error, by calling Citizen Genet a *true republican.*

† Here they confeſs then, that the treaty with Louis XVI. *ſecured liberty to America.*

‡ Do you doubt of their gratitude? Hear them ſing.

" Fame let thy trumpet ſound,
" Tell all the world around
" How *Capet* fell; &c."

§ The reader hardly wants to be told, that the Preſi- dent's Proclamation of Neutrality is meant here.

" of *calumny* levelled againſt him, recoil upon " the *Archers*. *

" 10. May all men who aſpire *to the ſupreme* " *power* be brought below the level of their fel- " low citizens.

" 11. The courageous and virtuous moun- " tain, may it cruſh the moderates, the traitors, " the *federaliſts* and all Ariſtocrats, *under what-* " *ever denomination* they may be diſguiſed.

" 12. Succeſs to the brave Republicans of " *Louiſiana*. †

" 13. Deſtruction to the enemies of the " French Republic, both by Sea and Land.

" 14. Henry Grattan, and the Oppoſition of " Ireland.

" 15. Citizens Fox and Stanhope, and the " Oppoſition in England."

" 16. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity---may " they pervade the Univerſe. Three cheers, " and a ſalute of three guns."

To theſe extracts I ſhall take the liberty of adding two others; both from the ſame Newſpaper, One of them is an elegant account of the cloſe of a Civic-feaſt, and the other, though not abſolutely on the ſame ſubject as the firſt, certainly adds to its beauty. The firſt is the precious jewel, and the laſt the foil; I ſhall therefore place them as near as poſſible to each other.

* The Preſident of the United States was the Archer that brought the Citizen from his lofty perch.

Reader, is it not rather ſuppriſing that Thomas Mifflin, Governor of the State of Pennſylvania, ſhould aſſiſt at the drinking of theſe two toaſts?

† Theſe Republicans were a gang of brigands, committing robberies in the Spaniſh territories, and who were proſcribed by proclamation.

"After this the Cap of Liberty was placed on the head of the Preſident, then on each Member. The marſellois hymn and other ſimilar ſongs were ſung by different French citizen members. Thus chearfully glided the hours away of this feaſt, made by congenial ſouls to commemorate the happy day, when the ſons of Frenchmen joined the ſons of America to overthrow tyranny in this happy land."

"*For Sale*,

"Two negro lads one about twelve and the other about fifteen years old —both remarkably healthy;—the youngeſt is near four feet nine inches high, and the oldeſt above five feet. —— Alſo a negro wench for ſale, coming eighteen years old, and far advanced with child —— but very ſtrong and capable of any kind of work."!!!!

Leaving this without comment, I ſhall add an extract or two from a debate of congreſs, which I ſhall alſo leave without comment: ſuch things ſcorn the aid of declamation.

The ſubject of the debate I allude to was, an amendment to a bill of Naturalization. A member from *Virginia* had propoſed, that a clauſe ſhould be inſerted to exclude foreign noblemen from becoming citizens of the United States of America, unleſs they would firſt make a ſolemn *renunciation of their Titles*. A member from New England propoſed, as an amendment to this, that ſuch noblemen ſhould alſo renounce the right of *holding ſlaves*. On this amendment a member from *Carolina* ſaid: "That the gen-

" tleman *durſt not* come forward, and tell the " houſe, that men who *poſſeſſed ſlaves* were un- " fit for holding an office under a *Republican* " government.—He deſired the gentleman to " conſider what might be the conſequence of " this motion, at this time, conſidering what " has happened in the Weſt Indies.—His a- " mendment would irritate the minds of thou- " ſands of *good citizens* in the *ſouthern* States, " as it affects the *property* which they have ac- " quired by their *induſtry*.—He thought that " the amendment partook more of *monarchical* " *principles* than any thing which he had ſeen " for ſome time."*

A member from *Virginia* ſaid on the ſame occaſion, that " He held *property ſacred*, and ne- " ver could conſent to prohibit the emigrant " nobility *from having ſlaves* any more than o- " ther people. But as for *titles of nobility* they " were *quite a different thing*." †

* It is not amiſs to hear *Republicans* declare, that *monarchical principles* tend to *diſcountenance Slavery*. A doctrine like this would ſurpriſe the partizans of citizens Stanhope and Fox.

† This gentleman's motion againſt titled foreigners has excited ſome curioſity, and ſtill appears inexplicable to many, ſeeing that it was totally unneceſſary: but, if we reflect, we ſhall find it is no more than natural. It is in the heart of man, reader, you muſt ſearch for an explication of motions like this. When you go to take an airing in a chair, do you not find, that every Drayman and Clodpole, you meet or overtake thwarts you in your road as much as he can? Does he not force creatures, much more humane and polite than himſelf, to ſtifle you with duſt or cover you with mire? Is it not a luxury to him, if he can overſet your carriage and break your limbs? You ſtare and wonder what you have done to the malicious Boor. Alas! you have done nothing to him; all your fault is, having a chair while he has none.

Oh! happy Carolina! happy, thrice happy Virginia! No tyrannical Ariſtocrat dares to lord it over the free born ſwains who cultivate the delicious weed, that adorns, firſt thy lovely fields and then the lovlier chops of the drivling drunkard! After having ſpent the day in ſinging hymns to the goddeſs of Liberty, the virtuous Democrat gets him home to his peaceful dwelling, and ſleeps, with his *property* ſecure beneath his roof, yea, ſometimes in his very *arms*; and when his "*induſtry*" has enhanced its value, it bears to a new owner the proofs of his Democratic Delicacy!

What a difference beween theſe happy States, and thoſe vile ariſtocratical ones in Europe! There, as the poet ſays,

" ——————————————— *a few* agree
" To call it freedom, when *themſelves* are free;
" A land of tyrants and a den of Slaves,
" Where wretches find diſhonourables graves."

This I muſt confeſs is a gloomy ſubject, and therefore we will, if you pleaſe, reader, return once again to the *Political Progreſs of Britain*; for change, they ſay, even of calamities, is chearful.

Though the *encouragers* of this work might think it a means of deceiving the ignorant, and adding to the prejudice againſt Great Britain, yet they ſeem to have had another view, which perhaps the cudden of an author knew nothing of. The *Political Progreſs* profeſſes to ſhow "*the ruinous conſequences of taxation.*" And, indeed, this is the burden of the ſong; almoſt every paragraph cloſes with melancholy reflections on the conſequence of *taxation.* The author even goes ſo far, in one place, as to declare, that

" *the ſlighteſt* and *moſt neceſſary taxes*, are very de-
" ſtructive." This it was that recommended the piece to the gentlemen who *encouraged* the author to publiſh it in America: it was ſo apropos too; ſo juſt the very thing.

With reſpect to the expediency of taxation in general, it is not to my preſent purpoſe to ſay any thing about it; every one that is not already upon four legs, knows that he ſoon muſt be ſo without ſomething of this kind:* what I wiſh to direct the reader's attention to, is, the real object of the publication in queſtion. If then he will take the trouble to compare the above doctrine on taxation, with that held forth by the" Weſtern Brethren," and their relations in every quarter of the Union; and if he will pleaſe to take notice of the time when the *Political Progreſs* was preparing for preſs (the month of Auguſt laſt) he will, I fancy be of opinion, with me that the *encouragers* had the United States in their eye, much more than Great Britain. As if they had ſaid: *look here, Americans, ſee what taxation has done in another country; and, if you do not put a ſtop to it, if you not reſiſt it with all your might, it will certainly do the ſame in your own.* The national debt, taxes, &c. of Great Britain were well adapted to their purpoſe; they knew, by themſelves, that the bulk of readers were incapable of going into calculations of this kind; of making juſt compariſons between this country and that: it was like reading the hiſtory of a giant to a pigmy.

Nobody can doubt, particularly if *country* be taken into the conſideration, that the grinders

* May not this be the reaſon why our Democrats are continually crying out againſt taxes? I muſt confeſs, I think they would not look amiſs upon all fours.

and retailers of *Mundungus* were among the author's *encouragers*. I remember hearing a ſpeaker of this honourable body, holding a talk to his brothers, in the Month of May laſt, from the window of a certain State Houſe. I ſhall not eaſily forget his ſaying, among many other things equally modeſt and unaſſuming, that *he* had told the *Secretary of the Treaſury* that if the *Mundungus* was taxed, "he would "be *damn'd* if ever *he forgave him*, while had "an exiſtence." His ſpeech, though from the ſample here given, it may be ſuppoſed to ſurpaſs in ribaldry thoſe of *Tom* the Tinker or even *Tom* the Devil, had an amazing effect upon the loons below who were all watching with their jaws diſtended to catch, not the oracular, but the anarchical belches. When the reſolve was put, it would have done your heart good to ſee and hear. What a foreſt of ruſty hats and dirty paws were poked up into the air in token of approbation of "*no exciſe!*"

"Jack Straw at London—Stone with all his rout,
"Struck not the City with ſo loud a ſhout."

But this had no effect; and now they run about, ſtunning us

"With many a deadly grunt and doleful ſqueak,
"Poor ſwine, as if their pretty hearts would break."

It is certainly worthy of remark, that, among the ſpeechifiers at this talk, there was but *one American*, and that, among the hollow boys, perhaps there were not twenty. How kind is this of foreigners, to come and put us in the right road, when we are going wrong!

Compare the principles of the ſupporters of this talk, and thoſe of their "Weſtern Brethren," with the principles inculcated in *The Political Progreſs of Britain*, and ſee if they do not exactly tally; if they do not all point to the ſame object; that is to ſay, to the undermining of all government, and to the deſtruction of the ſocial ſyſtem. Is it not fair then to conclude that *The Political Progreſs* was employed as an auxiliary in this laudable enterprize?

If this was not its object, what was its object? I would aſk the lovers of their country, if ſuch there are among the *encouragers* of this author, what good they could intend to render it by ſuch a ſtep? I think they would be puzzled for an anſwer. Did they imagine, could they imagine, that his having narrowly eſcaped tranſportation in his own country, was a ſufficient ſecurity for his being a moſt excellent citizen in this? Becauſe his book had been burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Scotland, did they imagine that it was calculated for the edification of the people of the United States? That the author believed this to be the caſe is clear, otherwiſe he would not have introduced himſelf by expoſing that, which he certainly would have kept out of ſight, if he had been appealing to virtue or reaſon, inſtead of prejudice.

To what a pitch muſt this unmeaning, this fruitleſs ill-nature againſt a foreign country be carried, if to be declared infamous there, is become a recommendation here! If a fellow, to uſher himſelf into favour, muſt cry out: *I have had a narrow eſcape! Look ye, good folks, here's the mark of the halter about my neck yet!* If this be the caſe we may as well adopt at once that famous decree of the Jacobin Club at Paris,

which requires as an eſſential qualification in each member, that he ſhall, previous to his admiſſion, have committed ſome crime worthy of the gibbet! A regulation like this was very proper, and even neceſſary in a democratic club; and for that very reaſon, unneceſſary and improper every where elſe.

The Political Progreſs is in politics, what mad Tom's *Age of Reaſon* is in religion, and they have both met with encouragement from ſome people here, from nearly the ſame motive. Had not the laſt mentioned piece been ſuppreſſed in England, there is every reaſon to believe, that it would never have rivalled the Bible among us, in ſo many families as it does. What a prepoſterous thing! People, who deteſt blaſphemous publications, will tolerate, will read them, and put them into the hands of their children, becauſe other people have declared them blaſphemous! *Pope* would have ſaid;

"Thus Infidels the true Believers quit,
"And are but damn'd for having too much wit."

To what deception, to what inſulting quackery of all ſorts has not this prejudice expoſed us! A projector (and, I think, like the Author of the *Political Progreſs*, of the Caledonian race) propoſed, ſome time ago, to change the language of the country. He even went ſo far as to have his ſcheme and propoſals printed. As to the ſcheme itſelf, it conſiſted in the introduction of ſeveral new characters into the Alphabet, and in changing the ſhape, or manner of writing, of ſome of the old ones. To give the reader as good an idea, as he can poſſibly have, of the merits of this ſcheme, it will be ſufficient to tell him, that

the *i* was to be turned upſide down, and the point was placed under the line thus ¡. Ridiculous as this may ſeem, and much as the Author may, in ſome people's opinion, appear to merit a cap and bells, yet we muſt ſuppoſe, he knew whom he was making the propoſal to. There is hardly any thing too groſs for an appetite whetted by revenge. The *preface* to this greaſy dab was a ſharpening ſauce, well calculated to make it go down. It was printed in the "Amərɪɔan Lanɜuaɜə" (I go as far as "barbarian" types will permit me); but, for the benefit of the unlearned, the Author had the complaiſance to give a tranſlation of it on the oppoſite page. This *preface* ſet forth, as near as I can recollect, that, the United States of America having, by a moſt ſucceſsful and glorious war, ſhaken off the diſgraceful yoke of Britiſh Bondage, they ought to endeavour by every poſſible means to obliterate the memory of having ever borne it; and, that nothing could be more conducive to the attainment of this deſirable object than the diſuſe of a *barbarous* language, impoſed on them by tyrants, and fit only for ſlaves, &c. &c.——— I would adviſe the Author never to read this preface in a ſtable; the horſes would certainly kick his brains out.

Some readers, may imagine, perhaps, that this is all a joke; but I certainly ſaw the thing, as I have deſcribed it, and in the hands of ſeveral perſons too. It was in the month of October 1793, that I ſaw it; it was in a ſmall octavo volume, printed at Philadelphia, and the Author's name, if I am not miſtaken, *Thornton*.

After this, who would wonder if ſome one were to tell us, that it is beneath Republicans

to eat, and that we ought to eſtabliſh a ſyſtem of French ſtarvation, only becauſe the Engliſh live by eating?

There is nothing that might not be received without ſurpriſe after the project of this Linguiſt and therefore we may remember with leſs aſtoniſhment the notable project of that Democrat Briſſot, for curing the *conſumption*. He tells us, * that our women are more ſubject to the conſumption than men, "becauſe they want (as "they do in England) *a will* or *a civil exiſtence*: "the ſubmiſſion which women are habituated "to, cauſes *obſtructions!* deadens the vital "principle and impedes circulation." As a remedy for this, he produces us, quack like, his infallible noſtrum, *Liberty and Equality!* Gracious Heavens! Liberty and Equality to cure the conſumption!

Yes, let him perſuade us, if he can that our wives and daughters die of the conſumption, becauſe they do not, like his execrably patriotic *concitoyennes*, change gallants as often as they do their *chemiſes*. If he could even convince us of the efficacy of his remedy, we ſhould certainly reject it, as ten thouſand million times worſe than the diſeaſe. And you, ye Fair Americans, are you aſhamed to follow the bright example of your Mothers? Would you accept of Mr. Briſſot's noſtrum? No; you are too mild, too lovely, to become the tribune of a Democratic Club: your lilly hands were never made to wield a dagger: you want no rights, no power but what you poſſeſs; your empire is much better guarded by a boſom of ſnow, than it would be

* See the 28th letter of his Travels in America.

by the ruſty batterred breaſt plates, worn by thoſe terrible termigants, the " heroines of Pa-
" ris."

When I ſaid that *we* ſhould certainly reject Mr. Briſſot's remedy, I by no means meant to include the members of Democratic Societies and others of that ſtamp: becauſe they are ſo diametrically oppoſite in their taſtes, to the reſt of mankind, that I queſtion much whether they do not look upon a pair of antlers as an honourable mark of diſtinction. Nor is it impoſſible that many of them may really be decorated to their heart's content; for, certain it is that the ladies do not bear them a very great affection. They imagine, and with reaſon, that the Democrats, in their rage for equality, may, one of theſe days, attempt to reduce them to a level with their ſable " *property.*" Beſides, if they ſtood ever ſo fair in the opinion of the ladies, muſt not their gander-frolicks, and their ſqueezing, and hugging, and kiſſing one another, be expected to cauſe a good deal of pouting and jealouſy? And then, at the back of all this, comes their intriguing with that outlandiſh Goddeſs of Liberty! this alone muſt inevitably wean them from their lawful connexions: for, it is morally impoſſible, that one, who is admitted to clandeſtine familiarities with a Deity, ſhould not diſdain a poor thing in petticoats. La Fontaine has a verſe which ſays, that a man can never bend his knees too often before his God and his Miſtreſs; but our democrats have laid aſide both God and Miſtreſs, and have taken up with a ſtrumpet of a Goddeſs, who receives the homage due to both.

Being upon this ſubject, it is hardly fair to omit mentioning a great and mighty democrat,

who is univerſally allowed to be a perfect platoniſt both in politics and love, and yet has the unconſcionable ambition to ſet up for a man of *gallantry*. He has take it into his head to run dangling from one Boarding School to another, in order to acquire by the art of ſpeechifying, a reputation for which nature ſeems to have diſqualified him. My imagination cannot form to itſelf any thing more perfectly comic than to ſee a diminutive ſuperannuated bachelor, cocked up upon a ſtool, and ſpouting out compliments to an aſſembly of young miſſes. Ah! dear Plato! take my word for it, if your reputation had been no higher among the democrats than among the ladies, your name would never have found a place on their liſt. "Phillis the fair, in the bloom of fifteen," feels no more emotion at your fine ſpeeches, than ſhe would at the quavers of an Italian Singer: for, though they are both equally ſoft and ſmooth, there is a certain concatenation of ideas (do you underſtand me?) that whiſpers her heart all you have ſaid, and all you can ſay, is not worth one broken ſigh from blooming twenty two. Hear what a brother democrat ſays: *

"Fût-il ſorti de l'Empire, eût-il ſervi les Dieux,
"Fût-il né du Trident, il Languit s'il eſt vieux!"

This is a ſorrowful truth; but, take heart, citizen: all men are not made for all things; if a man does not know how to play at cards, it is kind of him to hold the candle; he that has no teeth, cannot crack nuts; but that does not hinder him from preparing them for thoſe who can.

* The Abbé *de Lille*, a renagado from the French clergy. This beautiful climax fell from his pen, before he diſgraced himſelf.

Now, reader, ſuffer me to return, for the laſt time, to *The Political Progreſs of Britain*; though I muſt confeſs it has acted only the part of an uſher, it ought certainly to appear at the breaking up of the ball.

The Political Progreſs contains, among many other religiouſly patriotic things too numerous to mention, a *prophecy*,—not of the deſtruction of the Whore of Babylon and the "*perſonal reign* of Jeſus over the Unitarians,"† but of the deſtruction of the empire of Great Britain! This is certainly a moſt deſirable event, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary to *our* happineſs, that every thing which has been ſaid on the ſubject merits our attention. The Unitarian Doctor tells us, and in a ſermon too, that his country muſt ſoon undergo a "purification," or, as he calls it in another place, "the deſtruction of them that have deſtroyed the earth." This opinion is a good deal ſtrengthened by a volume of *dreams and predictions*, publiſhed at Philadelphia by a bookſeller from North Britain, and the whole appears to be fully confirmed by this plain unqualified prophecy of the author of *The political Progreſs*: A Revolution will take place in Scotland before the lapſe of *ten years* at fartheſt."

If we want to know what ſort of Revolution is here meant, we have only to look at the toaſts drunk by the *republican* Britons at New York: —"A revolution in Great Britain and Ireland. "*upon ſans culotte principles*----three cheers."---- But the long term of *ten years*, mentioned in the Prophecy of the Author of the *Political Progreſs*, has given a good deal of uneaſineſs to ſome

† See Prieſtley's Sermons.

of his zealous friends in this country. Ten years! 'tis an eternity! they thought the Woe-Trumpet had already ſounded, and that the kingdom of Prieſtley's ſans culotte Heaven was at hand. As a proof that I do not advance this upon ſlight ſurmiſe, I beg leave to remind the reader of what was ſaid on the ſubject, in Congreſs, the other day, by that "true republi-"can, Citizen Maddiſon." * "If a Revolution," ſaid he "was to take place in Britain, which "for my part I expect and believe will be the "caſe, the Peerage of that country will be "thronging to the United States. I ſhall be "ready to receive them with all that hoſpitality, "reſpect and *tenderneſs* to which misfortune is "entitled. I ſhall *ſympathize* with them, and "be as ready to afford them whatever friendly "offices lie in my power, as any man." 'Tis a pity the poor devils are not appriſed of all this. It would certainly be an act of humanity in our good Citizen to let them know what bleſſings he has in *ſtore* for them: they ſeem attached to their Coronets and Coach-and-ſixes at preſent; but were they informed that they can have as much homony and fat pork as they can gobble

* This is the ſame citizen who amuſed the Legiſlature laſt year with a ſtring of Reſolutions, as long as my arm, about commercial reſtrictions with reſpect to Great Britain. They are now, and were then, called by way of excellence; "Maddiſon's Reſolutions;" but, though they caught like touchwood, touchwood like, they lay ſmouldering upon the table for nearly two months, without ever producing either light or heat. All the good they did, was to coſt the Union about 20 or 30 thouſand dollars in debates. O! rare Patriotiſm!

down (once every day of their lives,) liberty to chew tobacco and ſmoke all the week, and to ride out on the meeting-going mare on Sundays, it might tempt them to quit their baubles and their poor bit of an Iſland without a ſtruggle, and fly to the free State of Virginia.

And do you really imagine, Sir, that you will ſee the Peerage of Great Britain come thronging round your habitation? Do you really promiſe yourſelf the extatic delight of ſeeing them ſtand in need of your "ſympathy, tender-"neſs, hoſpitality and good offices?" It is well enough for Dreamers and Fortune-tellers, for a baffled Unitarian from Birmingham, or a ſecond-ſighted Mumper from the Iſle of Skye to entertain us with ſuch viſions; but for you, Sir, whom the populace calls "a damn'd Clever "Fellow," to become their dupe, is ſomething amazing. If I am not miſtaken, you obſerved the other day, that it was improper for Congreſs to meddle with the affairs of the Democratic Societies: and, is it not full as improper for one of its members to turn Soothſayer concerning the affairs of other nations? And as for *Sympathy* and *tenderneſs*, Sir; theſe things, though amiable in themſelves, may ſometimes appear ungraceful. Certain Legiſlators have very wiſely obſerved, that liberty is not a bird of every climate; nor is *tenderneſs* Sir: and though I do not abſolutely aver, that a Jamaica Slave-Dealer cannot poſſeſs one grain of humanity, yet I confeſs, if he were to talk to me of his *tenderneſs*, I ſhould hardly forbear laughing.

Laying aſide dreaming and ſoothſaying, what indications do we perceive of an approaching diſſolution of the empire of Britain? Has

ſhe loſt an inch of territory, or has her enemy ſet a foot on any of her extenſive dominions ſince the beginning of the war? Is ſhe not in poſſeſſion of almoſt the whole Weſtern Archipelago? Are not her poſſeſſions increaſed to an amazing extent in the Eaſt-Indies? Has ſhe not more men and more cannon afloat than the whole world beſides; and is ſhe not the undiſputed Miſtreſs of the Ocean? For my part, the Engliſh are no favourites of mine; I care very little if their Iſland were ſwallowed up by an Earthquake, as the Author of the *Political Progreſs* ſays; but truth is truth, and let the Devil deny, if he can, that this is the truth.

Are theſe indications of weakneſs and diſtreſs? Are theſe indications of approaching diſſolution?

We are told the other day, by a newſmonger whom I have already mentioned too often, that "a verbal account, of the greateſt authen-" ticity, had *confirmed* the taking of Amſterdam " by the French; and that, as ſoon as the *offi-*" *cial* account came, the Editor would not fail " to ſing forth, in the loudeſt notes, this *laſt* " *ſtroke* to the power of *Britain.*" Of Britain!! of the Dutch, he means; of our poor old friends the Dutch! And what have they done to us? The truth is, I believe, that the Engliſh would join us in rejoicing at ſuch an event as this; that is to ſay when they have given the Hollanders time to carry all their treaſures over to London. We pretend to laugh at John Bull; but I fancy, that John is at this moment laughing in his ſleeve at all the world. The Baboon has been tearing himſelf to pieces 'till he is no more a dangerous neighbour to John; and if he ſhould now, in his mad pranks, give Nic Frog a ſnap

or even ſwallow him up (as he is very fond of ſuch diet), it will only turn another griſt to John's mill: John, if I know any thing of his temper, wants no rival of any ſort.

Again, our Demagogues attempt to make our hair ſtand on end with the *Subſidies*, the Engliſh are paying to foreign princes; and have the ingenuity to draw an argument of their poverty from a circumſtance, which above all others, proves their riches, credit, and conſequence. What does our experience ſay? If we go upon change, we ſee people buying bills upon London at three or four *per cent* above *par*; but if a fellow were to take it into his head to propoſe the negociation of a bill on Paris, I much queſtion if he would not get kicked out into the ſtreet There is no friendſhip in trade. The exchange is no place for fraternizing. If I recollect right, the Secretary of State, in his report on the depredations on the commerce, &c. complains that the French Convention had paid for certain cargoes of Proviſions in *Aſſignats*. In Aſſignats! Morbleu! what would you have? Are we not told, by every looby of a Captain that arrives, that Aſſignats are at *par*? And, what is more, has not the Convention ordered them to be at *par*, on pain of the Guillotine? We have not, I think, heard any complaints againſt Engliſh Bank Notes: and yet *we know* the Engliſh to be upon the point of breaking. What ſort of work is all this?

But we are told that there *muſt* be a Revolution in England; for, that the people are all ripe for revolt. Where is the proof of this? Not in the conduct of their land or ſea forces. At the beginning of the war, the Convention

decreed, that the crew, of every veſſel captured from the Engliſh, ſhould ſhare in the prize. What good did this baſe ſatanic democratic decree produce? What good did the fraternizing ſpeech of the Carmagnole Admiral do? I do not believe he even found time to pronounce it. how did the crew of the *Ship Grange* behave to Citizen Bompard, when he told them they were to ſhare in the prize, and that they were not his priſoners, but his *brothers?* "No," ſaid they, "you French B------r, we are none of your "brothers." Alas! I ſee nothing here that affords, the leaſt glimps of hope.——→But the people are diſcontented, and complain of their taxes:--------where? in England? or here?----- But they have inſurrections every year:-----and every day too, if we believe our Newſpapers; it appears however, that there has been only one in England, of late years; and that was *for* the the government, inſtead of againſt it. A troop of horſe put an end to that inſurection; while fifteen thouſand men were obliged to march to put an end to ours. But they have a dozen priſoners going to be tried for High Treaſon: ------and have not we more than two dozen, going to be tried for the ſame offence?----O! but they have their Carmagnole Clubs, and their Stanhopes, and Foxes, and Sheridans:------yes, and, God confound them! ſo have we, to our ſorrow; and have them we ſhall, 'till we take the ſame method with them that the Engliſh have been taking with theirs, for ſome time paſt. Suppoſe Bradford, the Wat Tyler of the Weſt, were to get over to London, and write a *Political Progreſs of America*, foretelling the diſſolution of the Union; would he not deſerve a horſe-whip in place of *encouragement?* When the militia was

called out, and cannon were planted oppoſite the State Houſe, laſt May, to keep off a gang of inſolent Sailors, were we apprehenſive of a Revolution? No; but if our Democrats were to hear of ſuch an event taking place in the neighbourhood of the Britiſh Parliament, I queſtion but it might produce a Civic-Feaſt.

Even ſuppoſe, that that accurſed thing, called a Revolution, were to take place among the Britiſh; what good would it do us? Would it weaken their power? that cannot be, becauſe we ſay, it has rendered the French ſtronger than ever. Would it deſtroy their credit, and ſtarve them? No, for our gazettes all aſſure us upon their words and honours, that the French treaſury is running over, and that the people's bellies are ready to burſt. Would it make them turn atheiſts and cannibals? Yes, but then, it is a good thing to caſt off ſuperſtition and puniſh Ariſtocrats. In ſhort, which ever way I turn the matter, we are, according to my ſimple judment, upon a wrong ſcent. We are wiſhing for a Revolution in England! and for what, I would be be glad to know? to give the Engliſh a ſhare of all the goody goodies, eh? No, no; they are the excluſive property of our dear allies, and, in the name of God, let them keep them all to themſelves. To be ſure they have juſt given *us* a taſte, but then, I hope we ſhall have too much ſenſe to run about crying roaſt meat.

Let us open our eyes; it is pretty near time, if we do not wiſh to be led blindfolded to the end of the farce, and even after it is over.------ How can it be our intereſt to give way to this moody temper towards a nation, with which, after all, our connexions are nearly as cloſe as

thoſe of Man and Wife? (I avoid the compariſon of Mother and Child, for fear of affecting the nerves of ſome delicate conſtitutions.) Becauſe a war once exiſted between the two countries, is that a reaſon that they ſhould now hate one another? They had their battle out; let them follow the good old cuſtom, drink and ſhake hands, and not ſuffer themſelves to be ſet together by the ears by a parcel of out-landiſh butchers. If the animoſity were on the ſide of the Britiſh, they would have ſome excuſe; it is almoſt impoſſible for the vanquiſhed party not to retain ſome tincture of revenge; but for him who boaſts of his victory to brood over his ill-nature, is, to ſay the beſt of it, very unamiable. That maxim in war; "a foe vanquiſhed is a "foe no more," ought ever to operate with him who calls himſelf the vanquiſher, and, I believe, we ſhould be very loath to ſurrender that title.

The depredation on the commerce is now pleaded as the cauſe of all this ill-blood; but every man of candour will acknowledge that this is not the cauſe. The Newſpapers teemed with abuſe, the moſt unprovoked, unheard-of, infamous abuſe againſt Great Britain, before a ſingle American veſſel had been ſtopped by the Britiſh. Do we find any thing of this kind in the Engliſh papers? Do the Engliſh publiſh to the world that they wiſh to ſee our conſtitution ſubverted? Have they a *Marat* to mark out *our beloved Preſident and his Lady* for the Guillotine? * Do their Governors, Magiſtrates, Military Officers, &c.

* For, you muſt know, reader, *Marat* publiſhed what *Doctor Moore* calls "*the bloody Journal.*" The Editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette* will certainly think himſelf honoured by being compared to a perſon whom he has compared to *Jeſus Chriſt*.

aſſemble with cannon firing, drums beating, and bells ringing to celebrate every little advantage gained over our troops by the Indians ? Do they hoiſt the colours of our enemy, and trample our own under their feet, and *even burn them ?*

But, ſay we, have we not a right to do as we pleaſe ? Have we not a right to hate them ? Yes; but do we expect them to love us for this ? Do we imagine that revenge can find a place no where but in the breaſts of Americans ? Do we, becauſe a ſet of fawning foreigners tell us we are the only virtuous people upon the face of the earth, poſſeſs the excluſive privilege of being ſyſtematically vindictive ? Forgiveneſs of injuries is what we have a right to expect at the hands of all men ; but love in return for hatred is what no mortal ought to expect from another ; it is an effort beyond the power of human nature.

The publication of ſentiments like theſe undoubtedly require an apology on the part of the Publiſher; but I think, it is eaſily found. Many devout and ſanctified chriſtian Bookſellers, indeed all of the trade in the United States, have aſſiſted in diſtributing the AGE OF REASON; and not one of them has yet expreſſed the leaſt remorſe of conſcience for ſo doing. Now, though it may be, and certainly is, a terrible thing to publiſh the name of Britain unconnected with execration, yet it is not much worſe, at moſt, than publiſhing a libel againſt God.

As for myſelf, reader, I moſt humbly beſeech you to have the Goodneſs to think of me---JUST WHAT YOU PLEASE.

FINIS.

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Part II.

A BONE TO GNAW, FOR THE DEMOCRATS;

CONTAINING,

1st. OBSERVATIONS ON A PATRIOTIC PAMPHLET, ENTITLED, "PROCEEDINGS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN."

2dly. DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES EXEMPLIFIED BY EXAMPLE.

3dly. DEMOCRATIC MEMOIRES; OR AN ACCOUNT OF SOME RECENT FEATS PERFORMED BY THE FRENCHIFIED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SECOND EDITION,

With A NEW PREFACE, to which is subjoined A SONG, to be sung by the Democrats at their future nocturnal meetings.

By PETER PORCUPINE.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed & sold by THOMAS BRADFORD, No. 8, South Front Street.

1795.

After perusing the observation contained in the last page or two of this work, the reader will not be astonished that the whole democratic kennel should now be broke loose on the treaty. They had placed their veto *on every article of it, before it arrived, and they have never yet been known to retract, except in cases where their interest required it.*

Their burning of the envoy extraordinary and Governor of the state of New York, in effigie will, undoubtedly, reflect great honour on the city of Philadelphia, as well as on the magistracy of the State; *particularly when it is remembered, that it might have been so easily prevented; as the intended* Auto-de-fé *was known to every child in the city, eight and forty hours, at least, before it was performed. The friends of Mr. Jay see nothing in this but a certain proof of the ignorance and impotence of his enemies. One might have said to this deluded rabble, as the* Abbé Mauri *did to some of their fellow creatures at Paris, who had seized him and were dragging him to the lamp-post, crying out,* "Make a lanthorn of him. Up with him for a lanthorn.!"—"And what then, my good fellows," *says the Abbé,* "will you see any clearer for that?"

I think we may fairly ascribe this disgraceful democratic scene to the premature (to give it the mildest epithet) publication of the treaty; but, to what motive to ascribe the publication itself I am at a loss to guess. As to its being a book-selling speculation between Messrs. Mason *and* Bache *I, for my part, will believe no such thing. If it was so,*

however, the affair has terminated laughably enough; for, ſcarcely had the pamphlet iſſued from the office of the Aurora, *when it was to be had* gratis, *in all the public prints in the city,* the Aurora excepted! "*Look before you leap,*" *ſays* Poor Richard.

It is with ſingular pleaſure that I announce to the good people of Philadelphia, that this publication, which has hitherto cauſed ſo much ill blood and heart-burning, is likely hereafter, to be productive of a good deal of mirth. A friend of mine has made it the ſubject of a moſt excellent farce (*which will, undoubtedly, be repreſented at the beginning of next ſeaſon*) *to be called,* "*The* BLABBING "*SENATOR, or, the* Maſon's *Secret Divulged;*" *and my friend, who is a man of his word, vows it ſhall not go ſilently to its grave, like the* Volunteers *and the* Female Patriot, *by Mrs. Rowſon, and the* Triumphs of Love, *by a* citizen *of Philadelphia.*

Reader, will you give me leave to take a kind farewell of my old friend Brother Scrub. *He has lately declared in one of the public papers, that I am in danger of ſtarving to death, like his brother ſans-culottes in France, on account of the dead ſale of my pamphlet, and yet he ſwears* (*for* Brother Scrub *ſwears like a trooper,*) *that I am a real Engliſh Ariſtocrat. One of theſe muſt be falſe; for you ſee, reader, that I preſerve my good humour, and no mortal ever ſaw an Engliſhman hungry and good humoured both at a time. However, if famine, horrible famine, was ſtaring me in the face,*

Behold! here comes a second edition to my relief.— Oh, the pleasures of a second edition! Pleasures that warm the author's heart, make him forget his painful vigils, his empty purse, and even his hunger! Pleasures that Brother Scrub *is doomed to envy, but never to taste!*

The democrats have thought proper to celebrate their triumphs of the night of the 4th of July in a Song: but that song, though admirably calculated for their yelling voices, does not appear to me to be so descriptive of them and their principles as the following one, said to be written by the king of democrats, which therefore I recommend to them as a sort of hymn to be sung at the close of their nocturnal meetings.

"COME, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,
And success to our excellent cause;
"As we've nothing to lose, lo, nought can be lost;
"So perdition to Federal laws!

"FRANCE shews us the way—an example how great!
"Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;
"May our names be preserv'd by some damnable feat,
"For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

"As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
"At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
"Like the thieves who fit fire to a dwelling by night,
"And come in for a share of the plunder.

" Whoever for miſchief invents the beſt plan,
" Beſt murders, ſets fire, and knocks down,
" The thanks of our CLUB ſhall be giv'n to that MAN,
" And *hemlock* ſhall form him a crown.

" Our empire has tow'r'd with a luſtre too long;
" Then blot out this wonderful SUN;
" Let us arm then at once, and in confidence ſtrong
" Complete what black C * * * *s has begun.

" But grant a defeat——we are hang'd, and that's all,
" A puniſhment light as a feather;
" Yet we triumph in death, as we CATALINES fall,
" And go to the devil together"

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A BONE TO GNAW, &c.

Part. II.

OBSERVATIONS

ON A PATRIOTIC PAMPHELT, ENTITLED,

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN."

"Hell hears their pray'r! all is not loſt:
"Behold a choſen *band*, a *hoſt*,
"Stand forth the champions of the glorious cauſe!
"The jails are opening! hark! the iron doors!
"Chains clank! the brazen throat of tumult roars;
"And, lo, the deſtin'd victims of the laws!
"Diſgorg'd they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
"And mingle with our *democratic throng!*"

PETER PINDAR.

I HAVE already obſerved, that this *patriotic pamphlet* is "a multifarious bundle, collected "from the newſpapers;"* after which the reader will not expect me to enter into an examination of every part of it. A few curſory obſervations will be ſufficient to point out the degree of compaſſion that the *United Iriſhmen*

* See *a Kick for a Bite.*

merit from the people of the United States, as well as the thanks that the editor is entitled to for his diſintereſted endeavours in "the "cauſe of civil and religious liberty."

The hiſtory of the *United Iriſhmen* will not detain us long. Soon after the ever-to-be-regretted epoch, when God, in his wrath, ſuffered the tinkers, butchers, harlequins, quacks, cut-throats, and other modern philoſophers, to uſurp the government of France, their brethren in Ireland, tempted by the ſucceſsful example, began, with wonderful induſtry, to prepare for taking the government of that country into their hands. With this laudable end in view, they formed what they called their *ſociety*, in the city of Dublin. To ſay in what manner they proceeded to buſineſs would be ſuperfluous, ſince we know they were democrats.—Their meetings, as among us, produced reſolves in abundance, and good fortune ſeemed for a time, to ſmile upon them. The preſs was ſuffocated with their addreſſes and letters of fraternity, which were ſwallowed by the mob, for whom they were intended, with an appetite which generally characterizes that claſs of citizens. But, all of a ſudden, when they were in the height of their work, mangling the carcaſe of the government, the magiſtracy ſouſed down upon them, like an eagle among a flock of carrion crows. Here was fine helter ſkelter; fining, impriſoning, whipping and emigrating; ſome ran this way, others that; ſome came to America to brew wiſkey, ſome went to France to gather laurels, while

others, of a more philoſophical turn, ſet off to Botany Bay to cull ſimples.

Amidſt all this buſtle, it is very natural to ſuppoſe there was little time to think about ſecuring the archives of the ſociety, and it is to be feared, they would have been irrecoverably loſt, if they had not already paſſed into the newſpapers. To record, however, in a newſpaper, is like writing in ſand; the citizen editor, of the Pamplet before us, has, therefore, extracted the *proceedings of the united Iriſhmen* from ſo periſhable a regiſter, and moulded them up into a volume, which may very well take the name of the *ſans culotte manual*, for I am much miſtaken if it will ever be uſed any where but in the *temple* of *Cloacina*.

However, the conſervation of theſe ineſtimable archives does not ſeem to be the only motive that led to their publication. It is difficult for people to wean themſelves from the cuſtoms of their own country; acccordingly, it would ſeem, that the citizen editor has, on the preſent occaſion, been actuated by his predilection for an Iriſh cuſtom, full as much as by his zeal "for the cauſe of civil and religious li-"berty," or his attachment to the ſociety of *United Iriſhmen*.

You muſt know reader, that, in good old Ireland, when a perſon of ſome diſtinction is to ride in ſtate to his long home, the afflicted relations, not content with deploring the loſs themſelves (or having already exhauſted their ſtock of lamentation), do generally employ a number of auxiliary females, of approved organs, to aſſiſt them in the diſcharge of this laſt

duty to the deceaſed. The buſineſs of theſe matrons is, to line the road through which the corps is to paſs, and to rend the welkin with that kind of warbling, which in their tongue is called the *Pillalloo*, and in ours, the *Iriſh Howl*. Now, ridiculous as this weeping by proxy may ſeem, we ſee that even philoſophers have recourſe to it, or ſomething very like it, in deſperate emergencies; for I am very much deceived if it be not in imitation of this cuſtom that the *Proceedings of the United Iriſhmen* have made their appearance among us. The wiſkey-boys and their partizans, the democrats, made their laſt-dying-ſpeech and confeſſion ſoon after the meeting of Congreſs, ſince when they have been turned off, without benefit of clergy, and citizen *Stephens* has been ſo obliging as to make his *united Iriſhmen* blubber out their *pillalloo*.

So much for the motives that led the diſintereſted editor to publiſh this work; we will now take a look at the work itſelf, beginning with the title.

If the title page to this *pillalloo* be not a bad one, it is not, in my opinion, ſo good a one as might have been choſen for it: *Newgate* CALLENDER, or ſomething in that way, would have been much better ſuited to the contents: however, the *harp* with which it is decorated, expreſſes, to thoſe who underſtand heraldry, ſo nearly the ſame thing, that all the other hieroglyphicks are entirely uſeleſs. But, as if the editor were afraid that the *harp* was inſufficient to indicate to us the blunderbuſs materials of which the volume is compoſed, he has placed by the ſide of it a *liberty pole*,

reſembling, exactly, thoſe made uſe of by the democratic ſons of Wiſkey. Nor muſt the of motto the *harp* be forgotten: "It "is new ſtrung and ſhall be heard." It is impoſſible to read this gaſconading motto, without calling to mind the ſtory of O'Rourke, who, boaſting that he had called king William a damned *teef*, for ſtealing the crown from his father in law, and being aſked how it happened that the king did not chaſtiſe him for his impudence, anſwered: "By Jaſas, man, and he "muſt have had a long arm, for the ſea was "betwixt us."

"Muſic," ſays Congreve, "has charms to "ſooth a *ſavage breaſt*;" and, if this be true, few people will doubt that the harp, or, at leaſt, ſome inſtrument, was neceſſary among the *United Iriſhmen*; and if a tune or two had been played, on a one-ſtringed inſtrument, over the hills and far away, laſt ſummer, it might have had a good effect; but let not the citizen editor think to treat *us* like ſavages; let him not think to make *us* dance round his liberty pole like ſans culottes round their *arbe de la liberté*, or mohawks round a roaſting warrior. I am not in the hearts of my neighbours; I do not know but they may, for the ſake of a ſoothing air, let him put a ring in their noſes, or even tattawa them; but, for my part, I beg to be excuſed: I hate and I abominate ſtring muſic of every kind, and, above all the *Iriſh harp* and the *Scotch fiddle*.

From the title page let us deſcend to the *dedication*. This is the only part of the book which has been compoſed in this country, and a precious piece of eloquence it is. "*America! Vir-*

"*tue!* Equality! *Dignity of human nature!*—Ariſtocracy!—*Slavery!*—Chains!" The very cant of the philoſophic philanthropic murderers in France. What an artful and elegant diſpoſition of characters alſo has the editor taken care to make! Without aiming at a pun, it may be ſaid that this piece is as eloquent as it is poſſible for types to make it. If eloquence conſiſted in placing certain little pieces of lead in a row, citizen Stephens would be the Cicero of our days.

The citizen editor's having pitched on Mr. Pierce Butler for the god father of his collection, has cauſed a good deal of mirth among thoſe who have the advantage of being acquainted with that gentleman's political creed. To Mr. Butler's honour be it ſpoken, he was, perhaps, the very laſt perſon in the United States, (except myſelf) to whom the *proceedings of the United Iriſhmen* ſhould have been dedicated. By this miſtake the editor has told us (an accident that too frequently happens with the ſons and daughters of St. Patrick) preciſely what he intended not to tell us: for he moſt aſſuredly did not intend to tell us, that he had the vanity to wiſh to be thought intimate with a deſcendant of the *noble* houſe of Ormond, and that, as yet, he knew nothing at all of him but the name.

I like to ſee the haughty advocates for democracy, whoſe cuckoo notes ceaſe not to ſtun us with the *dignity of human nature*, catching at every twig of nobility or gentility that comes within their reach. One might have expected that *citizen* Stephens would have ſhunned Pierce Butler, *Eſq.* by inſtinct, as the noxious animals

of Ireland are ſaid to have ſhunned the ſerpent killing Saint. If all men are equal, why prefer a ſenator of the United States to a dray, or wheel-barrow, man? If an ariſtocrat like me were to addreſs a well-larded epiſtle dedicatory to ſome man of family, it would not be ſo very aſtoniſhing; but to ſee a ſans culotte, *rampant* at the feet of the only perſon in the country, that boaſts of having a drop of noble blood in his veins, is a phœnomenon in politics that cannot fail of awakening in the beholder, a ſentiment exactly the oppoſite to that of reſpect.

But, if there is ſomething of the Iriſh turn in the manner in which this pamphlet has been introduced to the public, the work itſelf bears ſtill ſtronger marks of its pedigree.

The oſtenſible object of the *United Iriſhmen*, like that of all other uſurpers from the beginning of the world to the preſent day, was a *reformation* in the government of their country. To ſay much about a plan of reform propoſed by a "band" of ſuch obſcure and illiterate perſons as their proceedings prove them to be, would be paying ignorance too much attention, and would be, beſides, in a great meaſure, ſuperfluous, as we have already been favoured with the neweſt new conſtitution of a *ſiſter* republic, of which that propoſed by the *United Iriſhmen* was but a counterpart. I cannot however refrain from making mention of an argument they adduce in ſupport of *univerſal ſuffrage*. This is the maſter wheel in the machine of reformation, as it transfers the power from the hands of the rich into the hands of the poor; all goverment mechanics do therefore make it a principle object of their attention; but thoſe of Ireland

have made uſe of an argument in its ſupport that I never ſhould have expected to hear; no, not even from them. "The pooreſt man in "the land" ſay they, "pays taxes for his fire, "his candle, his potatoes, and his cloathing; "and *the poorer he is the greater occaſion he has* "*for a vote*, to protect that little he has, "which is neceſſary, not to his qualification "merely, but to his very exiſtence." Now, unfortunately for the ſyſtem of theſe legiſlators, they have here kicked down the whole ſtructure of mud that thoſe diſintereſted philoſophical politicians, Prieſtly, and Price, whom they pretend to adore, had been ſo long in raiſing. *Theſe* complained bitterly that an immenſe copy-hold eſtate did not give a vote, while a beggarly tenement of forty ſhillings a year did give one, and that an inſignificant borough ſent as many members to the parliament as a rich mercantile town. But, according to the reaſoning of the *United Iriſhmen*, all this is perfectly right; for, if a man's right to vote increaſes in proportion to his poverty, moſt certainly a little beggarly tenement muſt have a greater right to give a vote than an eſtate of a thouſand a year. In vain would the *United Iriſhmen* plead their privilege of ſpeaking twice; what they have advanced on this ſubject is too unequivocal to admit of explanations; what is juſt when applied to inviduals, is alſo juſt, when applied to communities, and, if what they ſay be true, *Old Sarum*, whoſe *poor one houſe* has been the ſtumbling block of all the re-organizers of latter days, has much more right to ſend two members to parliament than the city of

London, which contains above a hundred and forty thouſand houſes.

The reader will undoubtedly perceive, that the eagerneſs of this "*band*" (the citizen editor might have added a couple of ſyllables to this word, without going beyond the truth) to obtain a participation in the trade of law-giving was to be no more than an introductory ſtep towards a *participation* in ſomething elſe: their great cauſe of diſcontent was, *they were poor while ſome of their neighbours were rich.* This, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, is the Nile of reſolutions. The hungry part of the French nobility and clergy effected a revolution that they might ſhare in the plunder of the rich, and for no other purpoſe whatever. *Mirabeau* was a gamſter, and had been a bankrupt more than once: a well-timed ſop to this *Cerberus* would have left the French king in quiet poſſeſſion of his arbitrary power. On what trifling events does the peace of nations ſometimes depend; a penſion, or a lucky hand at cards, might rid Billy Pitt of the barkings of patriots Fox and Sheridan; and who knows but ſomething of the ſame kind might have prevented the manifeſtoes from Parkinſon's ferry? "There is a "drug" (ſaid Sir Robert Walpole to the G——es and Ma——ns of his day) "There is "a *drug*, that is to be found only at my *ſhop*,* "which is a never failing cure for the fever of "patriotiſm." If our treaſurer had been as able a phyſician as Sir Robert; had he been uſed to adminiſter this precious drug in the ſame emergencies, perhaps the world would never

* The Treaſury.

have been entertained with many of those farcical resolutions and speeches, which have sometimes rendered legislative debate a sort of burlesque dialogue.

"Rebellions," says Swift, "ever travel from "north to south; that is to say, from poverty "to plenty." The Dean knew mankind pretty well, but not better than his countrymen, the *United Irishmen*, as we shall see by their address to the poor. "To you," say they, "the poorer classes of the community we address ourselves. We are told you are *ignorant*; we "wish you to enjoy *liberty*, without which no "people was ever *enlightened*: we are told you "are uneducated and immoral; we wish you "to be educated, and your morality improved "by the most rapid of all instructors; a good "government. Do you find yourselves sunk "into poverty and wretchedness? examine "peaceably and attentively the plan of reform "we now submit to *you*. Consider, does it "propose to do *you* justice? does it propose to "give *you* sufficient protection? for we have no "fear that the *rich* will have justice done to "them, and will be sufficiently protected."— In another place they tell their poor friends, that it is the "*unequal partition of rights*, that "is the cause of their poverty, and that *makes* "*them mob*." It is thus that the ambitious troubles of mankind ever find their way to the hearts of the lower classes of the community. They flatter their natural inclination, which is, ever to attribute their wants and misfortunes, which are usually no more than the lot of humanity, or the natural consequences of their

own idleneſs or profligacy, to the errors or wickedneſs of thoſe who rule over them.

By an *equal partition of rights*, there is not the leaſt doubt that the *United Iriſhmen* meant an equal partition of *property*; it would have been nonſenſe to talk about any other kind of *rights* to "the beggar on the bridge;" and, I believe, few people (I mean people of property) will blame the ſenſible part of the Iriſh nation for objecting to an equal partition of thoſe rights. It is in vain for revolutioniſts to attempt any other explanation of the *equal rights of man*; it muſt ever end, as in France, in the ruin of the rich, and its inevitable conſequence, univerſal poverty. If ſuch people were to ſpeak the language of their hearts; they would not ſay to their rulers: "you are vicious corrupt "men; you are the curſes of your country." No; they would ſay: "you are rich rogues "while we are poor ones, change ſituations, "and all will be right."

But, even admitting that a partition of property was not underſtood, that does not juſtify the addreſs above cited. It is extremely dangerous to talk about an *equal partition* of any thing now a days, and particularly in a country, where thoſe who are called the people, are (for want of education, no doubt) ſuppoſed to have but very confuſed ideas of *mine* and *thine*. 'Tis true, we are told, that that "moſt rapid of all inſtruc-"tors, a good government," would educate them in a trice; but, rapid as their progreſs might be, there is great reaſon to fear, that the partition might take place before their educa-

tion could be finiſhed, and then I leave any one to gueſs what a ſcratching and ſcrambling there would be. Beſides, with theſe citizens' permiſſion, may we not doubt that a good government is not ſo rapid an inſtructor, as they would make us believe? I fancy, nobody will ſay that our government is a bad one, and yet we do not perceive, that thoſe of the lower claſſes of their countrymen, who do us the honour to come among us, improve ſo rapidly as they pretend. There are hundreds (I am afraid I might add a cypher or two) of them in theſe ſtates, who, after a reſidence of ſeveral years, are no more able to diſtinguiſh between *mine* and *thine*, than they were the very firſt day of their landing. If any one can doubt of this, let him pay attention to the advertiſements in the gazettes, and if he ſtill remains unconvinced, let him go into the *courts of Oyer and Terminer*.

This naturally leads us to another cauſe of diſcontent with the *United Iriſhmen*; namely, the *Criminal Code* of their country. "The ſpirit "of our laws," ſay they, "is ariſtocratic, and "by no means calculated for the protection of "the *poor*. To paſs over the remarkable in-"ſtances of the game laws and ſtamp act, we "ſhall refer to a much more important ſyſtem, "our *criminal code*. If the lower claſſes of peo-"ple had been repreſented in parliament, when "their *neceſſities* firſt urged them to *inſurrection* "*and outrage*, parliament would have enquired "into, and redreſſed their grievances, inſtead "of making laws to puniſh them with death." ——"The acts, which are prohibited by *many* "of our laws, are crimes: but the puniſhment

" inflicted by thoſe laws are ſtill greater crimes. " The reaſon of this *diſproportion* is, the rich man " is never guilty of *ſheep-ſtealing*, and the poor " man has no one to plead his cauſe in the ſe- " nate."—Delightful doctrine! It is a clear caſe, if the parliament were compoſed of *ſheep-ſtealers*, ſheep-ſtealing would ſoon be no crime; and it is for this very reaſon, that all thoſe who have ſheep, wiſh to keep them out of parliament. Oh! the unconſcionable ariſtocrats, not to ſet the patriot wolves to guard their ſheep! It was certainly very " *ariſtocratic*" alſo to make laws to puniſh poor fellows with death, for nothing but a little innocent amuſement, called " *inſur-* " *rection and outrage!*" No wonder they ſhould high away to the weſt of the Alleghany mountains, where (as they ſuppoſed) they might recreate themſelves, without any apprehenſions from the fatal fingers of Jack Catch, and the ſubſequent operations of thoſe " flaying raſcals the " ſurgeons."

However, I muſt be permitted to ſay, that I cannot perceive the inconvenience of having ſuch a parliament as is not ready to obey every mob, whoſe neceſſities may prick them on to inſurrection and outrage; on the contrary, we have lately experienced the good effects of having an aſſembly of exactly the ſame deſcription. Nor can I for my life ſee, why a rich man is leſs fit for the buſineſs of making laws, merely becauſe he is " never guilty of a ſheep-ſtealing." The *United Iriſhmen* have here ſpoken out plainer than any other club of democrats that I have yet heard of; their principles have, indeed, been acted upon to the fulleſt extent by the

ſheep-ſtealing lawgivers whom they had fixed upon as their model; but neither the infamous Barrere, Roberſpierre, nor even Marat, ever had the impudence to avow them openly. In ſhort, when we hear the *United Iriſhmen* whining about their criminal code, we cannot help calling to mind the well-known ſtory of their countrymen and the juſtice. "Don't cry, my "lad," ſaid the magiſtrate, "you ſhall have "juſtice done you." "Arrah, man," replied Pat. blubbering, "and that's all I'm afraid of."

The *United Iriſhmen*, after having diſplayed all their eloquence in vain, to perſuade their rich neighbours to conſent to a partition, and to repeal the ariſtocratic laws that puniſh an honeſt fellow for ſheep-ſtealing, threaten to leave them to themſelves. "If a time of reform ſhould "not ſoon arrive," ſay they, "if this country "ſhould ſtill remain abuſed and contented; there is a *world* elſewhere, (I am afraid they "mean here) to which we will go: where freedom is, there is our country, and there ſhall "be our home. Let this government take "care: let them think of depopulation, and "tremble. Who makes the rich? the *poor*.— "Who makes the ſhuttle fly, and the plough "cleave the furrows? the *poor*.——Should "the poor emigrate, what will become of "you, proud, powerful, ſilly men? Who will "feed you, when hungry, or clothe you when "naked?" This is the language that wins the heart of king mob. What more than Hibernian front muſt a ſet of begging philoſophers have to inſiſt that the *poor maintain the rich!* No; you dolts, it is not the poor who make

the ſhuttle fly and the plough cleave the furrows, but the rich. Aſk your brother ſans culottes in France, whether it was the rich or the poor. Here we have experience for our guide, and not your blunderheaded projects. There are no more rich in France, all property is annihilated; and what are the conſequences? The ſhuttle flys no more, and the people are without bread. From France, that country that ſent ſuch immenſe quantities of linens and woolens into this continent, to the iſlands, and to many other parts; from France, that filled the world with its ribbons, its laces, its ſilks and embroidery; form France, they now write to *us* for *rags* to cover their bodies.

The emigrating menace * concludes with the following declaration, which would not be at all degraded in coming from the mouth of a trader to the coaſt of Guinea. "Mankind, "like other *commodities*, will follow the *demand*; "and, if depreciated here *below value*, will fly "to a *better market*." I told the reader, I was afraid they meant America, when they talked about "*a world elſewhere*." I wiſh to heaven the greateſt part of them would go to the other world rather than come here. They are right in calling it a *market*, but as to its being a better one for them than their own country, I muſt be ſuffered to doubt; for if they are of leſs *value* there than they are here, they are, alas! depreciated indeed. I have ſometimes been ſur-

* It is worth while to obſerve here, that this terrible menace has not been able to perſuade the Hibernian Hidalgos to paſs any law to hinder their *ſupporters*, the poor, from emigrating.

prized, that the traders to the Iriſh coaſt did not give their merchandiſe a different hue: by the help of a buſhel or two of charcoal and a few fleeces of black ſheep's wool, a cargo might be raiſed from its depreciation. The planters in the Southern States might, indeed, object to this as an impoſition (for, I have been aſſured, by a friend in Virginia, that a cargo of black boys is worth two of *white boys* at any time); but, every man has a right to do what he pleaſes with his own; and, beſides, this practice might ſpare the bluſhes that redden (or that ought to redden) the cheeks of the advocates for *liberty* and the "dignity of human nature," when they go on board to make acquiſitions of this kind.

It would have been unpardonable in a ſociety like that of the *United Iriſhmen*, if, among their numerous addreſſes, none was to be found to the *fire brand* philoſopher, Prieſtley. "Fare-"well," (ſay they, in their conſolatory addreſs to him), "Farewell, great and good man!— "Your change of place will give room for the "matchleſs activity of your genius; and you "will take a ſublime pleaſure in beſtowing on "Britain the benefit of your future diſcove-"ries." Every honeſt man ought to wiſh that this were true; for, the doctor has already made ſome diſcoveries of the utmoſt importance to future chemical emigrants, if he could be prevailed on to publiſh them. He might let his brethren into the ſecret of buying land (or rather rock) at a dollar an acre, and ſelling it again at nine pence half penny. This is a ſort

of anti-chemiſtry, by which copper is extracted from ſilver; and the proceſs by which it is accompliſhed muſt certainly be a *deſideratum* in the learned world. The doctor might alſo favour curious foreigners with the feats of thoſe American *Magi*, vulgarly called land-ſurveyors, whoſe potent art levels the mountain with the valley, makes the rough way ſmooth, the crooked ſtraight; whoſe creative pencil calls into being nodding woods and verdant lawns, and like the rod of Moſes, makes rivulets guſh from the ſolid rock.

"Farewell" (continue the *United Iriſhmen*) "Farewell, great and good man; but before "you go, we beſeech a portion of your part-"ing prayer (down upon your marrow-bones, reader) for Archibald Hamilton Rowan, "Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Gerald, who are "now, like you, preparing to croſs the bleak "ocean.—Farewell! ſoon will you embrace "your ſons on the American ſhore, and Waſh-"ington *take you by the hand*, and the *ſhade* of "Franklin look *down*, with calm delight, on the "firſt ſtateſman of the age extending his *pro-"tection* to its firſt philoſopher." Here is certainly ſome miſtake in the cloſe of this farewell. What do they mean by the *ſhade* of Franklin's looking *down?* To look *down* on a perſon one muſt be in an elevated ſituation, and, I fancy, it is pretty generally believed, by thoſe who underſtand the geography of the inviſible world, that Franklin's *ſhade*, as it is here termed, has taken a different route. Indeed, this muſt be a *bull*; they certainly meant to ſay,

that Washington would *look down upon him*, and Franklin *take him by the hand*; at least, this would be nearer the truth, for sure I am, that Franklin will take him by the hand before the President of the United States will.—Oh! cruel disappointment! Philosophy is in tears, and unitarianism falls into hysterics at the thoughts of it! Fame, blow it not forth! Hush, babbling echo! Dear Æolus, let no malicious breeze bear it to the "land of roast beef!"

The *United Irishmen* shed an abundance of crocodile tears over Doctor Priestley and his friends Muir, Palmer, &c. and make out piteous stories about the tyranny of the British laws: but who will believe them? Nobody, here, above the rank of a potatoe digger. The late trials for high treason, in England, furnish us with an example of integrity and impartiality in a court of justice that may be equalled, but that never has been yet. The *cobler* acquitted, and the *peer* condemned * (the latter a friend to the government, and the former its professed enemy) while it leaves us but very little room to doubt of the guilt of the Botany Bay convicts, reflects eternal honour on British jurisprudence. Indeed, all the beneficent effects of the British constitution are now felt in their full force: never did it shine forth with such transcendant lustre as at this important and awful crisis. It was this constitution that first launched Britain from obscurity, that has since preserved her in so many perils, and that now bears her steadily

* I allude here to *Hardy* and *Lord Abingdon*, an account of whose trials the reader must have seen in the gazettes.

through the revolutionary tempeſt, ſurrounded with the wrecks and ruins of her neighbours.

If the reader ſhould be prevailed upon to allow, that ſome alterations was become neceſſary in this conſtitution, he will at once ſee, that the pretended reformers were the laſt people in the world in whoſe hands the buſineſs ought to have been truſted. For, had they poſſeſſed abilities adequate to the taſk, they never would have agreed among themſelves. Every ſociety, every projector, had a different plan. Muir, the convict, was for an Areopagus in the Greek mode; the *United Iriſhmen* paid *us* the compliment of imitation, in ſome reſpects, and the French in others; Paine would inſiſt upon *organizing* the whole *à la mode de Paris*, and in this he was joined by Horn Tooke. But William's plan cauſed the moſt mirth. He had the penetration to diſcover, that mankind by advancing in knowledge, grew fooliſher and fooliſher; for this reaſon, he thought it neceſſary to give them a different direction, and, if his hand had not been held, he would have driven his countrymen back nine centuries at a ſingle blow. In ſhort, he was for reviving the Wittenagemot and Myclegemot of Alfred; and, accordingly, the eight millions of people who inhabit Great Britain, were to aſſemble every May day under the great canopy of heaven, on Saliſbury plain, to ſettle the affairs of the nation!* Into what ſhocking abſurdities will not a

* See "Ten leſſons from an old Stateſman to a young "Prince."

factious diſpoſition lead the man that is curſed with it!

Shall *we* blame the Britiſh then, ſhall *we* call them tyrants and ſlaves, becauſe they have driven from among them theſe diſorganizing reformers, who agreed in nothing but deſtroying, in nothing but doing miſchief; and who, had they been ſuffered to proceed, would, ere now, have ſpread atheiſm and terror through the land, filled it with bloody tribunals, priſons and executions, reduced the happy Iſland (the country of our fore fathers) to a ruinous wild, and left the ſtarving ſons of equality the miſerable liberty of prowling about among the graves of their benefactors? ſhall we applaud, ſhall we hug to our boſoms, theſe political ſerpents, who, by joining themſelves to a deſperate faction, would here revive their baffled projects, would here realize their ſchemes of equality? No; let America be what heaven ſeems to have deſigned it for, an aſylum for the oppreſſed, but never let it be called the ſanctuary of the infamous.

DEMOCRATIC

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES,

ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLE.

" Du principe eternel ils nient l'exiſtence,
" Au nom de la patrie ils egorgent les rois ;
" Sur le debris du trone ils placent la licence,
" Regnent par la terreur, et renverſent les loix."

UN LYONOIS.

THE proceedings of the united Iriſhmen, like thoſe of the American ſelf-created ſocieties, contain general accuſations againſt every branch of the government. An advantageous diſtribution of the words *liberty*, *tyranny*, *ſlavery*, &c. does wonders with the populace ; but the intelligent reader looks deeper, general accuſations do not ſatisfy him ; he ſeeks for inſtances of oppreſſion, before he will believe that a government is oppreſſive. Let us extract then the inſtances of oppreſſion, complained of by the united Iriſhmen, from the bombaſtical rhapſody in which they are buried, and ſee to what they amount. They tell us that Butler, Bond, Rowan, and about four or five others, were detained ſome months in priſon ; and that Muir, Palmer, and Margarot, with two or three more were tranſported ; and all this, (they ſay) for having

done no more that what the good of their country dictated. I am ſure the reader is very well ſatisfied, that theſe men were all guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; but, to avoid diſputation with reſpect to this fact, I ſhall ſuppoſe them all innocent, and then the ſum total of the tyranny againſt which the United Iriſhmen exclaim, will amount to eight or nine falſe impriſonments and five or ſix unjuſt ſentences of tranſportation. This is certainly a great deal too much, may the hand be withered that ever wields a pen in its juſtification! but, as the United Iriſhmen wiſhed, as a mean of avoiding ſuch acts of oppreſſion in future, to overturn their monarchical government, and eſtabliſh a democratic one in its ſtead, it becomes incumbent on the reader who would not be their dupe, to contraſt the conduct of the government which they wanted to overturn with that of the one they intended to adopt. They have repreſented the Britiſh government as being arrived at its laſt ſtage of tyranny, it will not then, I hope, be eſteemed unfair, if I oppoſe to it the democratic Convention of France, when about the mid way of its career.

It is not my intention to give a general character of this aſſembly; that would be ſuperfluous: nor will I give way to that indignation which every man, who is not by nature a ſlave, muſt feel at the very mention of ſuch a divan. General charges againſt any man, or ſet of men, as they are very ſeldom accurate ſo they are little attended to, particularly when addreſſed to a reader who is rather inclined towards the party accuſed. For this reaſon, I ſhall

confine myſelf to a particular epoch and even a particular ſpot. Lyons affords us the propereſt ſcene to be deſcribed on the preſent occaſion; not becauſe the dreadful deeds commited there ſurpaſs thoſe at Nantz, and many other places; but becauſe, taking place within a ſhort ſpace of time, they admit with more facility the form of a compact relation.

In the peruſal of this relation the candid reader will make me ſome allowances; my taſte is far from the tragic; ſcenes ſuch as theſe muſt loſe half their terrors when drawn by a hand like mine; Melpomene alone ſhould record the actions of the National Convention.

Some time after the death of Louis XVI. the city of Lyons was declared, by the Convention, in a ſtate of revolt, it was attacked by a numerous army of *democrats*, and, after having ſtood a ſiege of above two months, was obliged to ſurrender. What followed this ſurrender it is my intention to relate; but firſt, it is neceſſary to go back to the cauſes that led to the revolt; for, though no earthly crime could juſtify the cruelties inflicted upon the brave and unfortunate Lyoneſe, yet thoſe cruelties do not appear in their deepeſt hue, till the pretended crime of the ſufferers is known.

By the new conſtitution of France the king could not be *dethroned*, unleſs found at the head of an army marching againſt his country. This was to be regarded as the higheſt crime he could poſſibly commit, and even for this he could be puniſhed no otherwiſe than by being *dethroned*. "*No crime whatever*," ſays the conſtitution, "ſhall *be conſtrued to affect his life.*"

This conſtitution every Frenchman had ſworn, "*to obey, and maintain with all his might.*"— When, therefore, it was propoſed to the Lyoneſe, by the emmiſaries of the National Convention, to petition for the death of the king, they replied, almoſt with one voice: "No; we have "ſworn, with all France, to maintain the New "Conſtitution with all our might; that Con- "ſtitution declares that no crime whatſoever "ſhall affect the life of the king. For any "thing we have yet ſeen or heard, we believe "him innocent of every crime that has been "laid to his charge. The mode of his trial "is unprecedented in the annals of injuſtice, "the Convention being at once accuſer, evi- "dence, and judge. We believe him perfectly "innocent; but whether he be or not, the con- "ſtitution that we have, by a ſolemn oath, "bound ourſelves to maintain with all our "might, declares that no crime whatever ſhall "be conſtrued to affect his life; that life, "therefore, we cannot, we will not demand. "The reſt of the nation may ſport with engage- "ments which they have called the Almighty "to witneſs, they may add the crime of aſſaſſi- "nation to that of perjury, they may ſtain "themſelves with the blood of their innocent "and unfortunate prince, the Lyoneſe never "will."

Reader, you will hardly believe that this anſwer, ſo full of good ſenſe, juſtice, piety, and honour, drew down on the gallant Lyoneſe the moſt dreadful chaſtiſement, that ever was in-

flicted on any part of the human race. Read and be convinced. *

No ſooner was the determination of the Lyoneſe made known to the convention than the latter began to concert ſchemes of vengeance. A numerous army was prepared, while the democratic agents of the convention, who ſtill had the executive authority in their hands at Lyons, ſpared no pains in endeavouring to drive the city to what they termed open rebellion, and thus to furniſh a pretext for its deſtruction. The doctrine of equality, ſo flattering to thoſe who poſſeſs nothing, had gained them many converts among the lower claſſes of the people. To theſe was committed all authority, civil and military, and it is hardly neceſſary to ſay that they exerciſed every ſpecies of tyranny that envy, revenge, and popular fury could invent. All this was borne with a degree of reſignation that has been juſtly regarded as aſtoniſhing, in people who have ſince exhibited ſuch unequivocal proofs of inherent valour. A ſenſe of more immediate danger, however, rouſed them from their lethargy.

There was held, every night, a meeting of the leaders among the partizans of the convention. It conſiſted, in general, of men of deſperate fortunes, bankrupts, quacks, the dregs of the law, apoſtate prieſts, and the like, not forgetting ſome who had been releaſed from the

* The facts here related are taken from an authentic relation of the ſiege of Lyons; that they are by no means exagerated the public will very ſoon be convinced.

galleys. In this infamous assembly, which took the name of *democratic club*, a plot was laid for the assassination of all the rich in one night; * but this plot, notwithstanding the precautions of the conspirators, was happily discovered; the president *Challier* † and two others were tried and condemned to die, the democrats were driven from all the public offices, and the former magistrates reinstated.

This act of self preservation was called a revolt against the republic, and, in consequence of it, the convention passed decree upon decree, bearing death and destruction against the Lyonese. Thus, those very men who had formed a constitution, which declares resistence against oppression to be a natural right, passed an act of proscription against a whole city, because they had dared to lift their hands to guard their throats against the knives of a band of assassins!

The city now began to arm for its defence; but being totally unprepared for a siege, having neither fortifications nor magazines, and being menaced on every side by miriads of ferocious enemies, the people were backward in deciding for hostility, knowing that, in chat case, death

* This was their oath. "We swear to exterminate "all the *rich* and aristocrats; their bloody corpses, "thrown into the Rhone, shall bear our terrors to the "affrighted sea."

† This citizen *Challier* was every way qualified for the post of president of such a club. He was looked on as a person of infamous character, before the revolution, and, since the revolution, he had imbrued his hands in the blood of his own father!

or victory muſt be the conſequence. There were, therefore but about ten thouſand men who had the courage to take up arms; but the deſperate bravery of theſe amply made up for every want. During the ſpace of ſixty days they withſtood an army of fifteen times their ſtrengh, plentifully proviſioned, and provided with every inſtrument of deſtruction. Never, perhaps, were there ſuch feats of valour performed as by this little army; thrice their numbers did they lay dead before their injured city.

The members deputed from the Convention to direct the attack, left nothing untried that might tend to the accompliſhment of their object. They ſucceeded at laſt, in opening a communication with their partizans in the city, and in ſeducing many of the mob to eſpouſe their intereſt. This was the more eaſy to effect, as the beſieged were, by this time, upon the point of ſtarving; the fleſh of horſes, dogs, and cats had been for ſome days their only food, and even that began to grow extremely ſcarce. In this ſituation, without the leaſt hopes of ſuccour, ſome of thoſe who wiſhed well to their city, and who had not borne arms during the ſiege, undertook to capitulate with the enemy; but theſe, knowing the extremities to which they were driven, inſiſted upon executing the decrees of the Convention, which ordered them to put to death indiſcriminately all thoſe who had taken up arms againſt its authority.

The beſieged, then, ſeeing no hopes of a capitulation, ſeeing the city without another

day's proviſion, and the total impoſſibility of ſuccour from without (being completely inveſted on every ſide,) had but one meaſure to adopt; to cut their way through the enemy, or fall in the attempt. A plan of retreat was, therefore, ſettled upon; the out-poſts were to be called in, and the whole were to aſſemble at the *Vaiſe*.

In the mean time, the deputies from the convention, who were informed by their ſpies of all that was paſſing in the city, took care to have the road by which the retreating army was to paſs well lined with troops. The whole country round was under arms. Every perſon was ordered, on pain of death, not to let paſs, or give ſhelter to, a ſingle Lyoneſe, man, woman, or child.

The out-poſts were hardly called in when their ſtations were taken poſſeſſion of by the democratic army. Being ſo cloſely preſſed rendered the aſſembling at the *Vaiſe* more difficult; all was buſtle, confuſion and terror. Not half of thoſe who were under arms, had time to join. A little corps was, however, at laſt formed. It conſiſted of between three and four thouſand perſons in all, headed by four field pieces, and followed by ſix waggons, bearing the wreck of many a ſplendid fortune. Thus marched off the remains of theſe generous defenders of their city, bidding an eternal adieu to the ſcenes of their youth, the dwellings of their anceſtors; reſolving to die bravely, as they had lived, or find an aſylum in a foreign land.

It was midnight when they began their retreat, lighted by the blaze of bombs and bur-

ning houſes.——Reader, caſt your eyes on this devoted city. See children clinging to their fathers, diſtracted mothers to their ſons; wives, holding in their arms what they held dearer than life, forgetting all but their huſbands, marching by their ſide, and braving death from ten thouſand hands!

They had hardly began their march, when a diſcharge of artillery, bearing full upon them, threw them into ſome confuſion. One of their waggons, in which were ſeveral old men and ſome children, was ſet on fire by a ſhell. Morning coming on, they perceived themſelves beſet on every ſide; they were charged by the cavalry, expoſed to the fire of a numerous artillery, harraſed at every turning, fired upon from every houſe, every bank and every hedge.—Seeing therefore, no hopes of eſcape, they were determined to ſell every drop of blood as dear as poſſible. They broke off into platoons, putting their wives and children in the centre of each, and took different directions, in order to divide the force of the enemy. But what was they to do againſt fifty times their number? The whole, about fifty perſons excepted, were either killed or taken.

The victors ſhowed ſuch mercy as might be expected from them: not content with butchering their priſoners in cold blood, they took a pleaſure in making them die by inches, and in inſulting them in the pangs of death. Placing ſeveral together, they killed one of them at a time to render death more terrible to the reſt.—Neither ſex nor age had any weight with them; above two hundred women, thirty of whom

had children at the breaſt, whom conjugal love had led to follow their huſbands; more than fifty old men, whom filial piety had ſnatched from the aſſaſſin's ſtab, were all moſt ſavagely butchered. The death of *Madame de Viſague* deſerves particular notice. This young lady was about ſeventeen years of age and very near her time of delivery: a party of the democrats found her behind a hedge to which place ſhe had drawn her huſband, who was mortally wounded. When the canibals diſcovered her, ſhe was on her knees ſupporting his head with her arm; one of them fired upon her with a carabine, another quartered her with his hanger, while a third held up the expiring huſband to be a ſpectator of their more than helliſh cruelty.

Several wounded priſoners were collected together, and put into a ditch, with ſentinels placed round them to prevent them from killing themſelves, or one another; and thus were they made to linger, ſome of them two or three days, while their enemies teſtified their ferocious pleaſure by all the inſulting geſticulations of ſavages.

Such was the fury of the triumphant democrats, that the deputies from the Convention gave an order againſt burying the dead, 'till they had been cut in morſels. *Tollet*, the infamous Tollet, democratic prieſt (that is to ſay, an apoſtate) of *Trevoux*, went, blood hound like, in queſt of a few unhappy wretches who had eſcaped the bloody 9th of October; and when, by perfidious promiſes, he had drawn them from their retreats, he delivered them up to the daggers of their aſſaſſins.

Of all the little army that attempted the retreat only about forty ſix eſcaped; ſix hundred and eighteen were brought back in chains; ſome of them died of their wounds, and all thoſe who were not relieved from life this way, were dragged forth to an ignominious death.

During theſe dreadful ſcenes the deputies from the Convention, who, were now abſolute maſters of the unfortunate city, were preparing others, if poſſible, ſtill more dreadful. As a preliminary ſtep, they re-organized the *democratic ſociety*. To this infernal rendezvous the deputy *Javogues* repaired, and there broached his project in a ſpeech, the ſubſtance of which was nearly as follows. After having repreſented *Challier* as a martyr in the cauſe of liberty, as the hero of the republic, and the avenger of the people, he addreſſed himſelf to the aſſembly in nearly theſe terms. "Think," ſaid he, "of "the ſlavery into which you are plunged by "being the ſervants and workmen of others; "the nobles, the prieſts, the proprietors, the "rich of every deſcription, have long been in "a combination to rob the democrats, the real "ſans culotte republicans, of their birth right; "go, citizens; take what belongs to you, and "what you ſhould have enjoyed long ago.— "Nor muſt you ſtop here, while there exiſts "an ariſtocracy in the buildings, half remains "undone: down with thoſe edifices, raiſed for "the profit or pleaſure of the rich; down with "them all*: commerce and arts are uſeleſs to a

* A hundred houſes were deſtroyed per day by order of the Convention. All the hoſpitals, the manufactories, banks, &c. &c. were deſtroyed without exception. Before

" warlike people, and deſtruction of that ſub-
" lime equality which France is determied to
" ſpread over the whole globe." He told this enſlaved, this degraded populace, that is was the duty of every good citizen to diſcover all thoſe whom he knew to be guilty of having, in thought, word, or deed, conſpired againſt the republic. He exhorted them to fly to the offices (opened for receiving ſuch accuſations,) and not to ſpare one lawyer, prieſt, or nobleman. He concluded this harrangue, worthy of one of the damned, with declaring, that for a man to accuſe his own father was an act of civiſm worthy a true republican, and that to neglect it was a crime that ſhould be puniſhed with death.

The deeds that followed this diabolic exhortation were ſuch as might be expected. The bloody ruffians of democrats left not a houſe, not a hole unſearched; men and women were led forth from their houſes with as little ceremony as cattle from their pens; the ſquare where the guillotine ſtood was reddened with blood, like a ſlaughter-houſe, while the piercing cries of the ſurviving relations were drowned in the more vociferous howlings of *Vive la Republique*.

the revolotion, that is to ſay in 1789, this city contained above a hundred and fifty thouſand inhabitants; it was the ſecond town, with reſpect to population, in France, and the firſt manufacturing town in all Europe. It does not now contain ſeventy thouſand inhabitants, and thoſe are all reduced to beggary and ruin. As for trade, there is no ſuch thing thought of. The laſt repo t to the Convention, reſpecting Lyons, declares the inhabitants without work or bread.

It is hard to ſtifle the voice of nature, to ſtagnate the involuntary movements of the ſoul; yet this was attempted, and, in ſome degree, effected, by the deputies of the Convention.—Perceiving that theſe ſcenes of blood had ſpread a gloom over the countenances of the innocent inhabitants, and that even ſome of their ſoldiers ſeemed touched with compunction, they iſſued a mandate, declaring every one ſuſpected of ariſtocracy, who ſhould diſcover the leaſt ſymptom of pity, either by his words or his looks?

The preamble of this mandate makes the blood run cold: "By the thunder of God! "in the name of the repreſentatives of the "French people; on pain of death, it is or-"dered, &c. &c." Who would believe that this terrific mandate, forbidding men to weep or look ſorrowful, on pain of death, concluded with, *Vive la liberté? (Liberty for ever!)* who would believe that the people, who ſuffered this mandate to be ſtuck up about their city like a play bill, *had ſworn to live free*, or die?

However, in ſpite of all their menaces, they ſtill found that remorſe would ſometimes follow the murder of a friend, or relation. Conſcience is a troubleſome gueſt to the villain who yet believes in an hereafter; the deputies, therefore, were reſolved to baniſh this gueſt from the boſoms of their partizans, as it had already been baniſhed from their own.

With this object in view they ordered a ſolemn *civic feſtival* * in honour of *Challier*. His

* If the reader has never ſeen a *civic feſtival*, and wiſhes to be fully informed about the *organization* of one, I refer

image was carried round the city, and placed in the churches. Thoſe temples which had (many of them) for more than a thouſand years, reſounded with hozannas to the Supreme Being, were now profaned by the adorations paid to the image of a *parricide*.

All this was but a prelude to what was to follow the next day. It was ſunday, the day conſecrated to the worſhip of our bleſſed Redeemer. A vaſt concourſe of democrats, men and women, aſſembled at a ſignal agreed on, formed themſelves into a ſort of mock proceſſion, preceded by the image of *Challier*, and followed by a little detached troop, each bearing in his hand a chalice, or ſome other vaſe of the church. One of theſe ſacraligious wretches led an aſs, covered with a prieſt's veſtment and with a mitre on his head. He was loaded with crucifixes and other ſymbols of the chriſtian religion, and had the old and new teſtament ſuſpended to his tail. Arrived at the ſquare, called the *Terreaux*, they then threw the two *teſtaments*, the crucifixes, &c. into a fire, prepared for the purpoſe, made the aſs drink out of the ſacramental cup, * and were proceeding to conclude their diabolical profanations with the maſſacre of all the priſoners, to appeaſe the ghoſt of *Challier*, when a violent thunder guſt put an end to their meeting, and deferred the work of death for a few hours.

him to the citizen democrats, who were of the comittee of arrangement for the laſt *civic feſtival* that was held in the *city of brotherly love*.

* It will hardly be believed in Europe, that ſome of the *Miniſters of the goſpel* at Boſton, in New England, put up

The pauſe was not long. The deputies, profiting by the impious frenſy with which they had inſpired the ſoldiery and the mob, and by the conſternation of the reſpectable inhabitants, continued their butchery with redoubled fury. Thoſe who led the unhappy ſufferers to execution were no longer ordered to confine themſelves to ſuch as were entered on the liſt of proſcription, but were permitted to take whoever *they thought worthy of death!* To have an enemy among the democrats, to be rich, or even thought rich, was a ſufficient crime. The words *nobleman*, *prieſt*, *lawyer*, *merchant*, or even *honeſt man*, were ſo many terms of proſcription. Three times was the place of the guillotine changed, at every place holes were dug to receive the blood, and yet it ran in the gutters! the executioners were tired, and the deputies, enraged to ſee that their work went on ſo ſlowly, repreſented to the mob that they were *too merciful*, that vengeance lingered in their hands, and that their enemies ought to periſh *in maſs!* *

public thankſgivings for the ſucceſſes of theſe wretches.—The fact is, however, well known, and ſhall be well proved, before I have done.

* Let not the reader imagine that the Convention did not approve of all this. A deputation from the city went to Paris, repreſented at the bar of the Convention the deva ſtation and carnage to which their city was a prey; but in place of being heard with that attention they deſerved, they were thrown into a dungeon, and the Convention decreed that Lyons ſhould be deſtroyed even to its very name, which was in future to be *commune affranchié* (free common,) and that a column ſhould be erected to commemorate its having warred againſt *Liberty!*

Accordingly, next day, the execution *in maſs* began. The priſoners were led out, from a hundred to three hundred at time, into the out ſkirts of the city, where they were fired upon, or ſtabbed. One of theſe maſſacres deſerves a particular notice. Two hundred and ſixty nine perſons, taken indiſcriminately among all claſſes and all ages, were led to *Brotteaux*, and there tied to trees. In this ſituation they were fired upon with grape ſhot. Here the *cannoneers of Valenciennes*, who had not had the courage to defend their own walls, who owed their forfeited lives to the mercy of royaliſts, valiantly pointed their cannons againſt them, when they found them bound hand and foot!——The coward is ever cruel.———Numbers of theſe unfortunate priſoners had only their limbs broken by the artillery; theſe were diſpatched with the ſword or the muſket. The greateſt part of the bodies were thrown into the Rhone, ſome of them before they were quite dead; two men, in particular had ſtrength enough to ſwim to a ſand bank in the river. One would have thought, that, thus ſaved as it were by miracle, the vengeance of their enemies would have purſued them no further; but, no ſooner were they perceived, than a party of the *dragoons of Lorraine* croſſed the arm of the river, ſtabbed them, and left them a prey to the fowls of the air.———Reader, fix your eyes on this theatre of carnage.——— You barbarous, you ferocious monſters! You have found the heart to commit theſe bloody deeds, and ſhall no one have the heart to publiſh them, in a country that boaſts of an unbounded liberty of the preſs? Shall no one tell,

with what pleaſure you plunged your daggers into the defenceleſs breaſts of thoſe whoſe looks had often appalled your coward hearts? Shall no one tell, with what heroic what god-like conſtancy they met their fate? How they ſmiled at all your menaces and cannibal geſticulations? How they deſpiſed you in the very article of death?———Strewed with every ſweeteſt flower be the grave of *Mons. Chapius de Maubourg*, and let his name be graven on every faithful heart! This gallant gentleman, who was counted one of the firſt engineers in Europe, fell into the hands of the democrats. They offered to ſpare his life, if he would ſerve in the armies of the Convention: they repeated this offer, with their carabines at his breaſt. "No," replied he, "I have never fought but for my "God and my king; deſpicable cowards! fire "away!"

The murder *in maſs* did not rob the guillotine of its prey; there the blood flowed without interruption. Death itſelf was not a refuge from democratic fury. The bodies of the priſoners who were dead of their wounds, and of thoſe who, not able to ſupport the idea of an ignominious death, had given themſelves the fatal blow, were carried to the ſcaffold, and there beheaded, receiving thouſands of kicks from the ſans culottes, becauſe the blood would not run from them. Perſons from their ſick beds, old men, not able to walk, and even women found in child bed were carried to the murderous machine. The reſpectable Mons. *Lauras* was torne from his family of ten children and his wife big with the eleventh. This

diſtracted matron ran with her children, and threw herſelf at the feet of the brutal deputy *Collet D'Herbois.*——No mercy!——Her conjugal tenderneſs, the cries of her children, every thing calculated to ſoften the heart preſented themſelves before him, but in vain.—— "Take away" (ſaid he, to the officious ruffians by whom he was ſurrounded) "take away the "ſhe rebel and her whelps."* Thus ſpurned from the preſence of him who alone was able to ſave her beloved huſband, ſhe followed him to the place of execution. Her ſhrieks, when ſhe ſaw him fall, joined to the wildneſs of her looks, but too plainly foretold her approaching end. She was ſeized with the pains of child birth, and was carried home to her houſe; but, as if her tormentors had ſhown her too much lenity, the ſans culotte commiſſary ſoon after arrived, took poſſeſſion of all the effects in the name of the ſovereign people, drove her from her bed and her houſe, from the door of which ſhe fell dead in the ſtreet.†

* The reader's indignation certainly will not be leſſened, when he hears that this *Collet D'Herbois*, this arbiter of life and death, was, before the revolution, a—— *player!* It is even ſaid, that much of the blood ſhed at Lyons may be aſcribed to his having, ſome years before, been hiſſed fro' the ſtage in that city. There are a hundred perſons now in Philadelphia who have ſeen him in the character of harlequin. Bleſſed revolution! that expoſes a city of a hundred and fifty thouſand inhabitants to the wanton vengeance of a diverting vagabond!

† Citizen Benjamin Franklin Bache's gazette ſays, that "it would be an eaſy matter to apologize for all the mur-"ders commited in France;" let him apologize for this. Not that I imagine he cannot do it, according to thed e-

About three hundred women hoped, by their united prayers and tears to touch the hearts of the ferocious deputies; but all their efforts were as vain as those of *Madame Lauras*. They were threatened with a discharge of grape shot.—Two of them, who, notwithstanding the menaces of the democrats, still had the courage to persist, were tied during six hours to the posts of the guillotine; their own husbands were executed before their eyes, and their blood sprinkled over them!

Mademoiselle Servan, a lovely young woman of about eighteen years of age, was executed, because she would not *discover the retreat of her father!* "What!" (said she nobly, to the democratic committee) "What! betray my fa-"ther! impious villains, how dare you sup-"pose it?"*

Madame Cochet, a lady equally famed for her beauty and her courage, was accused of having

mocratic creed, but it would be curious to hear his apology. Doctor Priestley also, says that all these things are for the good of the Unitarian religion, and therefore says he, "*we* must look upon them as a *blessing!*"

"Thus, if eternal justice rule the ball,
"Thus shall their wives, and thus their children fall."

* Too much cannot be said in praise of the intrepidity of the *Romish* priests. No terrors, no torments, could bring them to confess that they had done wrong in adhering to the Catholic church. They suffered death with a degree of cheerfulness that never has been surpassed.—*Mr. Maupetit* also deserves to be immortalized. He was taken prisoner during the siege; but he did not, like the poltroon Brutus, put an end to his life for fear of the scoffs of his enemies. He suffered himself to be buried alive, up to his neck, in which situation his head was mashed to pieces by four-pound balls, that his enemies tossed at it in derision, all which he endured without one plaintive accent.

put the match to a cannon during the ſiege, and of having *aſſiſted in her huſband's eſcape.* She was condemned to ſuffer death; ſhe declared herſelf with child, and the truth of this declaration was atteſted by two ſurgeons. In vain did ſhe implore a reſpite, in vain did ſhe plead the innocence of the child that was in her womb: her head was ſevered from her body amidſt the death howl of the democratic brigands.

Pauſe here, reader, and imagine, if you can, another crime worthy of being added to thoſe already mentioned.——Yes, there is one more, and hell would not have been ſatisfied, if its miniſters had left it uncommitted. *Libidinous brutality! Javogues*, one of the deputies from the Convention opened the career. His example was followed by the ſoldiery and the mob in general. The wives and daughters of almoſt all the reſpectable inhabitants, particularly of ſuch as had emigrated, or who were murdered, or in priſon, were put *in a ſtate of requiſition*, and were ordered, on pain of death, to hold their *bodies* (I ſpare the reader the term made uſe of in the decree) in readineſs for the embraces of the true republicans! Nor were they content with violation: the firſt ladies of the city were led to the tree of *Liberty* (of *Liberty!*) and there made to take the hands of chimney-ſweepers and common felons! Deteſtable wretches! at the very name of democrat, humanity ſhudders, and modeſty hides its head!

I will not inſult the reader's feelings by deſiring him to compare the pretended tyranny of the Britiſh government with that I have here related; nor will I tell the *United Iriſhmen*, that even an *Iriſh*

maſſacre is nothing compared to the exerciſe of the *democratic laws* of France; but I will aſk them to produce me, if they can, an inſtance of ſuch conſummate tyranny, in any government, or in any nation. *Queen Mary* of England, during a reign of five years, cauſed about 500 innocent perſons to be put to death; for this, poſterity has, and very juſtly too, branded her with the ſur-name of bloody. What ſur-name, then, ſhall be given to the aſſembly that cauſed more than that number to be executed *in one day*, at Lyons? The maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, an event that filled all Europe with conſternation, the infamy and horrors of which have been dwelt on by ſo many eloquent writers of all religions, and that has held Charles the IX. up to the execration of ages, dwindles into child's play, when compared to the preſent murderous revolution, which a late writer in France emphatically calls "a St. Bartholomew of five "years."* According to *Mons. Boſſuet*, there were about 30,000 perſons murdered, in all

* Charles IX, bigotted and bloody minded as he was, durſt not attempt that tone of tyranny which has been aſſumed by the National Convention; there was ſome honour among the Frenchmen of thoſe days. The *governor of Bayonne* having received the order for the maſſacre of the Proteſtants of that city, wrote to the king: "Sire, I have found in your city of *Bayonne* none but loy-"al ſubjects, and not a ſingle cut-throat." At Lyons, the common hangman being ordered to enter a priſon, and diſpatch two or three proteſtants: "No," ſaid he, "I am "an executioner, but *no murderer*." Let any man produce me, if he can, a ſingle inſtance of this kind among the republican French: let him tell me when a democrat has been known to refuſe to ſhed blood. The common hangman at Lyons, when France was a monarchy, enter-

France, in the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew; there has been more than that number murdered in the ſingle city of Lyons and its neighbourhood; at Nantz there have been 27,000; at Paris, 150,000; in La Vendee, 300,000. In ſhort, it appears that there have been *two millions* of perſons murdered in France, ſince it has called itſelf a republic, among whom are reckoned *two hundred and fifty thouſand women, two hundred and thirty thouſand children* (beſides thoſe murdered in the womb,) and *twenty four thouſand Chriſtian Prieſts!*

And is there, can there be, a faction in America, ſo cruel, ſo bloody minded, as to wiſh to ſee theſe ſcenes repeated in their own, or *any other* country? If there be, Great God! do thou mete to them, ten fold, the meaſure they would mete to others; afflict on them every curſe of which human nature is ſuſceptible; hurl on them thy reddeſt thunderbolts; ſweep the ſanguinary race from the face of the creation!

tained a higher ſenſe of honour than has yet been expreſſed by any member of the National Convention.

* This computation is taken from *les details des creautés des Jacobins*, lately publiſhed at Paris.

DEMOCRATIC MEMOIRES,

OR AN ACCOUNT OF SOME RECENT FEATS PERFORMED BY THE FRENCHIFIED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IF ſuch, then, are the principles of thoſe men, called democrats, ought not every good man in this country to be very cautious how he gives them the leaſt countenance? Ought he not to follow them in all their actions with an attentive eye, and let ſlip no opportunity of expoſing their ambitious and deſtructive deſigns? For my part, I by no means deſire to aſſume the dubious name of patriot, what I am doing, I conceive to be my duty; which conſideration, as it will juſtify the undertaking, will in ſome meaſure apologiſe for the want of abilities that may appear in the execution.

Upon a view of the horrible revolution that at preſent agitates the world, we perceive that, though the grand object of the democrats has been every where the ſame, yet their pretended motives have varied with their ſituation. In America, where the Federal Conſtitution had juſt been put in movement, and had begun to extend its benificent effects, it was impoſſible

to talk of *reformation;* at leaſt it was impoſſible to make the people believe that it was neceſſary. The well known wiſdom and integrity and the eminent ſervices of the Preſident had engraven ſuch an indelible attachment for his perſon on the hearts of *Americans*, that his reputation, or his meaſures, could be touched but with a very delicate hand. A plan of indirect operations was therefore fixed upon; and it muſt be allowed, that, by the help of a foreign agent, it was not badly combined. The outlines of this plan were, to extol to the ſkies every act of the boxing legiſlators of France; to dazzle *thoſe who have nothing* with the "ſublime ſyſtem of "equality;" to make occaſional reflections on the reſemblance between this government and that of Great Britain; to condemn the Britiſh laws (and conſequently, our own at the ſame time) as ariſtocratic, and from thence to inſinuate that "*ſomething yet remained to be done;*" and, finally, to throw a veil over the inſults and injuries received from France, repreſent all the actions of Great Britain in the moſt odious light, plunge us into a war with the latter, put us under the tutelage of the former, and recall the glorious times of violence and plunder. Thanks to an *energetic* government; thanks to the ſteady conduct of the executive power, this abominable plan has been diſconcerted; the phalanx has been broken; but it is nevertheleſs prudent to purſue the ſcattered remains, draw them from their cabaling aſſemblies, and ſtretch them on the rack of public contempt.

For the advancement of the patriotic plan above mentioned, nothing could be more con-

venient than the aſſiſtance of thoſe Britiſh emigrants, who for want of ſenſe, want of principle, or want of victuals, were ready to ſell themſelves to work evil. The reader has ſeen * to what advantage they turned the apoſtate paw of a mountaineer from Scotland, and he cannot but have obſerved what a conſiderable part theſe *perſecuted emigrants* have borne in all the violent abuſe that has been poured out againſt the Federal government for two years paſt. † They are a ſet of under devils, as neceſſary to their chiefs as Wachum to Sidrophel, or Belzebub to Lucifer,

If men are to be judged of by the friendſhips they form, what muſt we think of our democrats, when we hear them ſighing for their friends, "the illuſtrious *citizens*, ſent to Botany "Bay?" Never, I am ſure, did *Leander* make louder lamentations for his love, than they for their *virtuous Muir*. It is to be regretted that they poſſeſs the whining part only of Leander's character: how happy ſhould we be, if they would but ruſh into the ſea as he did into the Helleſpont! However, if the treaty with Great Britain ſhould bring us an inch of territory in New Holland (a thing that would prove the pro-

* See the firſt part of the *Bone to Gnaw*.

† Not to go far back for an example, let the reader conſult the Philadelphia Gazette of 16th May, 1795, and he will there find a piece intended to ſtir up the lower orders of the people of this city to oppoſe the meaſures of the corporation; let him compare this piece with the *introduction* to the *Political Progreſs of Britain*, and he will eaſily perceive that they are both from the ſame *foreign* hand.

vidential care of government), ſome of them may yet meet their long loſt friend, without acting the part of deſpairing lovers.

A company of our countrymen (who undoubtedly do us a great deal of honour), aſſembled ſome time ago to paſs compliments on their own patriotiſm and bravery, thought it but juſt to do the ſame by their friends all over the world, and particularly to the "*Botany Bay convicts*, "the *French ſans culottes*, and the *Governor of* "*the ſtate of Pennſylvania.*" Heavens defend us! What a group! You will hardly imagine reader, that our good Governor was preſent, and bore all this as patiently as a lamb. Mind me, I do not ſay that he was preſent, but that I was informed ſo by the Philadelphia Gazette. Indeed no one can believe it; it is abſolutely impoſſible that he ſhould ſit quietly, and hear himſelf clubbed with convicts and common ſtabbers, and even *aſſiſt in ſinging his own victories*, like Alexander the great among his paraſitical peers.

"Sooth'd with the ſound, the——grew vain,
"Fought all his battles o'er again,
"And thrice he routed all his foes,
"And thrice he ſlew the ſlain."

No, no; what muſt a foreigner think if he were to hear it ſaid that his *Excellency* was ſeen boozing in a beer-houſe * with a ſquad of ſer-

* It is an honour to the French Nation, that, among all their vices, the beaſtly one of getting drunk is not to be numbered. I wiſh thoſe among us, who have the laudable ambition of being thought their baſtards, would imitate them in this reſpect, rather than in dancing after them round

jeants and corporals, and drinking like fury to a cargo of convicts? What muſt a foreigner think if he were to hear a governor of a State, one day recommending to the legiſlature, in the moſt preſſing manner, to ſoften the *penal code*, and the next, drinking to the criminals of other nations? Would he not naturally conclude that ———but ſtop; the concluſion is ſo evident, that I will not inſult the penetration of the reader by giving it a place here.

No, no; I will never believe, that our wiſe and good and prudent and ſober Governor was ever ſeen in ſuch company. Slander, ſhut up thy infamous jaws, I will not hear thee!

One company of theſe *amateurs* of convicts ſeemed to me extremely reaſonable. "The "illuſtrious *citizens* ſent to Botany Bay," ſay they; "may they *regenerate* that unhappy "country."—Let it no longer be ſaid, that I never approve of democratic toaſts (I beg their pardon, the one before us is called a *ſentiment*) for I do moſt heartily approve of this. Perhaps there never was a ſociety that ſtood more in need of regeneration. Let them, in the name of goodneſs, have a little revolution among themſelves; no harm whatever can come of it, and much good may, if they have any citizen among them ingenious enough to make a guilliotine.

In caſe of a change of this kind, the New-Hollanders would have a conſiderable advantage over the poor French; for, being already as

the altar of liberty. They ſhould recollect that, ſpewing out drunken toaſts is a cuſtom purely Engliſh.

infamous as it is poſſible for the devil to make them, they will ſtand in no need of a national aſſembly to *enlighten* them by degrees, or of a convention to put the finiſhing ſtroke to their education. Citizen Muir and his colleagues might ſet the *ſheep-ſtealing* legiſlation agoing without any kind of ceremony. A republic one indiviſible, and founded upon the broad baſis of equality, would be more likely to acquire ſtability at Botany Bay than in any other State in the world; becauſe the nimble fingers of the citizens would neceſſarily keep up a continual ſhifting of property and ſo prevent that unconſcionable hording which is the firſt foundation of ariſtocracy.

" There *knaves*, in *novel ſyſtems* bold,
" More fabulous than Greeks of old,
" Shall *civic garlands* ſhed,
" Devoid of virtue, wealth or fame,
" Decree a more than Spartan name
" To thoſe who *theives were bred*."

" There enterpriſe ſhall never roam,
" But idleneſs, benum'd at home,
" Shall know nor ſhip nor ſailor;
" There all ſhall walk with naked breech,
" And all the poor (and who'll be rich?)
" Have Nature for their taylor.

" There it ſhall be each *patriot's* lot
" To pay *no tax* for farm or cot,
" But in all ſorts of weather,
" Like Indians wand'ring up and down,
" Each night at duſk *ſcratch* out a town
" To ſnore and ſtink together."

Happy ſtate? Would to heaven every democrat in the univerſe were there!

Diſagreeable company as theſe convicts and their admirers are, I cannot quit them without another obſervation or two.

Their crime was, attempting to overturn the government of their country. This they denied (before the courts of juſtice), but who will believe them? *Muir* and his aſſociates were tried and found guilty according to the ordinary forms of law; and let it be remembered too, that it was in Scotland they were found guilty, a country in which the people are more moral, more conſcientious, and more ſcrupulous with reſpect to oaths, than in any other in the world. But, let us judge a little for ourſelves. *Muir* was in France long after the beginning of the war; * he was careſſed by the national convention, and ſuffered to remain in liberty, and even to return to England, while the reſt of the Engliſh, men, women, and children, were thrown into priſon; and after his condemnation, a French veſſel was ſtationed at ſea to reſcue him from the hands of juſtice. How came the convention to ſhow ſo much anxiety about an individual of a nation which (if they ſhould live long enough) they are determined to annihilate? Maſter *Rowan* alſo eſcaped to France. Why to

* Imagine, reader, if you can, what this reformer went to France for.—No, you cannot. It was, dear reader, to endeavour *to perſuade the Convention to ſpare the life of Louis XVI!* Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Compaſſionate ſoul! And who ſent him, do you think? Thoſe very fellows that wanted to ſee *George's* head in a baſket! Oh, the tender hearted chickens! It was a pity the Convention did not pay as much attention to citizen Muir's ſoftening ſolicitations as they did to his *perſon*.

France; where as *a friend* to his country he could expect nothing but a dungeon? It appears that he was, at firſt, taken into cuſtody: but, as ſoon as he produced his bevet of infamy (I mean his certificate from his ſociety), he received the fraternal hug of all the cut-throats in Paris.

If we could for a moment ſuppoſe theſe convicts innocent, we ſhould place the democrats in this country in a more ridiculous ſituation than ever. For, if they were innocent, they were yet good *royaliſts*, while the democrats admire them for their being true *republicans!* The ſtupid inconſiſtency of theſe clubs has long been notorious, but in no one inſtance has it appeared in a ſtronger light than in the preſent. They howl over the convicts as innocent ſufferers, while they applaud them for the crime for which they have ſuffered.

I do not know whether there were any of the *United Iriſhmen*, or their *retainers*, at the laſt St. Patrick's feaſt, in this city; but I know they that drank to the memory of "*Brutus* and *Frank-*" *lin* (a pretty couple), to the *Society of United* "*Iriſhmen*, to the *French*, and to their *ſpeedy* "*arrival in Ireland.*"* After this, I think, it would be cruel to doubt of the patriotiſm of the United Iriſhmen, and their attachment to the Britiſh Conſtitution.

In theſe toaſting times it would have been ſomething wonderful if the ſans culottes in America had neglected to celebrate the taking of

* Reader, you will pleaſe to obſerve that there were but a few perſons preſent at this feaſt. I believe, that the greater part of the Iriſh inhabitants of this city, deteſt the proceedings of the United Iriſhmen as much as you and I do.

Amſterdam by their brethren in France. I believe from my ſoul there has been more cannons fired here in the celebration of this conqueſt than the French fired in atchieving it. I think I have counted twenty two grand civic feſtivals, fifty one of an inferior order, and one hundred and ninety three public dinners; at all which, I imagine, there might be nearly thirty thouſand people; and, as twenty thouſand of them, or thereabouts, muſt have been married men, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that eighteen or nineteen thouſand women with their children were at home wanting bread, while their huſbands were getting drunk at a civic feaſt.

There is in general ſuch a ſameneſs in thoſe feaſts that it would be but tiring the reader to deſcribe them; and it would, beſides, be anticipating what I intend to treat more at large, as ſoon as my materials for the purpoſe are collected.* The grand civic feſtival at Reading

* This work, which is to be entitled the *ſans culotte's vade mecum*, is to contain an account of all the civic feſtivals, patriotic dinners, toaſts, fraternal hugs, ſpeeches and replies, (ſome in broken French and ſome in broken Engliſh,) tears ſhed when the democrats have been crying drunk, benedictions on the French and execrations on the Engliſh; together with a full and true account of the Duke of York's being ſent to Paris in an iron cage; of the king of Sardinia and his two ſons being put into the ſame priſon with the Dauphin, and of the fifteen deſcents that the ſans culottes having made in England, with the exact number of men, women, and children they have devoured each time. This valuable work is to be comprized in one quarto volume, to be decorated with an elegant frontiſpiece (by an American artiſt) repreſenting *Le Gendre* drubbing *Leonarde Bourdon, and Co.* in the National Convention, on the 7th of March, 1795.

(Maſſachuſetts,) however, deſerves a particular mention, as it approaches nearer to a real French civic feaſt than any thing I have yet heard of in this country.

"The day was uſhered in by the ringing of the "bells, and a ſalute of 15 diſcharges from a "field piece. The American flag waved in "the wind and the flag of France *over the* "*Britiſh in inverted order.** At noon a large number of "*reſpectable* citizens aſſembled at ci- "tizen Rayner's, and partook of an elegant "entertainment—after dinner Capt. Emerſon's "military company in uniform, aſſembled, and "eſcorted the citizens to the-(grog-ſhop, I "ſuppoſe, you think?) to the *meeting houſe!!* "where an addreſs, pertinent to the occaſion, "was delivered by the *Reverend citizen Prentiſs*, "and united prayers and praiſes were offered to "God, and ſeveral hymns and anthems were "well ſung; after which, they returned in pro- "ceſſion to citizen Rayner's, when three farm- "ers with their frocks and utenſils, and with "a tree on their ſhoulders, were eſcorted by "the military company, formed in a hollow "ſquare, to the common, where the tree was "planted in form, as an emblem of freedom, "and the Marſellois hymn was ſung by a choir

As the whole is to be a collection from the *Philadelphia Gazette* and the *Aurora*, I intend publiſhing it by ſubſcription according to the laudable example of citizen Stephens, and I do hereby forbid all perſons to publiſh the ſaid work, as I have taken meaſures for ſecuring the copy-right.

* And yet, thoſe unreaſonable dogs, the Engliſh, pretend that our neutrality is not ſincere!

" within a circle round the tree. Major Bond-
" man (you know what ſort of captains and
" majors theſe are, reader ?) by requeſt, ſu-
" perintended the buſineſs of the day, and di-
" rected the manœuvres."

Theſe *manœuvres* were very curious to be ſure, particularly that of the *Reverend citizen Prentiſs*, putting up a long ſnuffing prayer for the ſucceſſes of the French atheiſts ! A pretty miniſter, truely ! There was nothing wanted to complete this feaſt but to burn the bible, and maſſacre the honeſt inhabitants of the town.—And are theſe the children of thoſe men who fled from their native country to a deſert, rather than deviate from what they conceived to be the true principles of the goſpel ? Are they ſuch men as *Prentiſs* to whom the people of Maſſachuſetts commit the education of their children and and the care of their own ſouls ? God forgive me if I go too far, but I think I would ſooner commit my ſoul to the care of the devil.

Nor was the *Reverend citizen Prentiſs* the only one who took upon him to mock heaven with thankſgivings for the ſucceſſes of the French *ſans culottes*. From Boſton they write : " It was high-
" ly pleaſing to *republicans* to hear *ſome* of our
" clergy yeſterday returning thanks to the Su-
" preme Being for the ſucceſſes of the good *Sans*
" *Culottes*."—Yes, reader, ſome of the clergy of Boſton put up thankſgivings for what they imagined to be the ſucceſſes of a ſet of impious wretches, who have in the moſt ſolemn manner aboliſhed the religion theſe very clergymen *profeſs*, who have declared chriſtianity to be a farce, and its founder an infamous impoſtor, and who have

repreſented the doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul as a mere cheat, contrived by artful prieſts to enſlave mankind. There is but too much reaſon to fear that many of thoſe whoſe duty it is to ſtand on the watch tower, whoſe duty it is to reſiſt this pernicious doctrine, are among the firſt to eſpouſe it; but let the clergymen of Boſton remember,

"That thoſe whoſe impious hands are join'd
"From Heav'n the thunderbolt to wreſt,
"Shall, when their crimes are finiſhed, find,
"That *death is not eternal reſt*."

But, they tell us, that it is becauſe the French are true republicans, that we ought to applaud them. What a ſarcaſm on republicaniſm! As if fire and ſword, priſons and ſcaffolds, the deſtruction of cities, the abolition of all religious worſhip, the inculcation of a doctrine which leads to every crime, ſtifles remorſe, and prevents a return to juſtice and humanity, were the characteriſtics of a true republic. If it be ſo, we ought to bluſh to call ourſelves republicans.

Thoſe profound ſtateſmen who, for our ſins, conduct the newſpapers of this country,* ſwore by all that was good, that as ſoon as Amſterdam was taken, Great Britain would become a prey to the Carmagnoles.——Is it ſo?—no, not juſt yet; but it will be ſo very ſoon, now; for a "*bridge of boats*" is getting ready to carry them over. Have patience only a few weeks

* Thoſe who are not meant here, know that they are not meant, and therefore no apology is neceſſary.

longer, and there will be no ſuch place as England in the world. My good countrymen, be no longer the ſport of theſe ſons of ink. They lie, good folks; upon my ſoul they tell you lies. I foretold, long enough ago, that the Engliſh would rejoice at the over running of Holland, and if they do not rejoice at it, their benevolent compaſſion for the Dutch muſt have got the better of their intereſt; for, if there ever was an event that tended to the agrandiſement of Great Britain, to concenter in her the commerce and riches of all Europe, it certainly is this. There has been a ſort of diviſion in the buſineſs; the French have got the *Dutchmen*, and the Engliſh have got their *money*; and I believe few ſenſible people will heſitate to allow that the latter is the beſt half.

When people blame our civic feaſt citizens for rejoicing on account of the triumphs of France over Spain and Holland, and recall to their minds that theſe two nations were among our beſt friends laſt war, they ſhould recollect that theſe our impartial and neutral citizens, do not wiſh ill to Spain and Holland except as it may tend to injure Great Britain, and that they would perhaps be as much againſt the French as they are for them, if they were at war with any other power. Their wiſhes, however, as is frequently the caſe among mortals, when accompliſhed, tend not to the object they have in view. What is it to Engliſhmen whether the Dutch ſniggarſnee the French, or the French guilliotine the Dutch? whether the Spaniards poignard, or are poignarded. What is it to Engliſhmen whether their enemies periſh on the

ſcaffold, or in the field, or whether they die with hunger? "Vengeance!" cry they, "ven-"geance on our foes! whether at Paris, Mad-"rid, or Amſterdam!" And, indeed, ſuch is the ſituation of things at preſent, that, were it not well known that our revolution was the fineſt thing that ever happened for mankind in general; were it not well known that the brave and generous nations that aſſiſted us, were actuated by the pureſt and moſt diſintereſted motives, one would be almoſt tempted to fear that heaven had yielded to the vindictive prayer of the Engliſh. I do not pretend to ſay that vengeance is as ſweet to our *ci-devant* King as it is to ſome of us; but, if it be, what a luxury muſt it be to him to ſee the family of Bourbon ruined, root and branch, deſpiſed, ſpit upon, and trodden underfoot? To ſee the baffled French nobility, fallen a ſacrifice to the *mania reformatio* that they caught during the American war, wandering like vagabonds, or pining in dungeons? to ſee them receiving alms from his own ſubjects, or, which is ſtill worſe, to ſee them, the very men who ſerved with ſo much honour under the American flag, the very men who led forth his army captive from York Town, to ſee them (oh! liberty, well mayeſt thou hide thy pretty face) to ſee them———cringing to his ſecretaries, and requeſting the *honour* of ſerving under the royal ſtandard of Great Britain! And what a more than luxury muſt it be to him to ſee Mynheer Van Stink the Stadtholder throwing himſelf and his children upon his generoſity; aſking bread to eat, and a hole to thruſt his head into? I do not pretend to ſay, I repeat

it, that the king of England is as revengeful as ſome of us; neither do I pretend that he has the ſame right to be ſo; for there are certain privileges that are the birth right of the ſons of liberty and equality, and which can never be extended to deſpots and their ſatellites; but, I will venture to ſay, that, if ſome among us (mind, I do not ſay *all*) were in his place at this moment, they would think themſelves the happieſt creatures in the world.

There is ſomething unaccountable to me in the reports concerning the taking of Holland. It is a *conqueſt*, and yet the poor Dutch, are made *free and independent* by it. The people every where received the French with *open arms*, and yet theſe latter have ſhown infinite *bravery*, and gained everlaſting *glory* by the victory. Before the French entered Holland, the people were *ſtarving*, but as ſoon as the French arrived, the grannaries became full of corn, which was to be ſent off immediately, to feed the gaunt ſans-culottes in France, and *ſo* ſpread plenty over Holland. The Dutch fleet is, in one page of our newſpapers, added to the French navy, to fight Lord Howe in the channel, and in another, it is drawn up in line of battle, by its ſelf, to fight a ſquadron in the North Sea. How can this be, you bare-a—d politicans? How can all this be, I ſay?

Yes, the Dutch are free, to be ſure; and as happy as the days are long. The ſans culotte general does not command the *ſoi diſant* * ſtates

* It is not amiſs to introduce a word or two of this ſort now and then; it is a beginning to the abolition of the Engliſh language.

general; he *invites* them only. My reader will recollect, though, that the citizens of France were invited to give up all their gold and silver. "Invitations from ſuperiors," ſays Fielding, "ſavour very ſtrongly of commands." So Maſter Pichegru, with a hord of a hundred and fifty thouſand barbarians at his heels, *invites* the regenerated Dutch aſſembly to give him a "few millions;" to require the inhabitants to make but "*frugal meals*;" to take a "few aſſignats in place of money;" or he *invites* them to —— France and the guilliotine. There is an infinite reſemblance between the conduct of Pichegru and that of Totila, king of the Goths. When this laſt entered Naples, he placed a guard over the inhabitants to prevent them from over-eating themſelves, while he crammed his hord for another expedition. But in ſome reſpects the ancient was far leſs terrible than the modern barbarian; he never put to death a ſingle prieſt, never robbed a church, nor was guilty of any kind of ſacrilege. It is even ſaid that, when he came to the convent of St. Benedict, he heard the old man with patience, and from that time forward became more humane. How amiable do the Goths appear, when compared to the modern French!

Some of the democratic tribe have cried aloud againſt me, for ſpeaking of the Dutch and French under the names of *Nick Frog* and the *Babboon*; but let them remember, that while they talk about *John Bull*, I muſt, and will, be permitted to keep up the allegory,*

* The reader has ſeen the allegory, I allude to, in Swift's works.

particularly at a time when it is become more ſtrikingly apropos than ever. "*Jupiter*," ſays the fable, "ſent the frogs a log of wood* to reign over them; but a bull being "let looſe in "the paſture, and having trod the guts of a "few of them out, they ſet up a terrible outcry "againſt the ſtupidity and negligence of king log. "*Jupiter*, tired at laſt with their everlaſting "croakings, and determined to puniſh them for "their ingratitude to his annointed log, ſent "them a huge Babboon that gobbled them up "by hundreds at a meal."

Patriot Paine, the heathen philoſopher, has obſerved, that republics never marry.† There is more humour than truth in this obſervation; for, though one would imagine, that the name of *ſiſter* that they give to each other, would be an inſuperable bar to ſuch an union, yet experience proves the contrary; for the French republic does not only marry, but is guilty of poligamy. She has already eſpouſed the republic of Batavia (commonly called Holland,) and the poor little Geneva, and ſhe is now ſwaggering about like a great Jack Wh——re‡ with

* The Statholder is well repreſented by a log.

† I muſt not leave the heathen in poſſeſſion of this remark; he ſtole it from *Sterne*, and he ſtole it from *Madame de Pompadour*, and ſhe ſtole it, perhaps, from Louis, XV.

‡ Let any man read the *raveſlations*, and ſee if France is not the real whore of Babylon.

"I ſaw a woman ſit upon a beaſt (the convention), full "of *names of blaſphemy*.—She had a cup in her hand *full* "*of abominations*.—She was drunk with the blood of the *mar-*"*tyrs of Jeſus*.—Her judgment ſhall come in an hour; her

a couple of under punks at her heels. She wanted to make love to the cheek of John Bull; but John, beaſt as he is, had too much grace to be ſeduced by her. "No," ſaid John, "you heatheniſh canibal, I will not touch you; "you reek with blood; get from my ſight "you ſtabbing ſtrumpet!" John was half right; for ſhe is indeed a cruel ſpouſe; ſomething like the brazen image, formerly made uſe of in Hungary, that cracked the bones, and ſqueezed out the blood and guts of thoſe who were condemned to its embraces.

How happy were we in eſcaping a marriage with a termagent like this! we were, indeed within an inch of it. Briſſot and his crew ſent out one of their citizens (who had been employed with ſo much ſucceſs in negociating the marriage with Geneva,*) to marry us by proxy, and the democrats were beginning to ſing,

"*merchandiſe*, her *gold*, *ſilver*, *precious ſtones*, *wood*, *wine*, "*oil*, and *fine flower*, *wheat*, *beaſts* and *ſheep*, and *horſes*, "and *chariots* and *ſlaves*.—All things which are *dainty* and "*goodly* ſhall depart from her.—The *merchants* ſhall cry, "alas! that great city that was clothed in *fine linnen*, and "*purple* and *decked with gold*, is come to nought.—And no "*craftſmen*, of whatſoever craft, ſhall be found any more "in her; and the ſound of a *mill ſtone* ſhall be heard no "more in her; and the light of a *candle* ſhall ſhine no more "in her, and the voice of the *bridegroom and bride* ſhall be "heard no more in her.—And the *ſhip-maſter*, and all "*the company in ſhips*, ſhall *ſtand aloof*."

Let no one, then, pretend that Rome is pointed out by the *ſcarlet whore*; it is France *ſcarlet with blood*.

* *Citizen Genet* was a principle actor in bringing about the revolution at Geneva. See the hiſtory of that revolution, publiſhed lately by J. Fenno, at Philadelphia.

"come haſte to the wedding;" when the Preſident, who had not burnt his bible, ſaw that the laws of conſanguinity did not allow of a marriage between two ſiſters, and therefore, like a good old father of his country, he peremptorily forbade the bans. Heavens bleſs him for it! if he had not done this, we might long ago have ſeen the *citizen inviting* the Congreſs, as Pichegru does the Dutch aſſembly, to ſend him five hundred oxen for breakfaſt.—He had already begun to ſcamper about our ſtreets with his ſans culotte dragoons (among whom, be it remembered, ſome of our democrats were baſe enough to enroll themſelves), and he would, by this time, perhaps, have ordered us, and not without reaſon, to call Philadelphia, *commune affranchie.*

The Convention, finding that we were not to be won by this booriſh kind of courtſhip, began to ſend us billets-doux to ſooth us into compliance. Among theſe, that which *invites* us to change our weights and meaſures is remarkable enough to merit a particular notice. A citizen ſomebody had been ſent to meaſure the terreſtrial arc contained between *Dunkirk* and *Barcelona*, from which operation it appeared the *we* ought (at the invitation of the *French*) to divide our *pound* into *ten ounces* our *gallon* into *ten quarts*, our *day* into *ten hours*, our *quadrant* into *a hundred degrees*, &c. &c. &c. juſt like *Hudibras*,

"For he by geometric ſcale
"Could take the ſize of pots of ale,
"And tell by ſines and tangents ſtrait,
"If bread and butter wanted weight."

This communication was a ſort of a preſent by way of breaking the ice; artful gallants begin with trifles; a handkerchief, a ring, any bauble marked with the lover's name, paves the way in affairs of love. If we had ſet about making the alterations, which we were invited to make, we ſhould, undoubtedly, have been invited to divide our year according to the decadery calender, aboliſh chriſtianity, and puniſh with death thoſe who ſhould have dared to worſhip "*the ci-devant God.*" I almoſt wonder that theſe generous *enlighteners* of the world, theſe generous encouragers of the arts and ſciences, had not ſent us, along with the models of weights and meaſures, models of their *lantern poſts*, and *guilliotines*. They talk about their *nautical diſcoveries*, why had they not ſent us, then, a model of their *drowning boats*, by which fifty women and children were ſent to the botom at a time? They might alſo have obliged us with an eſſay on the method of making bread, without taking the bran out of the flour; and how well pleaſed muſt the Congreſs have been with a treatiſe on legiſlative boxing!* But, as the French have all the honour of theſe diſcoveries, ſo, I ſuppoſe, they mean to have all the profit too, and God puniſh the villain that would wiſh to rob them of it, I ſay.

The Convention, in this communication, reſemble *Jack* in the *tale of a tub*; "Flay, pull, "tear all off," ſay they, "let not a ſingle ſtitch "of the livery of that d——d rogue, John Bull,

* See Dunlap's gazette of 8, May, 1795, for an account of a bruizing match in the National Convention.

" remain." The Congreſs, however have thought proper to imitate the phlegmatic good-nature of Brother Martin. " Steady, boys, " ſteady," ſaid they one to another; " thoſe " fellows, there, are got keel uppermoſt, and " they want to ſee us in the ſame plight."—I would have given a trifle to have had a view of the Senators when they received this *ten-ounces-to-the-pound* propoſal; the gravity of a ſenator ſurpaſſes what I conceive of it, if they did not run a riſk of burſting their ſides. The notice they have taken of it, will, I hope, prevent like *invitations* for the future; and convince the French, that our Congreſs is not an aſſembly

" Where *quicks* and *quirks*. in dull debates,
" Diſpute on *maximums* and *weights*,
" And cut the land in *ſquares*;
" Making king mob gulp down the cheat,
" And, ſingling for *themſelves the wheat*,
" Leave for the *herd* the *tares*."

I do not know whether the French are irritated at our *ſang froid*, or at our conſulting our intereſts with other nations, or how it is, but certainly they begin to ſhow their good will to us in a very odd manner. Their depredations on our commerce have already ſurpaſſed thoſe of the Engliſh. One captain writes: " I have " been *robbed by them*; they have *broken open* " *my trunks, and took my all.*" Another ſays; " they have called me a *damned Anglo-american*, " *beat me*, and thrown me into priſon." Another ſays:" They have kept me here theſe " four months; they do what they pleaſe with " my cargo; and *the lord knows what will become*

" *of me.*" Another *petitions* the ſans-culottes General, and concludes with " your petitioner " ſhall ever *pray!*"—And is this all? Do they now talk of theſe things with the humility of ſlaves? No execrations! Have they emptied their galls on the Engliſh? Is there not one curſe, one poor ſpiteful curſe, left for the ſans-culottes? Ye Gods! how men are ſometimes ice and ſometimes fire! When the Engliſh took our veſſels, what *patriot* boſom did not burn with rage? There was nothing talked of but vengeance, war, and confiſcation. Where is now all this " republican ardour," where are all thoſe young men who " burnt for an oppor- " tunity to defend the *liberty*, rights, and pro- " perty of their country?" Where are all thoſe couragious *captains*, who entered into an aſſociation to oblige the government to declare war? Are they dead? do they ſleep? or are they gone with their chief *Barney* to fight, like Swiſſes, for the French Convention? Laſt year about this time, nothing was to be heard but their malicious left handed complaints; a rough word or a wry look was thought ſufficient to rouze the whole Union to revenge the inſults they received on the high ſeas. They now ſeem as inſenſible to every inſult as the images at the head of their veſſels; ſubmit to their fate with chriſtian reſignation; with " lord have mercy " upon us," and, " your petitioners will ever " pray!"

If any one wants to be convinced that the democratic out-cry about the Britiſh depredations was intended only to plunge us into war and miſery, let him look at their conduct at

the preſent moment. An envoy extraordinary was ſent to England to demand reſtitution, which has not only been granted, but a long-wiſhed-for commercial treaty has alſo been negociated. One would think, that this would ſatisfy all parties; one would think that this would even ſhut the mouths of the democrats; but, no; this is all wrong, and they are beginning to tear the treaty to pieces, before they know any thing about it; they have condemned the whole, before they know any ſingle article of it. They were eternally abuſing Mr. Pitt, becauſe he kept aloof in the buſineſs, and, now he has complied, they ſay that no ſuch thing ſhould ever have been thought of. "What," ſays they, "make a treaty with Great Britain?"—And why not, wiſeacres? Who would you make a treaty with, but thoſe with whom you trade? You are afraid of giving umbrage to France, eh? Is this language worthy an *independent* nation? What is France to us, that our deſtiny is to be linked to hers? that we are not to thrive becauſe ſhe is a bankrupt? ſhe has no articles of utility to ſell us, nor will ſhe have wherewith to pay us for what ſhe buys. Great Britain, on the contrary, is a ready-money cuſtomer; what ſhe furniſhes us is, in general, of the firſt neceſſity, for which ſhe gives us, beſides, a long credit; hundreds and thouſands of fortunes are made in this country upon the bare credit given by the merchants of Great Britain.

Think not, reader, whatever advantages we are about to derive from the treaty with Great

Britain, that I wiſh to ſee ſuch a marked partiality ſhown for that nation, as has hitherto appeared for the French; ſuch meanneſſes may be overlooked in thoſe deſpicable ſtates that are content to roll as the ſatellites of others, in a Batavia or a Geneva, but in us it never can.—No; let us forget that it is owing to Great Britain that this country is not now an uninhabited deſert; that the land we poſſeſs was purchaſed from the aborigines with the money of an Engliſhman; that his hands traced the ſtreets on which we walk. Let us forget from whom we are deſcended, and perſuade our children that we are the ſons of the gods, or the accidental offspring of the elements; let us forget the ſcalping knives of the French, to which we were thirty years expoſed; but let us never forget, that we are *not* Frenchmen. Let us never forget that *Independence* is our motto; that we have not ſhaken off the yoke of *one ſovereign* to put on that of *ſeven hundred tyrants*; that the inſtant a nation, whatever may be its internal laws and conſtitution, ſubmits to the tutelage of another, every individual belonging to it is a ſlave.

FINIS.

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THE

ROMANCE

OF THE

FOREST.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

INTERSPERSED WITH

SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

By Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

AUTHORESS OF

"A SICILIAN ROMANCE," MYSTERIES *of* EUDOLPHO, &c.

EXTRACT *from the* CRITICAL REVIEW.

The novel before us engages the attention ſtrongly, and intereſts the feelings very powerfully: the general ſtyle of the whole, as well as the reflections, deſerve alſo commendations. The greater part of the work reſembles, in *manner*, the old Engliſh Baron, formed on the model of the caſtle of Otranto. We have the ruined abbey, a ſuppoſed ghoſt, the ſkeleton of a man ſecretly murdered, with all the horrid train of images which ſcenes and ſuch circumſtances may be ſuppoſed to produce. They are managed however, with ſkill, and do not diſguſt with their improbability: every thing is conſiſtent, and within the verge

of rational belief: the attention is uninterruptedly fixed till the veil is designedly withdrawn. One great mark of the author's talents is that the events are concealed with the utmost art, and even suspicion sometimes designedly misleads, while in the conclusion, every extraordinary appearance seems naturally to arise from causes not uncommon. The characters are varied with skill, and often dexterously contrasted.

In the second volume, the scenes are changed, and we are led to the wild and more picturesque scenes of Savoy. The descriptions are in this place often beautiful, and seem to be drawn from personal examination. The family of La Luc, the worthy pastor of Leloncourt, are described with equal feeling and elegance.

If it may appear, that we have commended this novel with an earnest warmth, we can only say in apology for it, that we have copied our real sentiments. The lady (who favoured the world with this production of her genius) is wholly unknown to us, and probably will ever continue so. We must however, consider, *The Romance of the Forest* as one of the first novels in this line of novel writing that we have seen.

A LITTLE
PLAIN ENGLISH.

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A LITTLE

PLAIN ENGLISH,

ADDRESSED TO

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES,

ON THE

TREATY,

NEGOCIATED WITH HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY,

AND ON THE CONDUCT OF

THE PRESIDENT

RELATIVE THERETO;

IN ANSWER TO

"THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN."

WITH A SUPPLEMENT

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TURBULENT AND FACTIOUS PROCEEDINGS OF THE OPPOSERS OF THE TREATY.

By PETER PORCUPINE.

"An habitation giddy and unsure
"Hath he who buildeth on the *vulgar* heart.
"Oh thou fond *Many!* with what loud applause
"Didst thou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolinbroke*,
"Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?
"And now, being trimmed up in thine own desires,
"Thou beastly feeder, art so full of him,
"That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up."

SHAKESPEARE.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

I Dare ſay, the reader has already concluded, that the author of *Plain Engliſh* can be no other than an Engliſhman; and, I can aſſure him, the further he advances, the more will he be confirmed in his opinion. It would then, be uſeleſs to deny the fact.

The *Democrats* have loaded me with every name which they imagine to be opprobrious, (but of which I am very proud) ſuch, for example, as Ariſtocrat, King'sman, Loyaliſt, Royaliſt, Clergyman, Engliſhman, &c. it is, therefore, no more than fair play for me to chooſe from amongſt them that which ſuits me beſt. *Engliſhman* is the one I have preferred on the preſent occaſion; becauſe, as an Engliſhman, I have not been obliged to declaim with enthuſiaſm on the inexhauſtible riches, the generoſity and humanity of the French Republicans; as an Engliſhman, I have not thought it neceſſary to my advancement, to varniſh over the follies and errors of a certain part of ſocie-

ty, in theſe States; as an Engliſhman, I ſhall be excuſed for not thinking myſelf upon a level with every *patriot*, every *negro*, and every *democrat*, that pleaſes to call me his *fellow citizen*; as an Engliſhman, as a calf of *John Bull*, I ſhall hope to be permitted, in ſhort, I will be permitted, to bellow out the truth without diſguiſe.

Methinks, I hear the reader exclaim: *what! the conduct of General Waſhington defended by an Engliſhman!* For my part, I cannot ſee how it can be more offenſive to a real American to hear the conduct of the Preſident defended by an Engliſhman, than to hear it condemned by a Frenchman. If meddling be at allcommendable, it certainly is as much ſo in the former as in the latter caſe. But, the reader need not alarm himſelf. He will not be diſguſted with nauſeous panegyrics on GENERAL WASHINGTON. I have not treated him as the CRAWLING DEMAGOGUES of this country treat the ſovereign people. If the GENERAL'S character or conduct ſtood in need of defence, it would not find a defender in me. In my anſwer to Franklin, on this ſubject, I have had the ſame object in view, that I have had in

view in every other ſentence I have yet publiſhed ; what that object is, I ſhall leave for the ſagacious democrats to find out.

From the volumes, or rather bales, that have already appeared againſt the treaty, I have ſelected the "Letters of Franklin," not becauſe they are the worſt things that have been written on the ſubject, and, God knows, it is not becauſe they are the beſt ; but becauſe they contain upon the whole, the faireſt ſample, I have yet ſeen, of the opinions and language of the oppoſers of the treaty.

I will, with the reader's leave, cloſe this preface with an obſervation, which, though rather foreign to the ſubject before us, is nevertheleſs nearly enough connected with democratic affairs to be worthy of a place.

This very day, a twelve month ago, the bells of this City were ringing, the cannons firing, *Tom the Tinker* toping, bawling, and dancing *à la canibale* round the altar of *La Liberté*, and every blackguard in the City rolling drunk about the ſtreet, to celebrate that happy event the deſtruction of Louis XVI. To-day there is none of all this: all is as ſtill

as death! What can this mean? Is patriotism upon the wane, even after the taking of Amsterdam and the death of the Dauphin? Surely my dream*about the last year's *fête civique* cannot have interrupted any thing? Can it be possible that conscience has at last struck *Tom the Tinker?* Was he afraid of seeing *Old William Penn* in reality? Oh! could I but flatter myself that I had worked a reformation there! Could I but hope, that I had scared Poor Tom into his senses, I should die in peace!

* See the first part of the *Bone to Gnaw.*

PHILADELPHIA, *August* 10th 1795.

A LITTLE

PLAIN ENGLISH,

ADDRESSED

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A TREATY of amity, commerce, and navigation, with Great Britain, is a thing which has been ſo long and ſo ardently deſired on your part, and ſo often ſolicited by your government, that one cannot help being aſtoniſhed that even the *democratic*, or *French*, *faction* ſhould have the temerity to raiſe a cry againſt it, now it is brought ſo near a concluſion. It is true, this perverſe faction is extremely contemptible, as to the property they poſſeſs, and the real weight they have in the community; and their diſſatisfaction, which is ſure to accompany every meaſure of the Federal Government, is a pretty certain

ſign of the general approbation of thoſe who may be properly called *the people*: but, it muſt be acknowledged at the ſame time, that they have for partizans almoſt the whole of that deſcription of perſons, who, among us royaliſts, are generally deſignated by the name of *mob*. Being an enemy to the adminiſtration, be it what it may, is always a ſufficient recommendation with theſe latter, and is looked upon as an ample compenſation for a loſt reputation or a want of talents. Thoſe who are ſimple enough to liſten to a demagogue, ſeldom care much about his moral character. With the rights of the *citizens*, their virtue, and their ſovereignty, eternally vibrating on his lips, he may, for ought they care, have a heart as black as Tartarus. If he writes, let him fill his pages with frothy declamation, and vaunting bombaſt, with the canting jargon of modern republicans, and it matters little what arrangement he makes uſe of. Ambiguity and confuſion are even an advantage to him, they are a labyrinth in which he loſes the wretches whom he has enticed from their duty. In ſhort, his buſineſs is to awaken in his reader, jealouſy, envy, revenge, and every paſſion that can diſgrace the heart of man, to lull his gratitude, reaſon, and conſcience, aſleep, and then let him looſe upon ſociety. Such is the eloquence, and ſuch the object of *Franklin*.

Far be it from me to pretend to a rivalſhip with this fawning mob orator; I would not for the world make one convert from his tat-

tered flock; unenvied I leave him to the plaudits of his cajoled "*fellow citizens*, and the fra-" ternal hugs of your *inſidious friends and allies.*

It is become a kind of eſtabliſhed cuſtom, even among thoſe who are the firm friends of your government, to yield to the prejudice of the populace, in paſſing eulogiums on the reigning powers in France; or, at leaſt, in obſerving a cautious ſilence with reſpect to their inſidious, not to ſay hoſtile, conduct towards the United States. Theſe gentlemen have, undoubtedly their reaſons for this; for my part, I have none, and therefore I ſhall take the liberty to ſay what, I am ſure they muſt think on the ſubject.

On all hands it is allowed, that the paraſite of a prince is a moſt deſpicable character; a popular paraſite muſt then be doubly deſpicable. It is poſſible for the ſupple courtier to find ſomething like an apology for his ſelf-humiliation; one may be dazzled by the ſplendour of a crown, or blinded by the munificence of a friend and protector; but what muſt be the man (if, indeed, he be worthy of the name,) who can crawl to the dregs of mankind? Who can make a voluntary ſurrender of the ſuperiority with which nature has endowed him; who can ſacrifice truth, honour, juſtice, and even common ſenſe, to the ſtupid ſtare and momentary huzza of the populace, of the populace whoſe welfare affects him not, and whom, in his heart, he deſpiſes?

The *Letters of Franklin* are a ſtring of phillipics againſt Great Britain and the Executive of the United States. They do not form a regular ſeries, in which the ſubject is treated in continuation: the firſt ſeems to be the overflowings of paſſion bordering on inſanity, and each ſucceeding one the fruit of a relapſe. To follow the author ſtep by ſtep through ſuch a jumble, would be to produce the ſame kind of diſguſt in you as I myſelf have experienced; I ſhall therefore deviate from the order, or rather diſorder, which *Franklin* has found it convenient to employ, and endeavour to bring the ſubject before you in a leſs complicated point of view.

The cenſure of *Franklin* has three principal objects; the treating with Great Britain at all, the terms of the treaty, and the conduct of the Preſident relative to the negociation.

I. He aſſerts, that to form a commercial treaty, with Great Britain is a ſtep, at once unneceſſary, impolitic, dangerous and diſhonourable.

II. That, if forming a treaty with Great Britain were conſiſtent with ſound policy, the terms of the preſent treaty are diſadvantageous, humiliating and diſgraceful to the United States.

III. That, ſuppoſing the terms of the treaty to be what every good American ought to approve, yet the conduct of the Preſident, relative to the negociation and promulgation of it, has been highly improper, and even monarchical, and, for which, he deſerves to be *impeached*.

If *Franklin* has made out any one of theſe aſſertions, if he has proved, that to treat with Great Britain is unneceſſary, impolitic, dangerous and diſhonourable, that the terms of the preſent treaty are diſadvantageous, humiliating and diſgraceful, or that the Preſident has purſued a conduct in the negociation for which he deſerves to be impeached, you will all do well to join the remonſtrating throng, that are now hunting the good Old General to his retreat at Mount Vernon; but if he has proved none of theſe; if all that he has ſaid on the ſubject be mere cavilling and abuſe, ſcolding, reviling, and execrating; if he be every where detected of miſrepreſentation, inconſiſtency, and flat contradiction; if, in ſhort it appears, that his ultimate object is to ſtir up the unwary to an indecent and even violent oppoſition againſt the Federal Government, then, if you conſult your own intereſts, you will be upon your guard, and weigh well the conſequences, before you determine on ſuch an oppoſition.

I. *Franklin aſſerts, that to form a commercial treaty with Great Britain is a ſtep, at once unneceſſary, impolitic, dangerous, and diſhonourable.*

1. It is *unneceſſary*, becauſe "*commercial "treaties are an artificial means to obtain a natu-"ral end. They are the ſwathing bands of com-"merce, that impede the free operations of nature.*" This will not detain us long; it is one of thoſe chimerical notions that ſo well characterize the Pariſian ſchool. Nobody but a ſet of philoſophical politicians ever imagined the plan of o-

pening all the ports in the world to all the veſſels in the world, " of interweaving and con-
" founding the intereſts of all nations, of form-
" ing the inhabitants of the earth into one vaſt
" republic, of rendering the whole family of
" mankind enlightened, free, and happy." When this plan ſhall be put in execution with ſucceſs, I will allow that commercial treaties are unneceſſary, but 'till then, I muſt contend for the contrary.

" The two countries," ſays *Franklin*, " if
" neceſſary in their products to each other, will
" ſeek an intercourſe." This is all I wanted him to admit, to prove that an exchange of commodities between our countries is neceſſary; for that they have ſought an intercourſe with each other, and that they do now ſeek that intercourſe more than ever, is moſt certain; ſo much ſo with reſpect to this country that about one half of her exports are now made to Great Britain and her dominions. But ſays he, " this ex-
" change ought to be left to itſelf; for the com-
" merce of nations ought to be like the trade be-
" tween individuals, who deal with thoſe who
" give them the beſt treatment and the beſt
" bargains." I ſubſcribe to the juſtice of the latter part of this remark with all my heart: nothing could be more convenient for my purpoſe; for if nations, like individuals, trade with thoſe who treat them beſt, and give them the beſt bargains, how much better treatment and better bargains muſt you receive from Great Britain than from other nations, when you purchaſe from her three times as much as from all

the reſt of the world put together? But, that this extenſive exchange, however neceſſary to both parties, ſhould be left to regulate itſelf, I cannot believe; for, keeping up the compariſon, the commerce of nations being like the trade between individuals, it will ever be found I believe, that treaties are as neceſſary to a continuance of good underſtanding in the former as written contracts are in the latter.

An obſervation preſents itſelf here, which muſt not be omitted. *Franklin* objects to forming a treaty with Great Britain, becauſe, ſays he, "She is famed for perfidy and double dealing, her polar ſtar is intereſt, artifice with her is a ſubſtitute for nature, &c. &c." God knows if all this, and much more that he has ſaid, be true; but, if it be, I am ſure it makes ſtrongly for a treaty, in place of againſt one; for, proceeding ſtill upon his own compariſon, "that commerce between nations is like trade between individuals," certainly no individual would ever think of dealing to any amount, with a perſon famed for perfidy and double dealing, without binding him down by written articles.

Out of this obſervation grows another of not leſs importance. *Franklin* has taken an infinite deal of pains to perſuade you that the Preſident ſhould have formed a treaty with France inſtead of Great Britain? Your commerce with France, even in the faireſt days of her proſperity, never amounted to more than a fifth part of your commerce with Great Britain; and, if what *Franklin* ſays be true, France is the moſt magnanimous, generous, juſt, honourable, (*hu-*

mane!) rich, and powerful nation upon the earth; and can you then want a written bargain with France, when a mere trifle is the object, and none with Great Britain, when half you have is at ſtake? Shall it be ſaid that you diſtruſt France, that honourable, that *rich* nation? that you bind her down with "hard biting laws," while you admit Great Britain, "whoſe days," *Franklin* aſſures you, "are numbered," to a kind of family intercourſe, where the bands of affection are ſuppoſed to ſupply the place of law?

Franklin incautiouſly acknowledges, "that "you repeatedly ſolicited a commercial trea- "ty with Great Britain," and this is very true. The firſt queſtion put to *Mr. Hammond*, on his arrival here, was to know, if he was authorized to treat on that ſubject. This was alſo the oſtenſible object of *Mr. Madiſon's* famous reſolutions. "To force the "nations of Europe, and particularly Great "Britain, to enter into commercial treaties "with you". The words *nations of Europe* were afterwards changed for *Great Britain*. Theſe reſolutions were a long time and are ſtill, a favourite theme of panegyric among the French Faction; all the *democratic ſocieties* in the union have paſſed reſolves in approbation of them; they have been toaſted at every patriotic dinner, every civic feaſt, and even our *Franklin* himſelf ſings forth their praiſes. How comes it then, that all theſe people now deprecate the idea of making a treaty with Great Britain? This will be no

longer a ſecret, when *Patriot Madiſon's* real object is known, and to know this you have only to compare his reſolutions with a paſſage in *Citizen Genet's* inſtructions. The fact is is, *Patriot Madiſon* had no ſuch thing as a treaty in view; nothing on earth was further from his wiſhes. War was his object; but this he could not propoſe in direct terms, and therefore, he propoſed ſuch reſtrictions on the Britiſh commerce, as he was ſure, if adopted, would produce a war. He failed, and Great Britain, in conſenting to what he pretended was the object of his reſolutions, and the Preſident and ſenate in ratifying it, are now loaded with the execrations of all his partizans. But what muſt be the *Patriot's* remorſe? What will he be able to ſay againſt treating with a nation, whom he wiſhed *to force to a treaty* with you?

2d. *Treaties are impolitic, becauſe they lead to to war: and conſequently a treaty with Great Britain is exceptionable on that account.* This is another idea borrowed from the legiſlators of your Siſter Republic, and ſurely it is not, for that reaſon, leſs whimſical. "Treaties lead to war," ſays *Franklin*, "and war is the bane of republican government." Treaties of alliance offenſive and defenſive lead to war, it is their object; but how treaties of *amity*, *commerce*, and *navigation*, can lead to war; how a treaty like that under conſideration, made expreſly to terminate all differences in an amicable manner, to produce ſatisfaction and good underſtanding, to eſtabliſh

univerſal peace and true friendſhip between the parties, how a treaty like this can lead to war, is, to me, inconceivable. With juſt as much reaſon might it be ſaid that treaties of peace lead to to war, that independence leads to ſubjugation, that liberty leads to ſlavery, and that good leads to evil.

"Treaties," ſays our Demagogue, "are "like partnerſhips, they eſtabliſh intimacies, "which ſometimes end in profligacy, and ſome-"times in ruin and bankruptcy, diſtruſt, ſtrife, "and quarrel;" and then on he goes with an abuſive apoſtrophe (which decency prevents me from copying here) inferring that you ought, on this account, to avoid a connection, as he terms it, with Great Britain. This compariſon is not ſo good as the laſt we quoted; treaties of amity and commerce do not at all reſemble partnerſhips. "The commerce of nations is like trade between individuals;" but commercial treaties reſemble contracts between individuals of ſeparate intereſts, and not co-partnerſhips. A co-partnerſhip implies an union of intereſts, a participation in profits and loſſes, in debts and credits. Are any of theſe underſtood by a commercial treaty? Aſſuredly not. In a commercial treaty two nations ſay: *on theſe terms we will buy and ſell, of and to each other.* Had you made a treaty with Great Britain to club your merchandize and revenues, and to carry on trade under the firm of Madam Britain and Miſs America, ſuch a treaty would, indeed, have reſembled a partnerſhip, and would very probably have been attended with all the inconveni-

encies, ſtated by *Franklin*; but commercial treaties are, I repeat it, among nations what written bargains are among individuals, and the former have exactly the ſame tendency as the latter, that is, to render miſtakes, diſputes, and quarrels, leſs frequent.

But, however, even if treaties do lead to war, it is rather ſurprizing to hear *Franklin* object to them on that account, when one third part of his book is taken up with invectives againſt the Preſident for not forming a treaty with France, the direct object of which was your taking a part with her in the preſent war. "The "treaty propoſed by Citizen Genet," ſays he, "was a treaty on liberal and equitable principles." What were theſe liberal principles now? Citizen Genet came forward with an offer to treat, which offer, it muſt be confeſſed contained no expreſs deſire of involving you in a war; but what were the Citizen's private inſtructions concerning this treaty? for it is from theſe that you are to judge, and not from the contents of a mere complimentary letter. What were they then? "Citizen Genet," ſays the Executive Council, "ſhall open a negociation, which "may become a national agreement in which "two great people ſhall *ſuſpend their commercial* "*and political intereſt, to befriend the empire of* "*liberty, wherever it can be embraced.*—"Such "a pact, which the people of France will ſup- "port with all the energy that diſtinguiſhes "them, will quickly contribute *to the general* "*emancipation of the New World.*—But ſhould

" the American adminiſtration adopt a waver-
" ing conduct, the Executive Council charges
" him, in expectation that the American Go-
" vernment will finally determine *to make a com-*
" *mon cauſe with us*, to take ſuch ſteps as will
" appear to him *exigencies may require*, to ſerve
" the cauſe of liberty and *the freedom of the peo-*
" *ple.*——*The guarantee of our Weſt India Iſlands*
" *ſhall form an eſſential clauſe in the new treaty*
" *which will be propoſed* : the Executive Coun-
" cil, in conſequence, recommend to Citizen
" Genet to ſound early the diſpoſition of the
" American government, and to make it a *ſine*
" *qua non* of their free commmerce to thoſe Iſ-
" lands, ſo eſſential to the United States." Here then are the " liberal principles," ſo much boaſted of by the partizans of France! A treaty on theſe principles is what *Franklin* would have approved of. For not forming a treaty on theſe principles he loads your Preſident with abuſe, while he declares, that his objection to treaties, is, " *they lead to war, and war is the bane of re-*
" *publican government*"! A demagogue, like a liar, ſhould have a good memory.

3d. *To form a treaty of commerce with Great Britain is dangerous*, he ſays; becauſe " it is
" forming a connection with a monarch, and
" the introduction of the *faſhions*, *forms*, and
" *precedents* of monarchical governments, has
" ever accelerated the deſtruction of republics."
Here we might aſk our demagogue, as the *Clown* did *Malvolio* : " are you a fool indeed, or do
" you but counterfeit?" For, to ſuppoſe him in earneſt would be to believe him guided by

ſomething below even the imbecility of a frenchified republican. It would be to ſuppoſe him almoſt upon a level with a Member from the Southward, who gave his vote againſt a law, merely becauſe it appeared to him to be of monarchical origin, while, at the ſame moment, he repreſented a State, whoſe declaration of rights ſays; "The good people are entitled to "the common law of England, and the trial "by jury, according to the courſe of that law, "and to the benefit of ſuch of the Engliſh ſta-"tutes, as exiſted at the time of their firſt "emigration, and which, by experience, "have been found applicable to their local "and other circumſtances, and of ſuch others "as have been ſince made in England, or "Great Britain, and have been introduced "here, &c." Can the people who have been ſo careful in preventing their future rulers from depriving them of the benefit of the laws of England, who look upon the being governed by thoſe laws as the moſt ineſtimable of their rights, be afraid of introducing among them the *faſhions*, *forms*, and *precedents* of England? Can it be poſſible, that they are afraid of introducing among them what they already poſſeſs, and what they declare they will never part with?

It is not my object to intrude on you my opinion of the *faſhions*, *forms*, and *precedents*, as *Franklin* calls them, of the Britiſh government; they may be better or they may be worſe than thoſe of other governments; but be they what they may, they are nearly the ſame as your own, and they are the only ones, ever adopted by any nation on earth, to which

yours bear the moſt diſtant reſemblance; therefore, admitting, for a moment, what *Franklin* ſays to be true; "that you ſhould make treaties "with no nation whoſe *faſhions*, and *forms* are "different from your own," it follows of courſe, that, if you ought not, on this account to make treaties with Great Britain; you ought to do it with no nation in the world.

But this would not ſuit the purpoſe of *Franklin*, who, at the ſame time that he reprobates the idea of making a treaty with Great Britain, inculcates the propriety and even neceſſity of making one with France. "If fo-"reign connexions are to be formed," ſays he, "they ought to be made with nations whoſe "*influence* and *example* would not poiſon the "fountain of liberty, and circulate the dele-"terious ſtreams to the deſtruction of the rich "harveſt of our revolution— *Tell me your* "*company, and I will tell you who you are.*" And then he tells us, that "there is not a nation "in Europe, with an *eſtabliſhed government*, "whoſe example ſhould be our imitation," but, that "France is our natural ally; that "*ſhe has a government congenial with our own*, and that there can be no hazardof introducing "from her, principles and practices repug-"nant to freedom." Take care what you are about, Mr. *Franklin!* If there be none of the *eſtabliſhed* governments in Europe congenial to your own, and if the government of France be congenial to your own, the inevitable concluſion is, that neither you nor your Siſter Republic have *an eſtabliſhed* government! Do you

begin to perceive the fatal effects of your want of memory?

But, I ſhould like to be told how *Franklin* came to diſcover a reſemblance between your government and that of France, or between you and the French. To ſay that ſuch a reſemblance exiſts is a trait of ſlander that, were I an American, I ſhould reſent with the utmoſt indignation. Are you governed by an aſſembly of ignorant caballing legiſlators? An aſſembly of *Neroes*, whoſe paſtime is murder, who have defied the God of Heaven, and, in idea, have ſnatched the thunder from his hand to hurl it on a crouching people? And do you reſemble the republican French? Have you caſt off the very ſemblance of virtue and religion? Do you indeed, reſemble thoſe men of blood, thoſe profligate infidels, who, uniting the frivolity of the Monkey to the ferocity of the Tyger, can go dancing to the gallows, or butcher their relations to the air of *ah, ça ira?* If you do, you have not much to fear from the introduction of the *faſhions*, *forms*, and *precedents* of other nations.

Another ſource of *danger*, that *Franklin* has had the ſagacity to diſcover in treating with Great Britain, is, that, "ſhe meditates "your ſubjugation, and a treaty will give "her a footing amongſt you which ſhe had not "before, and facilitate her plans." The executive council of France ordered *Citizen Genet* to tell you ſomething of this ſort, in order to induce you to embark in the war for the liberty and happineſs of mankind. "In this ſitua-

" tion of affairs," ſay the Executive Council, " when the military preparations in Great " Britain become every day more ſerious, we " ought to excite, *by all poſſible means*, the zeal " of the Americans, who are as much intereſted " as ourſelves in diſconcerting the deſtructive " projects of *George III*, in which they are pro- " bably an object." I beſeech you to pay attention to this paſſage of the inſtructions. When military preparations were making againſt France, ſhe wanted your aid, and ſo the good Citizen was ordered to tell you that you were the object of thoſe preparations. The Citizen was ordered to tell you a falſhood ; for the war has now continued three years, and *George III.* has made not the leaſt attempt againſt your independence.

You have the ſureſt of all guarantees that Great Britain will never attempt any thing againſt your independence, *her intereſt*. I agree with *Franklin*, that " her intereſt is the " main ſpring of all her actions, and that, " had not her intereſt been implicated, the " commercial relation between you and her " would long ſince have been deſtroyed ". Her intereſt will ever dictate to her to keep up that relation, and certainly making an attempt on your independance is not the way to do that ; for, as to her ſucceeding in ſuch an attempt, I think every American will look on that as impoſſible. The idea of your " again " becoming colonies of Great Britain " may be excuſed in *Franklin* and the other ſtipendiaries of the French republic, but an Ameri-

can, who holds the good of his country in higher eſtimation than a bundle of *aſſignats*, and who entertains ſuch a diſgraceful belief, muſt have the head of an idiot and the heart of a coward.

Beſides, has not our Demagogue himſelf given a very good reaſon for your having nothing to apprehend from Great Britain? "Happy for this country," ſays he, "the "days of that corrupt monarchy are number-"ed; for already has the impetuous valour of "our inſulted French brethren ruſhed like a "torrent upon the Dutch Provinces, and ſwept "away the dykes of Ariſtocracy. Perhaps *Hea-*"*ven* will direct their next ſteps to Great "Britain itſelf, and by one deciſive ſtroke, "relieve the world from the miſeries which "that corrupt government has too long entail-"ed upon mankind." I ſhall not ſtop here to prove, that it was not an act of *a corrupt government* to frame ſuch laws, as the people of theſe ſtates have bound their rulers never to depart from; nor have I time to prove, that peopling the United ſtates, changing an uncouth wilderneſs into an extenſive and flouriſhing empire, in little more than a century, was not *entailing miſeries upon mankind.* I haſten to my ſubject; and, I think, I need take no great deal of pains to prove to you, that, if Great Britain be in the ſituation in which *Franklin* has deſcribed her, you have very little to fear from her. A nation whoſe "days "are numbered," and particularly, who is in

continual expectation of a *domiciliary* visit from the French, is rather to be pitied than feared.

And yet this same *Franklin*, who tells you that the "days of Great Britain are numbered, that she is upon the point of annihilation, and that nothing can save her but repentance in sack-cloth and ashes;" this same *Franklin*, who says all this, and much more to the same purpose; this same *Franklin* winds up almost every one of his letters in declaring, that you have every thing to fear from her, and that nothing on earth can save you but France! "That gallant nation, whose proffers we have neglected, is the sheet anchor who sustains our hopes, and should her glorious exertions be incompetent to the great object she has in view, we have little to flatter ourselves with from the faith, honour, or justice of Great Britain.———The nation on whom our political existence depends we have treated with indifference bordering on contempt. —Citizens your only security depends upon *France*, and, by the conduct of your government, that security has become precarious." Now before I go any further, I shall bring another sentence from *Franklin*, which will certainly give you a favourable idea of the veracity and consistency of that Demagogue. "Insulated as we are, not an enemy near to excite apprehension, and our products such as are indispensable, *we need neither the countenance of other countries, nor their support!*" What! no enemy near to excite apprehension,

no need of ſupport, and yet "France is the "ſheet anchor of your hopes!" and yet "your political exiſtence depends upon her!" and yet, becauſe your government has refuſed to make a common cauſe with her, "your ſe-"curity is become precarious!" To a hireling writer nothing is ſo neceſſary as memory.

If Great Britain had really been ſo fooliſh as to form a deſign upon your independence, and your political exiſtence had depended upon France, it would, I believe, have been at an end long before this time. *Citizen Genet* was ordered to promiſe you, that his country would "ſend to the American ports a "ſufficient force to put them beyond inſult;" but, if they had defended your poſſeſſions no better than they have their own, they would have brought you into a poor plight. If the fleet, they were ſo good as to offer you had been no more ſucceſsful than the others they have ſent out, it might as well have remained at home, blocked up, as their fleets now are, and left you to the defence of your own privateers. They have given but a poor ſample of their *protecting talents*, either at home or abroad. Letting two thirds of their colonies be taken from them, and making war upon the reſt themſelves, is not the way to convince me that you would have been ſafe under their protection. Nobody but a madman would ever commit his houſe to the care of a notorious incendiary.

Franklin proceeds exactly in the manner of *Citizen Genet* (of whom he is a pupil, as we ſhall ſee by and by); Firſt, he tells you that "Great Britain has contemplated ei-"ther your miſery or ſubjugation, and that "*armaments were made to this end.*" Then he tells you, that "France alone has ſaved "you; that ſhe is now fighting your battles; "that you owe her much; that *ſhe gave you* "*independence*, and that *ſhe alone* is able to pre-"ſerve it to you." After this, fearing that theſe weighty conſiderations may not have the deſired effect, he has recourſe to the laſt trick in the budget of a political mountebank, *menaces*. He tells you dreadful tales about the reſentment of France, and this he makes a third ſource of *danger* in treating with Great Britain.

"The conduct of the French Republic," ſays he, "towards us has been truly mag-"nanimous, and, in all probability, ſhe "would have made many ſacrifices to preſerve "us in a ſtate of peace, *if we had demeaned* "*ourſelves towards her with a becoming pro-*"*priety*; but can we calculate upon her at-"tachment, when we have not only ſlighted "but inſulted her? To enter into a treaty with "Great Britain at this moment, when we "have evaded a treaty with France; to treat "with an enemy *againſt whom, France feels* "*an implacable hatred*, an enemy who has "neglected no means to deſolate *that country*, "and crimſon it with blood, is certainly in-"ſult." Then on he goes to terrify you to death.

" Citizens of America," ſays he, " *Sovereigns* " of a free country, your *hoſtility* to the " French Republic (in making a treaty with Great Britain, he means) has lately been ſpo- " ken of in the National Convention, and a " motion for *an inquiry into it* has been only " ſuſpended from prudential motives.—The " book, of account may ſoon be opened a- " gainſt you—what then, alas! will be your " proſpects!—*To have your friendſhip queſtioned* " by that nation is, indeed, alarming!"— There ſpoke the Frenchman! there broke forth the vanity of that vaunting Republic!

The above are certainly the moſt unfortunate expreſſions that ever poor demagogue launched forth. What he has here ſaid, completely deſtroys the poſition he meant it to ſupport. If you muſt be ſo cautious in your *demeanour* towards the French Republic, if you dare treat with no nation againſt whom *ſhe feels* an implacable hatred, if to treat with a nation that has endeavoured to deſolate *that* country, is to expoſe your conduct to an *inquiry* in the National Convention; if to have your friendſhip *queſtioned* by that nation is an alarming circumſtance; if to refuſe treating with her, when and how ſhe pleaſes, is to open the dooms-day book of account againſt you; if all this be ſo, I can ſee no reaſon for apprehenſions on account of your *independence*, for your are no more than mere colonies of France. Your boaſted revolution is no more than a change of maſters.

If you cannot enter into a treaty with Great Britain, without *inſulting* France, and, conſe-

quently, expoſing yourſelves to her vengeance; neither can you with any other nation on whom ſhe thinks proper to make war, and againſt whom *ſhe* pleaſes to feel an implacable hatred. Thus ſhe might cut you off from all the nations in the world. An arrangement, for inſtance, with Spain, has long been looked on as a deſirable object; but as ſhe is an enemy of France at this time, as ſhe has neglected no means to deſolate *that* country and crimſon it with blood, you would not, according to *Franklin*, dare enter into a negociation with her, however opportune the moment and however advantageous the terms. Falſly, then, does he call you "the "*Sovereigns* of a free country;" it is mere mockery to give you this title, if you dare not exerciſe any one act of ſovereignty, without expoſing yourſelves to *danger*, without being liable to chaſtiſement.

The fact is, as you ſtand in no need of the protection of France, ſo you have no cauſe to fear her reſentment. She may grumble curſes againſt you, but ſpeak out ſhe will not, ſhe dares not. She dares not make a ſecond attempt to overturn your Federal Government, by "appealing from the Preſident to the *Sove-* "*reign people.*" You are "the ſheet anchor" of her hopes, and not ſhe of yours. To you ſhe clings in her ſhipwrecked condition, to you her famiſhed legions look for food, and to you her little pop-gun fleets fly for ſhelter from the thundering foe. What have you then to expect, what to fear, from a nation like this? Nothing, alas! but her *inſidious friendſhip*.

4. *Franklin aſſerts that it is diſhonourable to treat with Great Britain*; becauſe ſays he, "her "king is a tyrant that invaded *our* territory, "and carried on war againſt us." He ſeems to have made a ſmall miſtake here; for at the time the King of Great Britain invaded *your* territory, it was *his* territory, and you his *loving ſubjects*, at leaſt, you all declared ſo. However, without recalling circumſtances, that can be of no uſe in the preſent diſcuſſion, admitting all that has been ſaid on this ſubject to be true; that the fault was entirely on the ſide of Great Britain, that all her conduct was marked with duplicity and cruelty, and all yours with frankneſs and humanity; admitting all this, and that is admitting a great deal, yet, how long has it become a principle in politics, that a nation, who has once done an injury to another, is never after to be treated with upon a friendly footing? Is this a maxim with any other ſtate in the world? How many times have you ſeen France and England, after the moſt bloody conteſts, enter into an amicable treaty of commerce, for their mutual advantage. Have they not done ſo ſince the American war? and will they not do ſo again as ſoon as the preſent war is over? Nay; has not France very lately, unmindful of her promiſes and oaths, entered into a treaty of amity, and almoſt alliance, with His Royal Majeſty of Pruſſia, who had invaded *her* territory, without having the leaſt ſhadow of excuſe for ſo doing? Is it for you alone, then, to ſacrifice your intereſt to your vengeance, or rather to the vengeance of France? Are you to make

everlaſting hatred an article of your political creed, becauſe ſhe wills it?

Your revolution certainly was not founded upon this baſis: all that was contemplated by it, was, a *political* ſeparation from Great Britain. The *Declaration of independance*, that act, paſſed by the *Worthies* of America, and of which you are ſo very proud, does not inculcate the doctrine of perpetual revenge; juſt the contrary. "Nor have we been wanting to "our Britiſh brethren (not French brethren, obſerve); we have warned them, from "time to time, of attempts made by their legiſla- "ture, to extend an unwarrantable juriſdiction "over us. We have reminded them of the cir- "cumſtances of our emigration and ſettlement "here. We have appealed to *their native juſ- "tice and magnanimity**, and we have conjured "them, by the ties of our common kindred to "diſavow theſe uſurpations, which would inevi- "tably interrupt our connections and correſ- "pondence. They, too, have been deaf to "the voice of juſtice and of conſanguinity. We "muſt, therefore, acquieſce in the neceſſity, "which denounces our ſeparation, and hold "them, as we hold the reſt of mankind, *ene- "mies in war—in peace friends.*" Now, conform yourſelves to theſe good old principles, turn a deaf ear to the inſinuations of your *new brethren*, and I am ſure you will ſee nothing in

* This Congreſs, you ſee, were not of opinion that their anceſtors were "treacherous, cruel, ſavage monſters." They were not like the patriots of the preſent day; but then, they were not animated by the gold of the French Republic; this circumſtance makes a conſiderable difference.

the King of Great Britain's invading his own dominions in the year 1776, to prevent you from making a treaty with him, upon honourable terms, in 1795.

To this old grudge *Franklin* adds ſome injuries recently received from Great Britain. The firſt of theſe is, *her depredations on your commerce.* To urge the depredations on your commerce as a reaſon againſt treating is to find fault with a thing for being calculated to accompliſh its object; by treating you have guarded againſt ſuch depredations for the future, and have obtained a compenſation for the paſt. I ſhall enter more fully into this ſubject, when I come to ſpeak of the terms of the treaty: at preſent it is neceſſary to ſpeak of the depredations, only as they render a treaty with Great Britain diſhonourable.

In the firſt place the injury does not appear to me to be of ſo outrageous a nature, as *Franklin* would perſuade you it is. It was *poſſible*, at leaſt, that the orders of the Britiſh Court might be miſunderſtood, or miſconſtrued. It is alſo poſſible that great part of the veſſels ſeized were really employed in a commerce, that would juſtify their ſeizure, by the law of nations. Admitting, however, that the Britiſh cruizers and courts of admiralty have done no more than fulfil the intention of their King, and that none of your captured veſſels were employed in a contraband trade; yet, I cannot allow that the depredations committed on your trade is a ſufficient reaſon, or, indeed,

any reaſon at all, for your not treating with the nation who has committed them. To maintain the contrary is to adopt that ſyſtem of eternal irreconcialition, which I ſhall ever deprecate, and which militates againſt every principle of juſtice and ſound policy. The partizans of France, and *Franklin* among the reſt, were for demanding ſatisfaction in ſuch a manner as they knew it would not be granted, in a manner that Great Britain, conſiſtent with her honour (for I muſt be excuſed for thinking ſhe has ſome left) could not grant it; but, muſt not a treaty have been the conſequence, at laſt? Suppoſe they had ſucceeded in plunging you into a war, that war itſelf muſt have ended in *a treaty*, and a treaty much more *diſhonourable*, perhaps, than the one now negociated; unleſs, indeed, their intention was to wage a *bellum eternum*, ſide by ſide with their French brethren, till there ſhould be no government left to treat with. Theſe people are always for violent meaſures; they wanted a commercial treaty with Great Britain, but then ſhe was to be "forced" into it; and now again they wanted ſatisfaction, but it is not worth a farthing, becauſe no violence has been uſed to obtain it. They are of the taſte of *Swift's* "true Engliſh dean that was hanged for a rape;" though they have all their hearts can wiſh for, their depraved appetites render it loathſome, becauſe it has been yielded to them without a ſtruggle.

But, it is, or ought to be, the opinion of *Franklin* himſelf, that depredations on your

commerce ought to be no bar to your treating with the nation who has committed them; for he has exhauſted himſelf to perſuade you, that a treaty ought to have been made with France, and yet it is notorious, that her depredations have very far outſtripped thoſe of the Britiſh. Within the laſt five or ſix months the French have ſeized upwards of 200 of your veſſels, ſome they have confiſcated, others they have releaſed after having taken their cargoes, and others are yet in ſuſpence. Many of theſe veſſels have been ſeized in their own ports, where they went in full confidence, and with the moſt upright intentions. The mariners have been thrown into priſon, where many of them now are; the maſters have been robbed, ſtripped, and beaten, by ſome of the vileſt wretches that ever exiſted. They have the inſolence to call the American Maſters, *the caned Captains*; "Les capitaines á coup de bâton." Let *Franklin* find you, if he can, an inſtance of an American ſhip being ſeized at ſea, by the Engliſh, and burnt, without further ceremony. Theſe things the French have done, and yet he would not think it *diſhonourable* to enter into a treaty with them.

I know, I ſhall be told, that the depredations of the French, here mentioned, have taken place ſince the departure of *Mr. Jay* for Great Britain; we will, then, confine ourſelves to the depredations, committed by the two nations at that epoch. And here, luckily, we have not to

depend upon rumour, upon news-paper report; we have a ſure guide, the report of the Secretary of State to the Preſident, which was communicated to the Senate and Houſe of Repreſentatives on the 5th, of March, 1795.

" Againſt the French it is urged; 1ſt. that " their privateers harraſs our trade *no leſs than* " *thoſe of the Britiſh.* 2d. that two of *their ſhips* " *of war have committed enormities on our veſſels.* " 3d. that their courts of admiralty are guilty " of *equal oppreſſion.* 4th that, beſides theſe " points of acculation, which are common to " the French and Britiſh, the French have in- " fringed the treaties between the United " States and them, by ſubjecting to ſeizure and " condemnation our veſſels trading with their " enemies in merchandize, which that treaty " declares not to be contraband, and under " circumſtances not forbidden by the law of " nations. 5th. that a very detrimental em- " bargo has been laid on our veſſels in French " ports. 6th. that a contract with the French " government for coin has been diſcharged " in depreciated aſſignats."

If then the French privateers had harraſſed your trade no leſs than thoſe of the Britiſh, if their ſhips of war alſo had committed enormities on your veſſels, if their courts of admiralty had been guilty of equal oppreſſion, and if they had, beſides, infringed the treaty already exiſting between you, had embargoed your veſſels, and cheated your merchants by diſcharging a contract for caſh in depreciated aſſignats, what could you ſee in their conduct to invite

you to a treaty with them, whilſt a treaty with Great Britain would, on account of the depredations committed by her, be *diſhonourable*?

On this ſubject *Franklin* takes occaſion to introduce one of his Conventional threats. "As "long," ſays he, "as we kept up the farce, "that the negociation was deſigned to produce, "an indemnity for the paſt, and ſecurity "for the future, ſo long did France not *com-* "*plain*; but now we have abandoned it to the "ſame uncertainty as before, and have favour- "ed Great Britain at her expence, ſhe cannot, "ſhe will not *be paſſive*;" and then he ſays, "if "France ſhould act *as our conduct merits*, ſhe "will *now* ſeize our veſſels." Without enquiring here what reaſon France can have to complain about *your* not having obtained an indemnity for *your* loſſes; without inquiring how your conduct merits *her* reſentment, becauſe you have abandoned *your* commerce to the ſame uncertainty as before; without inquiring what ſhe *ought* to do, you have only to look at what ſhe has done, and you have no reaſon to fear that the treaty will encreaſe her depredations. In ſhort, ever ſince the French found, that your government was determined not to join them in the war, they have neglected no opportunity of doing you miſchief, wherever they could, and dared to do it, and, perhaps, it is owing to the Britiſh Freebooter (as *Franklin* calls *Admiral Murray*), that you are not now blocked up in your ports. I know nothing of the Britiſh Admiral's inſtructions; perhaps they were no more favourable to you than thoſe of the French Miniſter;

but I think, you ought to feel a conſiderable obligation to him for having rid your coaſts and towns of the ſwarthy red-cap'd *citizens* that infeſted them.

Another injury which *Franklin* ſays you have received from Great Britain, and which renders a treaty with her *diſhonourable*, is *her letting the Indians and Algerines looſe upon you*. "Great "Britain," ſays he, "urged on the Savages, "by the mouth of Dorcheſter (it might have "been *Lord* Dorcheſter in his mouth), to "butcher our citizens, and deſolate our fron-"tier; and, by *her intrigues*, let looſe a band "of Algerine robbers, barbarous *almoſt* as Bri-"tons, to prey upon our commerce, *and make* "*ſlaves of free men.*" I have more than once obſerved, that having received an injury from a nation cannot, in itſelf, render the treating with ſuch a nation *diſhonourable*; if, therefore, the charge with reſpect to the Indians were well founded, it could make nothing againſt the preſent treaty. But, I deny that the fact has ever been proved. Governor *Simcoe* denies it poſitively, and no evidence has ever been produced to ſubſtantiate it. It is, at beſt, then, but a matter of ſurmiſe; and when *Franklin* aſſerts, that, "In the action between *General Wayne* "and the Indians at Fort Recovery, a number "of *Britiſh Officers and ſoldiers* were joined "with the Savages and led them on to the "combat, and that they were *painted* to con-"ceal their diabolical character," he diſcovers a character full as diabolical as that of thoſe

perſons would have been, had his aſſertion been true.

The populace of this country are eaſily impoſed on by an obſervation that the French emiſſaries never fail to make on this ſubject. They tell them, and which is very true, that the Indians receive their implements of war from the Britiſh: but they fail to tell them, at the ſame time, that theſe implements of war are the commodities, that the Indians receive in exchange for their furs, and that, to make ſuch an exchange a ſubject of complaint againſt the Britiſh, is to tell them that they ſhall not trade with the Indians, becauſe you are at war with them. Conſidering the temper which has been but too prevalent in theſe States during the preſent war; conſidering how convenient this accuſation againſt the Britiſh is to ſome of your military people, how many defeats it has accounted for, and how many more it may yet account for; conſidering how eagerly ſtories of this ſort are ſought after, and how they are exaggerated, by a ſet of newſpaper printers, who have rendered a free preſs almoſt a public curſe; conſidering all this, people ought to be very cautious how they form their belief on events at ſuch a diſtance, events, concerning which impoſition is ſo eaſy, and detection ſo difficult, concerning which paſſion, character, and intereſt all combine to propagate deception.

With reſpect to the charge againſt Great Britain and the Algerines, it is the moſt whimpering, babyiſh complaint that ever diſgraced the lips of manhood, and when a Member of

the Houſe of Repreſentatives made mention of it, he deſerved to have his backſide whipped. Great Britain, for her convenience, has, it ſeems, employed her mediation, and prevailed on the Dey of Algiers to make an arrangement with the Court of Liſbon, which arrangement gives the Algerines an opening into the Atlantic, where they take your veſſels. This is unfortunate for you; but how is it hoſtile towards you, on the part of Great Britain? How is it letting the Algerines looſe upon you? It is, indeed, letting them looſe upon the great ocean, where they may do what they can; but to call it letting them looſe on you, is mere childiſhneſs. One would think, to hear *Franklin*, that Great Britain held the Indians and Algerines in a ſtring, like a brace of bull-dogs, ready to let looſe on whomſoever ſhe pleaſes. A clear proof that this is not the caſe, (a proof that pleaſes me the better, becauſe I am ſure *Franklin* and all his tribe will ſubſcribe to it) is, ſhe has not yet let the Algerines looſe on their French brethren; a thing that ſhe moſt certainly would have done, if ſhe could.

But, it ſeems, Great Britain is not only to refrain from every act and deed, that may give the Algerines an opportunity of incommoding you; ſhe is not only to ſacrifice her intereſt, and that of her allies, to yours; but ſhe ought to take an active part in your protection. A writer againſt the treaty expreſſes himſelf thus: "Our negociator has *omitted* to make any ſti-
"pulation for *the protection and ſecurity of the*
"*commerce of the United States* to Spain, Portu-

" gal and the Mediterranean, againſt the de-
" predations of the Algerine and Barbary cor-
" ſairs, although he knew that this forms one
" of the moſt beneficial branches of *our* trade." *
This writer certainly forgot, that you were *independent*. He talks about *Mr. Jay*'s making this ſtipulation, juſt as if it depended upon him alone. When he was about it, he might as well have ſtipulated for Great Britain to *protect* you againſt all the nations in the world, as ſhe uſed to do formerly. And do you then ſtand in need of Great Britain to protect you? Do you ſtand in need of the protection of this " ruined nation?" This nation whom " no-
" thing will ſave but repentance in ſackcloth
" and aſhes?" This " inſular Baſtile of ſlaves?" Do you ſtand in need of them to protect you, " the Sovereigns of a free country?" Is it *diſhonourable* to treat with Great Britain, and yet is it *honourable* to accept of her protection? Prevaricating demagogues! You accuſe the Envoy Extraordinary of having made a humiliating treaty, while you blame him for not having made you drink off the cup of humility to the very dregs.

The truth is, theſe depredations on your commerce by all the belligerent nations, and by the Algerines, is what ought to ſurpriſe nobody; it is one of thoſe little rubs to which your ſituation naturally expoſes you: independence, for ſome years, at leaſt, is not a roſe without a thorn. All that ought to ſurprize you in con-

* See the *Aurora* of the 21ſt July, 1795.

templating this ſubject, is, that France, to whom alone you give ſhelter, for whoſe cauſe your good *citizens* have ever felt the moſt unbounded enthuſiaſm, and for whoſe ſucceſſes they have toaſted themſelves drunk and ſung themſelves hoarſe a thouſand times, ſhould ſtand foremoſt on the liſt of the ſpoilers; and that, notwithſtanding this, your *Patriots* ſhould inſiſt upon a cloſe alliance with her, while they reprobate the treating with Great Britain as an act at once unneceſſary, impolitic, dangerous, and diſhonourable.

Having now gone through Franklin's reaſons for not treating with Great Britain, I proceed to examine his objections to the terms of the treaty itſelf.

II. *Franklin aſſerts, that, if forming a treaty with Great Britain were conſiſtent with ſound policy, the terms of the preſent treaty are diſadvantageous, humiliating, and diſgraceful to the United States.*

This is the place to obſerve, that *The Letters of Franklin* were written, *before the contents of the treaty were known.* He introduces his ſubject in the following words: "The treaty "*is ſaid* to be arrived, and as it will be of ſe- "rious conſequence to us and to our poſte- "rity, we ſhould *analize it*, before it becomes "the ſupreme law of the land." That is to ſay, *before it be known.* "It will be ſaid," continues he, "to be a haſty opinion which "ſhall be advanced before the treaty itſelf "ſhall be before us; but when it ſhall be pro- "mulgated for our conſideration, it will have

" all the force of law about it, and it will then " be too late to detect its baneful effects." Certainly no mortal ever heard reaſoning like this before; what a lame apology for an inflammatory publication, intended to prepoſſeſs the rabble againſt the treaty! What candour could be expected from a demagogue, who found it juſt and fit to *analize* a thing, before he knew what it contained? Who can be ſurprized to hear him aſſert, " that the Weſtern " Poſts are *the price* of a commercial treaty, " that *no proviſion is made for indemnity to the* " *merchants*, that *the French are ſacrificed to the* " *Britiſh*, that Great Britain has been *meanly* " *courted*, and that *all the eſſential intereſts* of the " United States are given up?"

To anſwer objections, made thus at random, would be taking advantage of the poor Demagogue; I ſhall, therefore, lend him the aid of thoſe that have been made ſince, by the *citizens* of Boſton, aſſembled in Town-Meeting.*

It is not my deſign to dwell upon every objection that has been ſtarted, either by *Franklin* or the Town-Meeting; I ſhall content myſelf with anſwering thoſe only in which they diſcover an extraordinary degree of *patriotic* preſumption or diſhoneſty.

Art. I. *Says that there ſhall be peace and friendſhip between the two countries.*

As nobody but the French can have any thing to ſay againſt this article, and as I have already

* What deſcription of perſons theſe *citizens* were of and in what manner their deliberations were conducted, will be ſeen in the ſupplement.

anſwered all that their emiſſary Franklin has ſaid on the ſubject, I look upon it as unexceptionable.

Art. II. *Stipulates, that the Weſtern Poſts ſhall be evacuated in June next; that, in the mean time the United States may extend their ſettlements to any part within the boundary line as fixed at the peace, except within the precincts and juriſdiction of the poſts; that the ſettlers now within thoſe precincts ſhall continue to enjoy their property, and that they ſhall be at full liberty to remain there, or remove; that ſuch of them as ſhall continue to reſide within the ſaid boundary lines, ſhall not be compelled to become citizens of the United States, but that, they may do ſo if they think proper, and that, they ſhall declare their choice in one year after the evacuation of the Forts, and that, all thoſe who do not declare their choice during that time, are to be looked upon as citizens of the United States.*

The *citizens* of the Boſton Town-Meeting object to this article, "becauſe it makes no provi- "ſion to indemnify the United States for the "commercial and other loſſes, they have ſuſtain- "ed, and the heavy expences to which they "have been ſubjected in conſequence of being "kept out of poſſeſſion for twelve years in direct "violation of a treaty of peace."

The good *citizens*, before they talked about *indemnity*, ſhould have been certain that Great Britain was not *juſtifiable* in her detention of the Weſtern Poſts; becauſe, if it ſhould appear that ſhe was, to make a claim for indemnity would be ridiculous.

By the treaty of peace, Great Britain was to

give up theſe Poſts, and, by the ſame treaty, the United States were to remove certain legal impediments to the payment of Britiſh Debts, that is to ſay, debts due to Britiſh merchants before the war. Theſe debts were to a heavy amount, and Great Britain had no other guarantee for their payment than the Poſts. Your credit, at that time, was not in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate; and that the precaution of having a ſecurity was prudent, on the part of Great Britain, the event has fully proved. Nobody pretends that the impediments, above-mentioned, are removed; nay, ſome of the States, and even their Members in Congreſs, aver that they ought not to be removed; what right have you, then, to complain of the Britiſh for not giving up the Poſts? Was the treaty to be binding on them only? If this be the caſe, your language to Great Britain reſembles that of *Rouſſeau*'s tyrant: "I make a covenant with you, entirely "at your expence and to my profit, which *you* "*ſhall* obſerve as long as it pleaſes me, and "which *I will* obſerve as long as it pleaſes my-"ſelf." This is not the way treaties are made now-a-days.

It is ſaid that the Federal Government has done all in its power to effect the removal of the impediments, according to ſtipulation; but to this I anſwer; that all in its power is not enough, if the impediments are not removed. Are they removed, or are they not? is the only queſtion Great Britain has to aſk. The States from which the debts are due (or rather a knot of intereſted individuals, devoid of honour, in

each of them) having enacted laws, that counteract thoſe made by the General Government, may be pleaded in juſtification of the latter, in a domeſtic point of view; but every one muſt perceive, that it would be childiſh in the extreme to urge it as an excuſe for a failure towards foreign nations. The very nature of a treaty implies a power in the contracting parties to fulfil the ſtipulations therein contained, and, therefore, to fail from inability is the ſame thing as to fail from inclination, and renders retaliation, at leaſt, juſt and neceſſary. Upon this principle, founded on reaſon and the law of nations, Great Britain was certainly *juſtifiable* in her detention of the Weſtern Poſts. The foundation of *indemnity* being thus removed, the ſuperſtructure falls to the ground.

Another objection, though not to be found in the reſolutions of the Boſton *citizens*, deſerves notice. "That the leaving Britiſh "ſubjects in poſſeſſion of their lands, &c. in "the precincts of the Forts, will be to eſtabliſh "a Britiſh Colony in the territory of the Uni-"ted States, &c." * This is an objection that I never ſhould have expected from the *true republicans*. The treaty ſays that the ſettlers in thoſe precincts ſhall have full liberty to chooſe between being *ſubjects* of the King of Great Britain and *citizens* of the United States: and can theſe republicans doubt which they will chooſe? Can they poſſibly ſuppoſe that the inhabitants near the Forts will not

* See the *Aurora*, 21ſt July.

rejoice to exchange the humiliating title of *ſubject* for the glorious one of *citizen?* Can they, indeed, imagine that theſe degraded Satellites of the tyrant *George* will not be ready to expire with joy at the thought of becoming "ſovereigns of a free country?" Each individual of them will become a "Prince and le-"giſlator" by taking *the oath of allegiance* to the United States; is it not then, ſacrilege, is it not to be a *liberticide* to imagine that they can heſitate in their choice? How came theſe enlightened *citizens* to commit ſuch a blunder? How came they to ſuppoſe, that the people in the precincts of the Forts were more capable of diſtinguiſhing between ſound and ſenſe, between the ſhadow and the ſubſtance than they themſelves are. Thouſands of times have you been told that the poor Canadians were terribly oppreſſed, that they were ripe for revolt, that the militia had refuſed to do their duty, and, in ſhort, that the United States had nothing to do but to receive them. And now, when a handful of them are likely to be left amongſt you, you are afraid they will chooſe to remain ſubjects to the King of Great Britain!

But ſuppoſe they ſhould all remain *ſubjects*; what will be the conſequence of it to you? Here are hundreds and thouſands of Britiſh ſubjects on the eaſtern parts of the States; men who never have nor ever will take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and certainly they are none the worſe for it. An arrival from Ireland is boaſted of through

the whole country, though perhaps it consists of a hundred or two of poor devils, capable of nothing but eating and drinking; and is not a colony already settled, a colony consisting of persons born in the country, understanding in the trade with the indians, and calculated to give that trade a start in your favour, at once; is not a colony like this preferable to any thing of the sort, you can purchase in Europe?

Art. III. *Stipulates for a free intercourse and commerce between the two parties, as far as regards their territories in America. This commerce is to be carried on upon principles perfectly reciprocal; but it is not to extend to commerce carried on by water, below the highest ports of entry. The only reservation in this article, is, the King of Great Britain does not admit the United States to trade to the possessions belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company.*

To this the *citizens* of Boston object; "because it admits British subjects to an equal "participation with our own citizens of the "interior traffic of the United States with the "neighbouring indians through our whole "territorial dominion; while the advantages "*ostensibly* reciprocated to our citizens, are "limited both in their nature and extent."

The word *ostensibly* is the only one of any weight in this objection. They could not say that the advantages were not reciprocal, as stipulated for; they, therefore, found out the word *ostensible* to supply the plan of contradiction. The article provides for advantages *perfectly*

reciprocal, and to ſay that they are only *oſtenſibly* ſo, is to ſay ; *the treaty ſays ſo, to be ſure, but it does not mean ſo.* The fault then naturally falls upon the words, which ſay one thing and means another.

Art. IV. *Relates to a ſurvey of a part of the Miſſiſippi.*

Art. V. *Relates to a ſurvey of the River St. Croix.*

It would have been extremely hard, indeed, if theſe articles had not eſcaped cenſure. I cannot, indeed, ſay that they have eſcaped it altogether ; for, I have been informed that the Democratic Society of Pennſylvania have declared that the United States ſhould be bounded *by nothing but the ſea.* This, we may preſume, is in conſequence of the intimation of the Executive Council of France, who ordered Citizen Genet to aſſure the Americans, that *with their help*, nothing was eaſier than to finiſh *the emancipation of the New World.*

Art. VI. *Relates to debts due by citizens of the United States to Britiſh ſubjects, and provides,* " that by the ope-
" ration of various lawful
" impediments ſince the
" peace, not only the full
" recovery of the ſaid debts
" has been delayed, but alſo
" the value and ſecurity
" thereof have been, in ſe-
" veral inſtances impaired
" and leſſened, ſo that by
" the ordinary courſe of ju-
" dicial proceedings, the

Art. VII. *Relates to the ſpoliations on your commerce by Britiſh ſubjects, and provides,*
" that during the courſe of
" the war, in which his Ma-
" jeſty is now engaged, cer-
" tain citizens of the United
" States have ſuſtained con-
" ſiderable loſs and damage
" by reaſon of irregular, or
" illegal captures or con-
" demnation of their veſſels
" and other property un-
" der colour of authority or
" commiſſions from his Ma-

" Britiſh creditors cannot " now obtain, and actually " have and receive full and " adequate compenſatiou, " for the loſſes and damages " which they have thereby " ſuſtained: It is agreed, " that in all ſuch caſes where " full compenſation for ſuch " loſſes and damages cannot, " for whatever reaſon, be " actually obtained, had " and received, by the ſaid " creditors in the ordinary " courſe of juſtice, the Unit- " ed States will make full " and complete compenſa- " tion for the ſame to the " ſaid creditors." *Then the article provides for the appointment of commiſſioners, who are to be inveſted with full power to determine finally on the ſeveral claims. Two commiſſioners are to be appointed by each party, and theſe four are to appoint a fifth.*—" 18 months, " from the day on which the " commiſſioners ſhall form a " board, ſhall be aſſigned " for receiving complaints " and applications.—And " the United States under- " take to cauſe the ſums ſo " awarded to be paid in " ſpecie, &c."

" jeſty; and that from va- " rious circumſtances be- " longing to the ſaid caſes, " adequate compenſation for " the loſſes ſo ſuſtained can- " not now be actually ob- " tained, had and received, " by the ordinary courſe of " judiciary proceedings; It " is agreed, that in all caſes " where adequate compen- " ſation cannot, for what- " ever reaſon, be now ac- " tually obtained, had and " received, by the ſaid mer- " chants and others in the " ordinary courſe of juſtice, " full and complete com- " penſation for the ſame will " be made by the Britiſh " Government to the ſaid " complainants."——" And " for the purpoſe of aſcer- " taining the amount of " ſuch loſſes and damages " five commiſſioners ſhall be " appointed, and authorized " to act in London, *exactly* " *in the manner directed with* " *reſpect to thoſe mentioned in* " *the preceding article.*"—— " *The ſame term* of 18 months " is alſo aſſigned for the re- " ception of claims, and " they are *in like manner* " authorized to extend the " ſame."—" And his Bri- " tannic Majeſty undertakes " to cauſe the ſame to be " paid to ſuch claimant in " ſpecie, &c."

I have placed theſe two articles oppoſite to each other to give the reader an opportunity

of comparing them; becauſe the *citizens* of Boſton Town-meeting ſeem to found their objection to both on the diſſimilarity between them. "The capture," ſay they, "of veſſels "and property of the citizens of the United "States, made under the authority of the "government of Great Britain is a national "concern, and claims ariſing from ſuch cap-"tures ought not to have been ſubmitted to "the deciſion of their admiralty courts, "as the United States are thereby precluded "from having a voice in the final determina-"tion in ſuch caſes. Beſides, the indemni-"fication propoſed to be made, is to be ſought "by a proceſs tedious and expenſive, in "which juſtice may be delayed to an unrea-"ſonable time, and eventually loſt to many "of the ſufferers from their inability "to purſue it; and *this mode of indemni-"fication bears no proportion to the ſummary "method, adopted for the ſatisfaction of Britiſh "claims.*"

You will not be able to account for this, 'till you are told, that the Town-meeting *citizens* never read the treaty, before they had ſanctioned theſe reſolutions. You ſee by the 6th and 7th articles, that the mode of indemnification to the Britiſh ſubjects and American citizens is one and the ſame, that both are to be finally determined by commiſſioners, and both paid punctually in ſpecie; and yet the *citizens* of the Boſton Town-meeting ſee a difference in every part of it. They complain

that the deciſion of American claims is left to the Engliſh courts of admiralty, when the treaty ſays it ſhall be left, in caſes where ſatisfaction cannot be obtained in the ordinary courſe of juſtice, to commiſſioners, with full power to determine finally. They oppoſe things to each other which are not only the ſame in ſubſtance, but almoſt word for word. What muſt the Preſident think of the Town-meeting, when he received from them a ſenſeleſs memorial, or rather ordonance, like this?

It would be truely curious to know what mode of indemnification theſe *citizens* would have wiſhed for. Can there be a fairer, more honourable mode, than that fixed on by the treaty? It is likely they would have been contented, if *George* and *Pitt* had been made to aſk pardon of their Majeſties the ſovereigns of America. I do not think it is at all improbable that they might believe, that this was eaſy for Mr. Jay to accompliſh. They have been ſo long cozened and cajoled by their *public ſervants*, as ſome of their *maſters*, have the complaiſance to call themſelves, that they begin to think themſelves the ſovereigns, not only of the United States, but of the univerſe.

What do they mean by the mode of indemnification bearing no proportion to the *ſummary method*, adopted for the ſatisfaction of Britiſh claims? Can any method be too ſummary in the payment of debts, that have been due for *twenty* years? I think not. However, as I have already obſerved, ſummary or not ſummary, the method is exactly the ſame as that

adopted for the ſatisfaction of American claims, and, therefore, if you have reaſon to complain, ſo have the Britiſh, and this would be ſingular, indeed.

Art. VIII. *Provides for the payment, &c. of the above mentioned commiſſioners.*

This article has had the good fortune to eſcape cenſure.

Art. IX. *Stipulates, that the ſubjects of Great Britain holding lands in the United States, and the citizens of the United States now holding lands in the dominions of his Britannic Majeſty, ſhall continue to hold them, and, in what reſpects thoſe lands, ſhall not be regarded as aliens.*

The Boſton Town-meeting *citizens* ſay nothing about this article. It was for ſome days a ſubject of newſpaper abuſe; but the oppoſers ſoon began to perceive, that they were fighting againſt nothing; the article not being made to introduce a new ſyſtem, but merely to eſtabliſh an old one.

Art. X. *Stipulates, that neither the debts due from individuals of the one nation to the individuals of the other, nor ſhares, nor money which they may have in the public funds, or in the public or private banks, ſhall ever, in any event of war, or national differences, be ſequeſtered or confiſcated.*

That people who diſapprove of paying debts that have been due twenty years, ſhould alſo diſapprove of this article is not at all ſurpriſing; accordingly the *citizens* of the Boſton Town-meeting highly diſapprove of it; "be-"cauſe," ſay they, "the exerciſe of this "*right* (the *right* to *confiſcate* &c.) may con-

" tribute to preſerve the peace of the country,
" and protect the rights and property of the ci-
" tizens."

It is well known (and will be well remembered too) that, before *Mr. Jay's* departure for England, a reſolution was entered into by the Houſe of Repreſentatives, on the motion of *Mr. Dayton*, to ſequeſter all debts and funds, the property of Britiſh ſubjects: The article before us guards againſt this, and as there was not an honeſt man in the Union (a majority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives excepted), who did not execrate *Mr. Dayton's* plundering motion, as it was called, ſo, I believe there is not one of that deſcription, who does not moſt cordially approve of the article which will, for the future, render ſuch motions abortive.

It was eaſy to foreſee that the King of Great Britain would never come to any arrangement, without a proviſion of this kind. It would have been much better for his ſubjects to break off all communication with you at once, than to have not only their profits but their capitals depending on the arbitrary will of your government. Where would be the ſecurity of merchants trading to this country, if the debts due them might at any time be ſeized to pay for damages, received by Americans from ſomebody elſe.

Credit is with nations as with individuals; while unimpaired it is almoſt unbounded, it can perform any thing; but one ſingle retrograde ſtep, and it is blaſted, it is nothing.

Your credit has ſuffered much from the motion of *Mr. Dayton*, and had the ſequeſtration become a law, or had the mercantile world been left in doubt concerning what might happen in future, one half of the great capitals that now give wings to your commerce. would have found their way to other countries; Riches ſeek ſecurity, as rivers ſeek the ſea.

It is pretended by the Town-meeting, that a power to confiſcate might contribute *to the peace of the country.* This was certainly a very curious reaſon on which to found an objection to the article, and not leſs ſo, as coming from a faction, who have conſtantly cenſured the Preſident *for not joining France in the preſent war.* But, in place of contributing to the peace of the country, would it not be an eternal ſource of war? and is not this the true reaſon why all *the old committemen, privateerſmen,* and *confiſcators* are loath to abandon it? I think ſo. It is to be ſuppoſed that the Congreſs will, for ſome years, conſiſt, partly, of men who would prefer the glutting of their impotent revenge to the good of their country; and of others who, while your connexions with France continue, will, for ſolid reaſons too evident to need a mention, prefer her intereſts to yours. Theſe men will ever ſeek a quarrel with Great Britain. With reſpect to war, however, they will be cautious, as far as open profeſſions go. The people have not yet forgot what war is. But, armed with confiſcating powers, they would brandiſh them at every turn; and plunder is a thing that pleaſes the

populace ſo much better than fighting, it is ſo much eaſier to beat in the door of a ſcrutoire, than to beat a Britiſh fleet or army, there is very little fear of their confiſcating meaſures being approved of by the majority *in number*. But, would all end here? Would the Britiſh look tamely on? I am of opinion they would not. If the object of Great Britain, in offending you, ſhould be to provoke a war, ſhe would diſregard five or ſix millions of dollars; ſhould it not be war, an act of ſequeſtration or confiſcation would certainly produce a war. Thus, in both caſes, you would have war, and with this diſadvantage, that you would give your enemy a a fair pretext; from being the injured party, you would become the aggreſſors, unite every heart and hand againſt you in Great Britain, and excite the miſtruſt and contempt of other nations.

To ſay that you have no other means of defending "the rights and property of your ci-"tizens," is beyond expreſſion degrading; but the Town-meeting are not ſingular in this opinion. A writer in the *Aurora* of Philadelphia, obſerves, that "confiſcation may be re-"garded as *the American weapon of defence*, "and that to abandon it, is an outrage on "*humanity, policy, juſtice, and natural right.*" What! a nation of ſovereigns no weapon of defence but that of a ſwindler! Tell us no more, then, that you are a *great* people; give up all pretenſion to a place among the nations of the earth, for none of them have ever avowed ſo vile, and puſillanimous a principle.

" *Juſtice* is outraged," becauſe you have ſtipulated *not* to make the innocent ſuffer for the miſdeeds of the guilty! Becauſe you have engaged *not* to ruin a few honeſt individuals for injuries received from a nation, you have outraged *humanity*! Ah! you preachers of humanity, I never liked you, and now I hate you from my ſoul.

" The capture" (ſay the Town-meeting in another of their reſolutions) " The capture " of the veſſels and property *was a national con-* " *cern.*" Here, then, there is a good reaſon for depreciating *Mr. Dayton's* motion, in place of approving of it. But, *Franklin* has ſomething ſo very ſtriking on this ſubject, that it muſt not be paſſed over in ſilence. In one place he blames the Preſident for preventing the adoption of *Mr. Dayton's* reſolution, which he calls a *dignified meaſure*; and in another place, ſpeaking of the indemnity obtained by the treaty he ſays, " The aggreſſion was an offence a- " gainſt the nation, and therefore *no private* " *compenſation* ought to be deemed competent. " As the depredations on our commerce and " the indignities offered to our flag, were " a *national outrage*, nothing ſhort of *national* " *ſatisfaction* ought to be admitted. The pi- " racies of Great Britain were committed un- " der the authority of the government, *the* " *government therefore ought to be anſwerable for* " *them.*" And yet, the ſame man that has made this plain, unequivocal declaration, has alſo declared, that it was a *dignified meaſure*, to

ſeize the property of *innocent individuals*, lodged in the banks, and the funds of this country, or in the hands of their friends! He has declared it to be a dignified meaſure, to rifle the bureau of the merchant, pry into the ſecrets of the friend, ſanction the proceedings of the villain, and forbid the honeſt man to pay his debts.

One thing, above all, ought to be conſidered on this ſubject: that an act of ſequeſtration or confiſcation muſt ever fail in its operation, or eſtabliſh the moſt conſummate tyranny. Do theſe *humane citizens* think, that I, for example, would give up what had been entruſted to me by a friend, or what I owed to a correſpondent? No; I ſhould look upon the oaths they might impoſe on me, as taken with a dagger at my breaſt. In ſhort, their plundering law, could never be put in execution, except under the government of a French Convention.

Art. XI. *Is only an introduction to the following ones.*

Art. XII. *Is to be the ſubject of a future negociation, and, therefore, is not a part of the treaty as approved of by the Senate.*

Art. XIII. *Conſents, that the citizens of the United States may carry on a free trade to and from the Britiſh territories in India, but they muſt carry the merchandiſe ſhipped in the ſaid territories, to ſome part of the United States, and that the citizens of the United States cannot ſettle in the ſaid territories, or go into the interior of the country without expreſs permiſſion from the government there.*

To this the Town-meeting object; "because the commerce we have hitherto enjoyed in India, in common with other nations, is so restricted by this article, that, in future, it will be of little or no benefit to our citizens." This objection seems to have been founded on a mistake (perhaps a willful one), that has been propagated with a good deal of industry: "that this article prevents you "from re-exporting the merchandise brought "from the British territories in India." It was excusable in the *citizens* to follow up this error, because they either did not, or could not, read the treaty; but, I hope, they will now take my word, and assure themselves, that if ever any of them should acquire property enough to be concerned in mercantile affairs, and should receive a cargo from India, they may ship it off again as soon as they please.

Art. XIV. and XV. *Stipulate for a free intercourse between the British dominions in Europe and the United States. The advantages are perfectly reciprocal, as far as they can be rendered so by treaty. The two parties agree that no higher duties shall be paid by the ships or merchandise of the one party in the ports of the other, than such as are paid by the like vessels and merchandise of all other nations. This is the principal object of these articles; but there are some particular stipulations respecting the equalization of duties, &c. in which Great Britain appears to have reserved to itself a trifling advantage.*

To theſe articles the Town-meeting have ſome particular objections; but as theſe are founded upon an opinion, expreſſed afterwards in a general objection, it will be ſufficient to anſwer the general objection only. "Becauſe the nature and extent of the exports "of the United States are ſuch, that in all their "ſtipulations with foreign nations they have it "in their power to ſecure a perfect reciprocity "of intercourſe, not only with the home do-"minions of ſuch nations, but with all their "colonial poſſeſſions."

It is firſt neceſſary to obſerve, that, what theſe citizens mean by *reciprocity*, goes a little beyond the common acceptation of that term. They do not mean, *an advantage for an advantage*, they mean all the advantage on their ſide, and none on the other; they mean, that all the ports of all the nations with whom they trade ought to be as free for them as for the ſubjects of thoſe nations; they mean, that other nations ſhould maintain fleets and armies to keep up colonial poſſeſſions, and that they ſhould reap the profit of them; in ſhort, they mean, that all the *poor ſubjects* in the world are made for the *citizens* of the United States to domineer over. Nor is it much to be wondered at that they ſhould entertain theſe lofty pretenſions, if we conſider how they have been *becitizened* and *beſovereigned* up within theſe few years. One half of them believe, that it is in their power to ſtarve the whole world, when they pleaſe to *make* the government put on an embargo; they were fretted to death

that the Preſident would not let them go to take Canada, Nova Scotia and the Weſt Indies; nor would they have been pacified, if they had not been aſſured, that they ſhould have them all in a hundred years time.

This is all very well for theſe Citizen-ſovereigns, and Sovereign-citizens; but for you who, I hope, have no pretenſion to this kind of civic royalty, it becomes you to talk and think like reaſonable creatures.

Before I go any further, I muſt notice what *Franklin* ſays on the ſubject. "The articles "of commerce in the United States are gene- "rally the neceſſaries of life; few of its luxu- "ries are born, or cultivated among us; does it "appear, then, that a commercial treaty is ne- "ceſſary to afford an out-let to things of the firſt "requiſition? It is a fact *well aſcertained*, that "the Weſt India Iſlands are *in a ſtate of depen- "dence among us*, and by means of this "dependence, *we are enabled to make* ſuch "regulations with reſpect to our commerce, "as ſhall render a treaty with Great Britain "wholly ſuperfluous. *It is equally aſcertained*, "that in our commerce with Great Britain "herſelf, the balance of trade is conſiderably "in her favour, and from this circumſtance "likewiſe ſhe would be induced to *reciprocate* "intereſts, without a commercial treaty, "were *thoſe means purſued which are in our pow- "er.*" Now, to know the real value of the term *reciprocity*, take the following ſentences. "*If we cede an advantage for an advantage ceded* "*to us, whence the boaſt of a treaty?* "She "(Great Britain) can grant us no commercial

" priveleges that our ſituation does not enable " us to *exact*; why then wave the moſt import- " ant *demands*, to obtain a grant of commer- " cial advantages, which we could *compel?*" This is the language of all the *Patriots* of the preſent day.

If what the *Patriots* ſay be true, then, you have it in your power to *exact* from Great Britain what conditions you pleaſe; 1ſt. becauſe your articles of exportation are, in great part, neceſſaries of life; 2d. becauſe the Britiſh Weſt Indies are in a ſtate of dependence on you; 3d. becauſe the balance of trade with Great Britain is greatly in her favour.

1. *Beauſe your articles of exportation are in great part, neceſſaries of life.* This idea is originally of the populace, who look upon every barrel of proviſion ſhipped off to the Weſt Indies, or elſe where, as ſo much loſs to themſelves, and as a kind of alms to keep the poor foreign devils from ſtarving: and, in return for this generoſity on their part, they imagine they have the power to *compel* the beggars to do juſt what they pleaſe. From the populace it found its way into Congreſs, under the auſpices of a member of that body who made it the ground work of his famous reſolutions, intended to *force* Great Britain to yield you commercial advantages. No wonder, then, that it ſhould now be taken up by *Franklin*, and all the oppoſers of the treaty. They cannot conceive how a nation, to whom you throw a morſel of bread when you pleaſe, ſhould dare refuſe you any thing.

That your exports being, in great part, neceſſaries of life (that is *eatables*) ought to give you a preference in commercial relations, is an error, and not the leſs ſo for being a popular one. Commodities being eatables may give the ſeller a preference in a town during the time of a ſeige, but not in the great world of commerce. It is as neceſſary for you to ſell your produce as for a toy-man to ſell his toys. If they rot in your ſtores their being neceſſaries of life will not diminiſh the loſs. If the land is obliged to lie fallow, the mill ſtand ſtill, and the veſſels rot at the wharfs, little ſatisfaction will it be to the farmer, the miller and the merchant, that they all uſed to be employed in cultivating and diſtributing the neceſſaries of life. When a man is reduced to beggary for want of a vent for his goods, it ſignifies not a farthing to him, whether theſe goods were neceſſaries of life, or luxuries. No; it is the pecuniary gains, ariſing from trading with a nation, which ought to give, or which can give, that nation a right, or a power, to *exact* commercial advantages; and not the nature of the merchandize ſhe has to export.

2. *Becauſe the Britiſh Weſt Indies are in a ſtate of dependence upon you.* For my part, I cannot conceive how they make out this *ſtate of dependence.* The exportation of your articles being as neceſſary to you as the importation of them is to the Iſlands, you depend upon them, as much as they depend upon you. You receive Sugar, Molaſſes, Coffee, and Rum, from the Iſlands; theſe, too, are neceſſaries of life;

and ſuch as you could not poſſibly do without. I cannot pretend to ſay what proportion your imports from the Iſlands bear to your exports to them; but there muſt be a balance of trade either for or againſt you. If the balance be againſt you, you receive more of the neceſſaries of life from the Iſlands, than you carry to them, and they cannot, then, be in a ſtate of dependence, on that account: if the balance be in your favour, then the trade is an advantageous one for you, and, if it makes a dependence on either ſide, it makes you dependent on the Iſlands. Obſerve here, that the *Patriots* ſuppoſe you have the power of *compelling* Great Britain to do what you pleaſe, becauſe, in her trade with you, *the balance is greatly in her favour*, and becauſe, in your trade with the Weſt Indies, *the balance is in your favour.* Thus the Weſt India Iſlands are in a ſtate of dependence on you, becauſe you gain by them; and Great Britain is in the ſame ſtate becauſe ſhe gains by you! No wonder the citizens of the United States ſhould think themſelves ſovereigns.

3. *Becauſe the balance of trade with Great Britain is greatly in her favour.* This balance of trade, aſſert the *Patriots*, is to give you what terms you pleaſe to *exact*, "if you purſue the "means that are in your power." Theſe means are *prohibiting the importation of Britiſh merchandizes*; and this, they aſſert, would do her much *more harm than it would you.* A better reaſon of action than this might, perhaps, be found; but as it ſeems to be a favourite

one with them, and, indeed, the only one by which they are actuated, I shall take them up upon it, and endeavour to convince you, that they are mistaken.

I will suppose, with the *Patriots*, that the manufactures you receive from Great Britain are not necessary to you. I will suppose that you have the capitals and raw materials for establishing manufactories of your own; I will suppose one third of your peasants (I beg pardon, I meant *Yeomen*) and sailors changed by a *presto* into weavers, combers, fullers, whitesmiths, &c. &c; I will suppose the manufactories going on, and all of you inspired with patriotism enough to be happy, dress'd in the work of their hands; I will suppose, in short, that you no longer stand in need of British manufactures. This is allowing my adversaries every thing they can ask, and all I ask of them in return, is, to allow me, that Great Britain stands in no need of *your manufactures*. If they do not refuse me this, as, I think, they cannot, I have not the least doubt but I shall prove, that cutting off all communication between the countries, would injure you more than Great Britain.

The imports being prohibited on each side, and both being able to do without them, the injury must arise from the stoppage being put to the exports; and as Great Britain sells you much more than you sell her, the *Patriots* maintain, that this stoppage would do her more harm than it would you. This was the shield and buckler of *Mr. Madison*. He com-

pared the United States to a *country gentleman* and Great Britain to a *pedlar*; and declared, that you might do without her, but that ſhe could not do without you.

How illuſive this is we ſhall ſee in a minute. It is a maxim in commerce, that the exports of a nation are the ſource of her riches, and that, in proportion as you take from that ſource, ſhe is injured and enfeebled; hence it follows, that cutting off the communication between Great Britain and you would injure her more than you, in proportion to the balance now in her favour; that is to ſay, *if the total of her exports and the total of your exports were to the ſame amount.* But this is far from being the caſe: your exports amount to no more than 20 millions of dollars, or thereabouts, 9 millions of which go to Great Britain and her dominions, while the exports of Great Britain amount to 100 millions of dollars, no more than 15 millions of which come to the United States. Suppoſe, then, all communication cut off at once; you would loſe 9 twentieths of your exports, while Great Britain would loſe only 15 hundredths of hers: ſo that, if there be any truth in arithmetic, you would injure yourſelves three times as much as you would her.

Theſe conſiderations will, of courſe, have no weight with the honeſt ſtipendiaries of France; but with thoſe whoſe only deſire, is to injure Great Britain *more* than the United States, they ought to have ſome weight.

If what I have advanced on the ſubject be correct, "the nature and extent of your exports" do *not* give you a power "to *demand*, to "*exact*, to *compel*," what conditions you pleaſe in your commercial relations with Great Britain; and it follows, of courſe, that *Franklin* and the *citizens* of Boſton Town-meeting are miſtaken.

Art. XVI. *Relates to conſuls.*

This article has not been meddled with, a yet.

Art. XVII. *Permits, or rather expreſsly, ſtipulates for what is allowed by the law of nations, the ſeizing of an enemies property on board the veſſels of either party.*

Art. XVIII. *Specifies what are contraband articles, and ſettles an honourable and equitable ſyſtem of ſeizure.*

As theſe two articles have been objected to by nobody but the agents of France, as they ſeem to affect the French more than any body elſe, and as that auguſt diet, the Convention, may be at this time debating on the ſubject, it would be preſumption in the extreme for me to hazard an opinion on it.

Art. XIX. *Provides for the protection of the veſſels and property of the ſubjects and citizens of the contracting parties.*

I have heard nothing urged againſt this article.

Art. XX. *Stipulates that the two contracting parties will not only refuſe to receive pirates into their ports, &c. but that they will do the utmoſt in their power to bring them to puniſhment.*

Without objection; for any thing I have heard.

Art. XXI. *Stipulates, that the ſubjects and citizens of each of the contracting parties ſhall not commit violence on thoſe of the other party, nor ſerve in the fleets or armies, or accept of commiſſions from its enemies.*

Some of the *friends of neutrality* object to this, as it prevents them from aſſiſting the French, and from making war upon Great Britain for the future, under the cloak of neutrality.

Art. XXII. *Stipulates, that no act of repriſal ſhall take place between the parties, unleſs juſtice has firſt been demanded, and refuſed, or unreaſonably delayed.*

This is oppoſed by the friends of ſequeſtration and confiſcation, as it would give people time to ſhelter their property from the claws of the *Patriots*.

Art. XXIII, XXIV, and XXV. *Provides certain regulations concerning ſhips of war, privateers, and prizes taken from the enemies of the contracting parties.*

Much was ſaid about theſe articles, 'till it was proved that they were copied from the treaty of commerce made between France and England ſince the American war; ſince your treaty with France. This was a circumſtance that the *Patriots*, who are none of the beſt read in ſuch things, were not aware of.

Art. XXVI. *Provides for the ſecurity and tranquility of the ſubjects and citizens of the two parties, living in the territory of each other at the breaking out of a war.*

This article has eſcaped cenſure.

Art. XXVII. *Stipulates for the giving up of murderers and forgers.*

This article has been the innocent cauſe of much alarm. The *Patriots*, lately imported from Great Britain and Ireland, and ſeveral members of the Democratic ſocieties in this country, were afraid that it was to have a *retroſpective* effect. Upon receiving an aſſurance to the contrary, their fears are in ſome meaſure diſſipated; but they nevertheleſs oppoſe the treaty, on this account, with all their might. A writer (and I am miſtaken if he be not the ſame who has drawn up a certain petition to the Preſident) affirmed in one of your papers, a few days ago, that this article was "a cruel ſtab to the *ſovereignty* of the people, "and militates againſt the *law of nature!*"

From the deſcription of the perſons who have hitherto oppoſed the treaty, and from the futillity of the reaſons they have given for their oppoſition, there is every reaſon to imagine, that great part of them object (in the bottom of their hearts) to this article only. If this be the caſe, it is pity the article was introduced. Forgers and murderers, if left to themſelves for a time after their flight, would not fail to meet the fate, which the article was made to inſure to them, and it is little matter in what country they ſuffer.

Art. XXVIII. *Relates to the duration of the foregoing ones, and the ratification of the treaty.*

This article, which ends the treaty, is of ſuch a nature as to admit of no objection.

Now, you will obſerve, that it is not my intention to render this treaty palatable to you ; I ſhall not inſiſt, therefore, that the terms of it are as advantageous as you might wiſh, or expect them to be ; but I inſiſt that they are as advantageous as you ought to have expected. Great Britain grants you favours, ſhe has never granted to any other nation ; and that no other nation, not even your Siſter Republic, has granted you. Nor can it be ſaid, that, in return, you grant her favours, which you have not granted to other nations ; ſeveral favours, granted to France, you have ſtill withheld from Great Britain, even if the preſent treaty goes into effect. Great Britain does not, then, receive favours, as it has been abſurdly aſſerted, but ſhe grants them.

Had the terms of the treaty been ſo decidely advantageous to the United States as to deſtroy every principle of reciprocity, it might, *perhaps*, have eſcaped much of the cenſure that has been paſſed on it ; but would any man of diſcernment have been pleaſed with ſuch a treaty ? Would he have ſeen in it the foundation of a laſting peace ? No ; he would have ſuſpected that it had been yielded to, in a moment of embarraſſment, merely to amuſe you, 'till a change of circumſtances would enable Great Britain to aſſume another tone, and refuſe you every thing ; and, whatever your demagogues may ſay to the contrary, ſuch a change was near at hand.

I cannot diſmiſs this part of my ſubject, without obſerving, that *Charles Fox* made, in

the Britiſh Parliament, exactly the ſame objections to the treaty, as the *Patriots* in this country have made. It was *humiliating* to Great Britain, he ſaid. Unfortunate, indeed, muſt be the negociators, who have made a treaty humiliating to both the contracting parties! *Mr. Fox's* cenſure is the beſt comment in the world on that of the American *Patriots*, and theirs on his.

I now come to the third object of the cenſure of *Franklin*: the conduct of the Preſident relative to the treaty.

III. That ſuppoſing the terms of the treaty to be what every good American ought to approve, yet the conduct of the Preſident, relative to the negociation and promulgation of it, has been highly improper, and even monarchical, and for which he deſerves to be *impeached.*

Franklin has not obliged the world with articles of impeachment regularly drawn up; but, as far as can be gathered from his letters, he would have the Chief Magiſtrate of the Union impeached; 1ſt. for having appointed *Mr. Jay* as Envoy extraordinary; 2d. for having appointed an Envoy extraordinary, on this occaſion, contrary to the opinion of the Houſe of Repreſentatives and of the Democratic Society; 3d. for his reſerve towards the Senate, previous to *Mr. Jay's* departure; 4th. for his reſerve towards the people; and, 5th. for having evaded a new treaty with France, while he courted one with Great Britain.

The firſt of theſe, the appointing of Mr. Jay as Envoy extraordinary, is declared to be *unconſtitutional*. " The Man of the people," ſays " *Franklin*, it was believed, would not have " conſented to, much leſs have originated " a miſſion, hoſtile to the Conſtitution, un- " friendly to the functions of the legiſlature, and " inſulting to a Great people, ſtruggling a- " gainſt tyrants. The appointment of the " Chief Juſtice of the United States as Envoy " extraordinary, to the court of Great Britain, " put to defiance the compact under which we " have aſſociated, and made the will of the Ex- " ecutive paramount to the general will of the " people. The principle laid down by this ap- " pointment, ſtrikes at the root of our civil " ſecurity; nay, it aims a deadly blow at liberty " itſelf." The word *unconſtitutional* is, with the oppoſers of the government, a word of vaſt import: it means any thing they pleaſe to have it mean. In their acceptation of the word, therefore, I cannot pretend to ſay that the conduct of the Preſident, in appointing *Mr. Jay*, was not *unconſtitutional*; but if *unconſtitutional* be allowed to mean, *ſomething contrary to the Conſtitution*, I think it would be very difficult to prove, that the appointment was *unconſtitutional*; for, certain it is, there is no article in the Conſtitution, that forbids, either litterally or by implication, the employing of a Chief Juſtice of the United States on an extraordinary embaſſy. " The Conſtiution," ſays *Franklin*, " has provided, that the different " departments of government ſhould be kept diſ-

" tinct, and, conſequently, to unite them is a " violation of it, and an encroachment on the " liberties of the people, guaranteed by that " inſtrument.—The appointment of *John Jay*, " Chief Juſtice of the United States, as Envoy " Extraordinary to the court of Great Britain, " is contrary to the ſpirit and meaning of the " Conſtitution; as it unites in the ſame " perſon judicial and legiſlative functions." If as it is here aſſerted, the Preſident had united the judicial with the legiſlative functions, it muſt be confeſſed, that he would have departed from the ſpirit and meaning of the Conſtitution; but, has the mere negociation of a treaty any thing to do with the legiſlative functions? It appears to me not. Treaties are the ſupreme law of the land, and, therefore, the ſanctioning of them, the making of them laws, is a legiſlative act; but the mere drawing of them up, the preparing of them for the diſcuſſion of the legiſlature, is no legiſlative act at all.

If negociating be a legiſlative act, it naturally follows, that nobody but the legiſlature, or ſome member or members of it, could be employed in a negociation; and the Conſtitution expreſsly provides, that, " no member of " Congreſs ſhall, during the time for which " he was elected, be appointed to any civil " office, under the authority of the United States " which ſhall have been created during ſuch " time." Thus then if the *ſpirit* of the Conſtitution makes negociating a legiſlative act,

and, conſequently, requires a legiſlator to negociate a treaty, and the *latter* poſitively forbids it, the whole clauſe reſpecting treaties is ſuperfluous, for there ought never to be any ſuch thing as treaties.

When the ſecretary of either department brings forward a plan for the conſideration of Congreſs, does he act in a legiſlative capacity? And what more is an unratified treaty? In ſhort, if a negociator acts in a legiſlative capacity, ſo does every petitioner; nay, every clerk and printer, employed by Congreſs.

The Chief Juſtice is further objected to as an Envoy Extraordinary; on this occaſion, becauſe, "treaties being the ſupreme law of the "land, it becomes the duty of the judiciary to "expound and apply them, and, therefore, to "permit an officer in that department to ſhare "in their formation, is to unite diſtinct functi-"ons, tends to level the barriers of our free-"dom, and to eſtabliſh precedents pregnant "with danger." If the mere formations of laws by gentlemen of the bar tends to level the barriers of your freedom, I am afraid the barriers of your freedom are already levelled; for I believe, there are very few laws that do not paſs through their hands, or concerning which their advice is not aſked, before they are ſanctioned. *Franklin* (perhaps through ignorance) confounds the *formation* with the *making* of a law; how eſſentially they differ I leave you to determine.

To object to the Chief Juſtice as a negociator, becauſe it would become his duty to expound

and apply the treaty he was to negociate, is what I ſhould expect from nobody but *Franklin* or ſome one of his faction. Was ever a man, before, ſuppoſed to be leſs capable of expounding and applying a law, becauſe he had aſſiſted in framing it? Or was he, on that account, ever ſuppoſed to be leſs deſirous of ſeeing it duly and faithfully executed? Purſue this monſtrous maxim, and ſee where it will end. If it be unſafe to truſt the expounding and applying of a law to him who has aſſiſted in framing it, muſt it not be much more unſafe to truſt the expounding and application of it to thoſe who have aſſiſted in making it? And, is it not, then, unſafe to admit gentlemen of the law into Congreſs, without incapaciating them from pleading at the bar, or, at leaſt, from becoming judges, for ever after? Suppoſe, for inſtance, that one of the preſent Senators were to be appointed Chief Juſtice in the room of *Mr. Jay*, would he not have to expound and apply the treaty which he has juſt aſſiſted in making? And ſhould ſome of the gentlemen of the other houſe be, at a future period, appointed judges of the ſupreme court, would they not have to apply the laws, which, as legiſlators, they have aſſiſted in making? Should a commander in chief propoſe to Congreſs a plan for the regulation of the troops, and ſhould it become a law, would it be ſaid, that the General had united the legiſlative with the military functions, and that he ought to be diſmiſſed from the ſervice, as unfit to expound and apply the law which he

had propoſed. The principle of *Franklin*, if adopted, would render it abſolutely impoſſible for the Congreſs to avail themſelves of the talents or integrity of any one out of their own body.

But, at any rate, had this objection been well founded; had there been cauſe to fear the conſequences of leaving the treaty to be expounded and applied by him who had aſſiſted in framing it, the danger is now over: *Mr. Jay* is no more Chief Juſtice; the *freemen* of the State of New York knew how to eſtimate his merit rather better than *Franklin*. Fortune ſeems to have lent a hand in depriving the enemies of the government of all grounds of complaint, and yet they make a ſhift to keep the Union in an uproar.

Another objection to ſending the Chief Juſtice on this miſſion, is, that *a Preſident* might thereby eſcape from the hands of juſtice, or, at leaſt, elude a trial. "From the nature," ſays *Franklin*, "and terms of an impeachment a-"gainſt a Preſident of the United States, it is "not only neceſſary that the Chief Juſtice of "the United States ſhould preſide in the Se-"nate, but that he ſhould be above the bias "which the honour and emolument in the gift "of the Executive might create." 'Tis true, the conſtitution ſays, that, "when the Preſi-"dent of the United States is tried, the Chief "Juſtice ſhall preſide." But, waving the inſolence and moſt *patriotic* ingratitude of this inſinuation; admitting your Preſident to be what *Franklin* would make you believe he is,

and that the neceſſity of impeaching him was a thing to be expected, I cannot perceive any great inconvenience that could ariſe from the abſence of the Chief Juſtice. The Preſident could not be impeached before the opening of Congreſs, and, by that time, it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that the object of the extraordinary miſſion would be accompliſhed, and the Envoy ready to return. An impeachment againſt the Preſident could hardly be hurried on in ſuch a manner as not to leave an interval of four months between his accuſation and trial, a ſpace quite ſufficient for recalling the Chief Juſtice. And as to the bias, that the honour and emolument attached to the office of Envoy might create in favour of the culprit Preſident, that could not be very powerful, becauſe, the office of Envoy muſt ceaſe, before the Chief Juſtice could enter on his functions as Judge on the Preſident; and *Franklin* ought to know by his own heart, that *gratitude for paſt ſervices* would have but very little weight in favour of the offender.

There is one objection remaining, which, if well founded, is really of a ſerious nature. *Franklin* poſitively aſſerts, that the appointment of the Envoy Extraordinary was ſtrongly proteſted againſt by a very *reſpectable minority* of the Senate; and not by them alone, but by the *Democratic Society of Pennſylvania* alſo! That this reſpectable minority ſhould coincide in ſentiment with the Pennſylvania democratic ſociety is, indeed, a circumſtance that deſerves to be well attended to;

and, no doubt, it has had, and will yet have, due weight with the Preſident.

How it came into the head of *Franklin* to introduce his club on this occaſion, it is not eaſy to imagine. He does not pretend, I hope, that there is ſomething unconſtitutional here alſo? The Conſtitution ſays, that the Preſident ſhall take the advice of the Senate, but it is totally ſilent with reſpect to the democratic ſociety of Pennſylvania. Mightily "alarming," indeed, that the Preſident ſhould not conſult this club of butchers, tinkers, broken huckſters, and tranſatlantic traitors! Had he wanted a fellow to fell an ox or mend a kettle, to bilk his creditors or blow up an inſurrection, he would have done well to addreſs himſelf to the democratic ſociety of Pennſylvania for advice; but to aſk their advice in the appointment of an Envoy Extraordinary would have been as prepoſterous as conſulting the devil in the choice of a Miniſter of the Goſpel.

I have now anſwered, and I hope to your ſatisfaction, what *Franklin* calls his *conſtitutional objections* to the appointment of *Mr. Jay* as Envoy Extraordinary: it remains for me to take notice of one of a more perſonal nature.

Franklin, conſcious that *Mr. Jay's* character for wiſdom and integrity was unimpeachable, has conjured up againſt him an opinion, which he gave ſome time ago, concerning the Weſtern Poſts. He ſays: "After the declaration made by *John Jay* that Great Britain "was juſtifiable in her detention of the Weſtern Poſts, it was a ſacrifice of the intereſts

" and peace of the United States to commit " a negociation to him, in which the evacuati- " on of thoſe poſts ought to form an eſſential " part." This unqualified declaration, " that " Great Britain was juſtifiable in her detention " of the Weſtern Poſts," is a moſt ſhameful miſ-repreſentation of *Mr. Jay's* opinion on the ſubject. By this declaration *Franklin* inſinuates, that *Mr. Jay* had given it as his opinion that Great Britain would be juſtifiable in her detention of the Weſtern Poſts for ever; whereas his opinion was, that ſhe was juſtifiable in detaining thoſe poſts, only 'till the ſtipulation of the treaty of peace with reſpect to debts, due to Britiſh Subjects from ſome of the States, ſhould be fulfilled. And was there a candid, honeſt man in the United States who differed in opinion from *Mr. Jay*, on this ſubject? Very few I believe, except it were through ignorance. I am fully convinced, that there is not, at this time, a ſingle well informed man in this country, who is not ſatisfied, that Great Britain was juſtifiable in her detention of the Poſts; to object then, to *Mr. Jay* as an Envoy Extraordinary, becauſe he had given his opinion to that effect, was to object to him for having ſpoken the truth, like an independent honeſt man: indeed, the *Patriots* ſeem to look on honeſty as a natural diſqualification, and, therefore, their objection to *Mr. Jay* is not ſo unaccountable as it otherwiſe would be.

Muſt not thoſe people, who ſo boldly aſſured you, that *John Jay* would betray your in-

tereſts, that he would ſell the Weſtern Poſts, &c. have bluſhed when they ſaw that a ſurrender of theſe Poſts was the firſt thing he had ſtipulated for? No; a *Patriot's* ſkin is like the ſhield of the Grecian hero; blood cannot penetrate through "ten bull hides."

The following anecdote will at once prove the injuſtice of charging *Mr. Jay* with a wiſh to abandon the Weſtern Poſts to the Britiſh, and confirm the Prudence of the Preſident's choice.

"From here," ſays Mr. Briſſot, "we went "to New Rochelle. This place will always "be celebrated for having given birth to one "of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men of the Ameri- "can Revolution; a republican remarkable for "his firmneſs and his coolneſs, a writer eminent "for his nervous ſtyle, and his cloſe logic, "*Mr. Jay.*

"At the time of laying the foundation of "the Peace of 1783, *Mr. de Vergennes*, actu- "ated by ſecret motives, wiſhed to engage "the embaſſadors of Congreſs to confine their "demands to the fiſheries, and to renounce "the *Weſtern Territory.* The miniſter required "particularly, that the independence of Ame- "rica ſhould not be conſidered as the baſis of the "peace; but, ſimply, that it ſhould be con- "ditional. To ſucceed in this project, it was "neceſſary to gain over *Jay* and *Adams.* "*Mr. Jay* declared to *Mr. de Vergennes*, that "he would ſooner loſe his life than ſign ſuch "a treaty; that the Americans fought for "Independence; that they would never lay

" down their arms 'till it ſhould be fully con-
" ſecrated ; that the court of France had re-
" cognized it, and that there would be a con-
" tradiction in her conduct, if ſhe deviated
" from that point. It was not difficult for *Mr.*
" *Jay* to bring *Mr. Adams* to his determina-
" tion ; and *Mr. de Vergennes* could never
" ſhake his firmneſs.

" *Mr. Jay* was equally immoveable by all
" the efforts of the Engliſh Miniſter, whom
" *Mr. de Vergennes* had gained to his party.
" *Mr. Jay* proved to him, that it was the in-
" tereſt of the Engliſh themſelves, that the
" Americans ſhould be independent, and not
" in a ſituation which would render them de-
" pendent on their ally. He converted him to
" his ſentiment ; for his reaſoning determined
" the court of St. James's. When *Mr. Jay*
" paſſed through England in his return to
" America, *Lord Shelburne* deſired to ſee
" him. Accuſed by the nation of having
" granted too much to the Americans, he
" deſired to know, in caſe he had perſiſted
" not to accord to the Americans the *Weſtern*
" *Territory*, if they would have continued the
" war. *Mr. Jay* anſwered that he believed they
" would, and that *he ſhould have adviſed it.*"

This is the man whom the *Patriots* accuſe of intentions of rendering the United States dependent on Great Britain, and of abandoning the Weſtern Poſts ! This is the man, who, after twenty years ſpent in the ſervice of his country, after having a ſecond time enſured

its happineſs and proſperity, is called "a "a ſlave, a coward, a traitor," and is burnt in effigy for having "bartered its liberty for "Britiſh Gold?" The ingratitude of republics and republicans has long been proverbial.

2. *Franklin* would have the Preſident impeached, *for having appointed an Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain contrary to the opinion of the majority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives.* "A majority of that Houſe," ſays *Franklin*, "were in favour of dignified and energetic "meaſures; they ſpurned the idea of a pati-"ent and ignominious ſubmiſſion to robbery "and outrage. The different propoſitions of "Meſſrs. *Madiſon*, *Clarke*, and *Dayton* "ſubſtantiate this aſſertion.—And yet the "Executive nominated an Envoy Extraordi-"nary in coincidence with the minority, ap-"parently to defeat the intentions of *the "repreſentatives of the people.* This fact is "ſerious and alarming." That the Preſident did nominate, and, by and with the advice of the Senate, appoint, the Envoy Extraordinary, contrary to the opinion of the majority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives, is, at leaſt, doubtful, becauſe no ſuch queſtion could be agitated in that houſe; but that he would have been juſtifiable in ſo doing is not doubtful at all. Your Conſtitution, which this Demagogue affects to call the palladium of your liberty, ſays that the Preſident, with the Senate, ſhall appoint Embaſſadors, &c. and not a word about the Houſe of Repreſentatives.

Without directly denying the authority of the Preſident and Senate in the appointment of an Envoy Extraordinary, *Franklin* aſſerts that the exerciſe of that authority was in the preſent inſtance, interfering with the dignified and energetic meaſures that were pending in the Houſe of Repreſentatives. If the conſtitution had made an exception here, if it had provided that the Preſident and Senate ſhould not appoint an Envoy, but that their functions ſhould be ſuſpended, while dignified and energetic meaſures, were pending in the other Houſe, I ſhould be ready to confeſs, that the former had ſtepped beyond their authority; but, as the Conſtitution is ſilent on this ſubject, I cannot. It was poſſible, indeed, for the Houſe of Repreſentatives to fall into an indelicate inteference with the Executive, on this occaſion, and, perhaps, they did ſo; but the Executive could not interfere with them, unleſs they had firſt begun to meddle with a branch of authority, which the Conſtitution had forbidden them to touch. What would be ſaid of the Preſident and Senate, were they to frame a money bill, paſs it, and ſend it to the other Houſe? Juſt as conſonant to the Conſtitution is it for that Houſe to interfere in the nomination, or appointment, of an Envoy to a foreign court.

Beſides, as to the fact, how did the appointment of of the Envoy intefere with the *dignified and energetic meaſures?* They were adopted by the Houſe of Repreſentatives, and preſent-

ed to the Senate, who rejected them, and who would have rejected them, whether the Envoy had been previouſly appointed or not. This is evident, becauſe had they intended to ſanction the *dignified and energetic meaſures*, they would not have appointed the Envoy; and therefore, by delaying the appointment, 'till theſe meaſures were rejected by the Senate, nothing could have been gained but a loſs of time.

Franklin ſeems to triumph in proving, that the Preſident acted contrary to the opinion of the Houſe of Repreſentatives. I have already obſerved that that Houſe had nothing to do in the appointment in queſtion; but, even ſuppoſe they had, is the Senate nothing? What is the uſe of three branches in the Conſtitution, if two of them muſt ever yield to the will of the third, or to the whim of a faction? To what end has a power been given to the Senate to reject bills ſent to them by the other Houſe, if they are never to exerciſe it, unleſs it ſhould ſhould happen to be agreeable to the democratic clubs? In ſhort, why is there a Senate and Preſident at all? And, indeed, it ſeems to be the opinion of your countryman *Franklin*, that theſe two branches, *at leaſt*, are uſeleſs. "If," ſays he, "the *immediate* Repre-"ſentatives of the people were to decide upon "treaties, the ſecrecy in relation to them would "be more tolerable." After this ſentence, it is perfectly ridiculous to hear him cenſure the Adminiſtration for acting *unconſtitutionally*; full as much ſo, as it is to hear my old friend *Prieſtley* rebuking *Tom Paine*.

If the *immediate* Repreſentatives of the people, as *Franklin* is pleaſed to call them, were permitted to decide upon treaties, there is no one act of authority that they would not ſoon exerciſe excluſively. Very ſoon would the whole power of the ſtate be conſentrated in one heterogeneous aſſembly, ſplit up into committees of confiſcation, war, and murder. Very ſoon would your legiſlature reſemble that of your Siſter Republic, where every crude idea that comes athwart the brain of a harlequin legiſlator, becomes a law in the ſpace of five minutes, and iſſues forth amidſt the acclamations of the ſovereign people, bearing terror and devaſtation through the land. You may thank God that your Conſtitution has provided againſt a legiſlative ſcourge like this. It is this prudent proviſion alone that has ſaved you from the dreadful conſequences, which the dignified and energetic meaſures of the *patriotic* triumvirate, *Madiſon*, *Clarke*, and *Dayton*, would moſt inevitably have produced.

After having cenſured the Preſident for not acting in coincidence with the ſentiment of the *majority* of the Houſe of Repreſentatives, *Franklin* returns to the charge by cenſuring him for acting in coincidence with the ſentiment of the *minority* of the ſame Houſe; this he calls, "a ſerious and an alarming fact," juſt as if it was not an unavoidable conſequence of the other. But, it is not a little extraordinary to hear him cenſure the Preſident for acting in coincidence with the *minority* of the Houſe of Repreſentatives, when, a few pages before,

he cenſures him for *not* acting in coincidence with the ſentiment of the *reſpectable minority* of the Senate? Perhaps the epithet *reſpectable*, which *Franklin* has beſtowed on his *minority* of the Senate (and of which, I ſuppoſe, the *reſpectable Mr. Maſon* was one), render them ſuperior to the majority, and, if ſo, their opinion certainly ought to have been followed. But, the truth is, I believe, this *reſpectable minority* of the Senate were in favour of thoſe dignified and energetic, or dragooning, plundering, meaſures, which the Preſident did not approve of, and ſo were the majority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives; and this is the reaſon why *Franklin*, who is a ſort of war trumpet, would have had him guided by the minority of one Houſe and by the majority of the other.

The Preſident's having acted in coincidence with the minority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives ought to be looked upon as a mere matter of accident; for, on the appointment of an Envoy, it was not neceſſary for him to take cognizance of what was paſſing amongſt them; but, as to his acting in coincidence with the majority of the Senate, it was a duty that the Conſtitution impoſed on him. According to the wiſh of *Franklin*, the Preſident ſhould have rejected the advice of that branch of the legiſlature which the Conſtitution has aſſociated with him in the appointment of an Envoy, to adhere to the advice of another branch, to which the Conſtitution has allotted no participation in

ſuch appointment. This is what the *Patriots* would have called acting *conſtitutionally*.

Not content with accuſing the Preſident of acting unconſtitutionally in nominating an Envoy to Great Britain, *Franklin* adds, that he did it "apparently to defeat the inten- "tions of the Repreſentatives of the people." There is a good deal of bitterneſs in this. If, by the *Repreſentatives of the people*, *Franklin* means the majority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives alone, I aſſent to the truth of his remark: nay, I will go further, and own, that I am fully perſuaded, the Preſident did appoint the Envoy Extraordinary on purpoſe to defeat their intentions. But, were I an American, very far ſhould I be from imputing this to him as a crime; for, had he not defeated their intentions, you would by this time have been objects of pity rather than of envy.

There was no perſon of the leaſt diſcernment who was not well aſſured that the object of your *patriotic* Members of Congreſs, was to reduce you to the neceſſity of making a common cauſe with the French. I know they pretended, that they wiſhed to preſerve peace. With this deſirable object in view one propoſed laying ſuch duties on Britiſh merchandiſe and ſhips, as would go nearly to a prohibition; another propoſed an entire prohibition; and a third, in order to preſerve peace with Great Britain, propoſed ſeizing all debts and funds, the property of Britiſh ſubjects! Theſe were ſomething like the peace meaſures adopted in 1776, and had they had a ſecond independence

to gain, no good Whig could have objected to their being revived ; but this gaining of Independence is a game of hazard that no nation ever ought to play but once. At the preſent time, it would be an exceedingly ſilly game for you ; you have every thing to loſe, and nothing to win.

I am totally at a loſs to account for theſe gentlemen's motives in endeavouring to plunge this country into a war with Great Britain. I will not affect to believe, that they were under the influence of foreign gold, though I believe them to be as corruptible, at leaſt, as *Mr. Jay.* Intereſted conſiderations could have no weight with them ; for, they appear to have loſt all idea of private as well as public intereſt. But whatever might be their motives, the meaſures they propoſed were fraught with beggary, ruin, and diſhonour, and if the Preſident, by his nomination of the Envoy to Great Britain, contributed to their being rejected, though ſupported by the majority of the Houſe of Repreſentatives, he is entitled to the bleſſing of every lover of this country.

3, *Franklin* would have the Preſident impeached, *for his reſerve towards the Senate previous to Mr. Jay's departure. Franklin* ſays " the advice of the Senate was not taken in the " treaty with Great Britain." By this, he ought to mean, that the Senate was not informed of the particular objects to be obtained by *Mr. Jay's* miſſion ; for, if he means (which is poſſible) that their advice was not taken on the ſubject of the miſſion itſelf, and of the per-

ſon to be employed on it, he wiſhes to impoſe on the unwary what he knows to be untrue. On theſe ſubjects their advice was taken, and any further it was not neceſſary, either in a conſtitutional or prudential point of view.

" By the Conſtitution," ſays *Franklin*, " all " treaties are to be made by and with the ad- " vice and conſent of the Senate. The term " *advice* has a natural and obvious reference " to negociation ; *that no negociation ſhall be en-* " *tered into but with the advice of the Senate.*" Before I take the liberty of contradicting our Demagogue here, give me leave to make him contradict himſelf. " The Preſident," ſays he, in another place, " has power by and with " the advice and conſent of the Senate to *con-* " *clude* treaties ;—that is, the Senate has the " power to accept or reject any treaty " negociated by the Preſident ; *but this power* " *has not gone to prevent him from opening a ne-* " *gociation with any nation he thought proper.*" This *Patriot* was determined no one ſhould triumph in confuting it. A diſputant that thus contradicts himſelf point blank, without any kind of ceremony or apology, ſets his adverſary at defiance.

Reſerving myſelf 'till by and by to account for theſe contradictory expoſitions of the ſame text, I am ready to allow, that the latter of them exactly meets my ſentiments ; that is, that the ſhare of power, in making treaties, allotted to the Senate, *does not go to prevent the Preſident from opening a negociation with*

any nation he may think proper. This is ſo clearly pointed out by the Conſtitution, that one is aſtoniſhed to hear it controverted by perſons capable of reading. "He ſhall," ſays that inſtrument, "have power, by and with "the advice and conſent of the Senate, to "to make treaties, provided two thirds of the "Senators preſent concur: and he ſhall nomi-"nate, and by and with the advice of the Se-"nate, ſhall appoint Embaſſadors, &c." And yet *Franklin*, in one place, inſiſts that the term *advice* has a natural and obvious reference to negociation *only*; "for," ſays he, "it would be the extremity of abſurdity to ſay, "that advice was neceſſary *after the thing was* "*done.*" Whether he has willfully, or through ignorance, confounded *the making* of a treaty with the forming of a treaty, is to me a matter of uncertainty (for he poſſeſſes qualities that render either probable), but that he has confounded them is a clear caſe. A treaty is not *made* 'till it be *ratified* and, therefore, preſenting it to the Senate for their conſideration, before it be ratified, is not taking their advice *after the thing is done.* It is taking their advice before it is done; but not, as he ſeems to think ought to be the caſe, *before it is begun.* The natural and obvious ſenſe, and, indeed, the only ſenſe of the clauſe of the Conſtitution juſt quoted, is, in my opinion; that the Senate is to be conſulted in making treaties, but not in opening negociations.

Franklin has had the ingenuity to give to the words *advice* and *conſent* an application, that moſt certainly never entered into the thoughts

of thoſe who framed the Conſtitution. Can he be ſerious in confining *advice* to what precedes the negociation, and *conſent* to what follows it? If this were correct, the Senate ought never to give their conſent to a negociation, nor their advice concerning a ratification.

To me the ſenſe of the Conſtitution is extremely clear, as to this point. The words *advice* and *conſent* have both a reference to what follows the negociation; and this will fully appear, if their import in the latter part of the above clauſe be well weighed. "The Preſident "ſhall nominate, and, by and with the advice and "conſent of the Senate, appoint Embaſſadors, &c." Now, if *advice* in the making of treaties, has a natural and obvious reference to *negociation*; ſo, in the appointment of Embaſſadors, it muſt have reference to *nomination*. I leave any one to judge how nonſenſical it would have been to authorize the Senate to conſent to the appointment of a perſon, whoſe nomination they had before *adviſed*; and yet it would not be more ſo than to give them the power of conſenting to the terms of a treaty formed by their *advice*.

Indeed, it would be ſlandering the Conſtitution, to ſuppoſe that it contained any thing approaching ſo near to the anarchical, as to ſubject the particular objects of a negociation to an aſſembly, not obliged to ſecrecy, before the negociation is opened. Were this ever to be the caſe, it is eaſy to foreſee that it would be impoſſible to conclude any treaty of moment, or, at leaſt, to conclude it with

advantage. Suppoſe, for inſtance, that the threatened rupture with Great Britain had rendered it neceſſary for you to form a cloſe alliance with ſome power in Europe, and that the Preſident had been obliged to make known every ſtipulation to be made on your part, before the departure of the Envoy; can you believe that, with ſuch a perſon as *Mr. Maſon* in the Senate (and, from the degeneracy of human nature, you ought to expect that there ever will be ſome ſuch in it), the affair would have been kept ſecret, 'till concluded? or even 'till it was begun? No; I'll be hanged if it would. It would have been known in London long before the Envoy's arrival in Europe, and you would have had an Engliſh fleet upon your coaſt, before he could poſſibly have fulfilled his miſſion.

Among thirty perſons there muſt ever be a difference in opinion, there muſt ever be a majority and a minority, and a recent, a very recent, example ought to convince you, that a perſon of a factious diſpoſition, who has the mortification to find his ſchemes diſconcerted, to find himſelf lurched in a minority, will go above half way to hell to fruſtrate the intentions of the majority. It was therefore wiſe in the framers of the Conſtitution to give the Preſident a power to treat, without previouſly conſulting the Senate with reſpect to the objects to be obtained by the treaty.

4. The Preſident ought to be impeached, according to *Franklin, for his reſerve towards the people.*

When ignorance or factiouſneſs, or both together, have led a man beyond the bounds of truth and candour, they never let him go, 'till they have plunged him into an abyſs of abſurdity. Thus has it happened to *Franklin*. After having perſuaded himſelf that the Preſident ought to withhold nothing from the knowledge of the other branches of the legiſlature, it was natural for him to purſue the error, 'till he found, that, "to withhold the contents of a treaty from *the people*, 'till it was "ratified, indicated a contempt for public opinion, and a monarchical ſupremacy."

He ſays that Republics ought to have no ſecrets, and adds, in the words of *Thomas Paine*, "the ſecrets of courts, like thoſe of individuals, are always their defects." I do not know whether *Franklin* has ſtrengthened his poſition or not, in your opinion, by bringing to his aid a maxim of the old broken exciſeman, *Paine*, in my opinion, he has weakened it by ſuch an auxiliary. *Paine*, if I miſtake not, was one of the half dozen of *Lycurguſes* who framed that Conſtitution of your Siſter Republic, which is commonly called *The Conſtitution of* 1793, and which the gaunt Pariſians imagine will ſhower down bread amongſt them, like manna from heaven. When this Conſtitution begins to operate, there will, undoubtedly, be no ſuch thing as ſecrecy in the happy country which is to be governed by it; but it will be prudent in you to wait, 'till you ſee its effects, before you act upon its principles;

and, in the mean time, as you enjoy peace and proſperity under your preſent half-Engliſh Conſtitution, it will be right to guard it as much as poſſible againſt the attacks of the modern *Patriots*.

" In the compact," ſays *Franklin*, " entered " into by the citizens ot the United States, cer- " tain conceſſions were made by them, and " theſe conceſſions are ſpecified in the Conſti- " tution; but, have they conceded a right to " an acquaintance with their own affairs?" Yes, if his queſtion applies, as it evidently does to the terms of an unratified treaty, the people have conceded a right to an acquaintance with their own affairs; for, in the right of making treaties is neceſſarily included the right of obſerving a prudent ſecrecy concerning them, and, as the former is expreſly conceded to the Preſident and Senate, ſo is the latter. The people have conceded the right of making treaties, and the conceſſion is unconditional; they have made it without reſerving to themſelves the right of demanding their promulgation, before they become the law of the land; without reſerving to themſelves the right of adviſing, diſputing, and caballing about their contents, before they are known, or of tormenting and reviling the Executive, and burning the negociators in effigy, when their contents are known.

But, would not *Franklin* be very far from being content with the people's having this knowledge of their own affairs? Would he be willing to ſtop here? No. " Where the

people" ſays he " are virtually, and not nomi-
" nally, the ſovereign, the magiſtrates *partici-*
" *pate*, but do not *monopolize* the ſupremacy."
As he applies this to the treaty, it is evidently his wiſh to perſuade you, that ſomebody elſe, beſides thoſe who now make treaties, ought to participate therein, and who this ſomebody is, he takes care to inform you in the next ſentence. " If the people," he continues, " have
" the right and *capacity to govern themſelves*,
" they are certainly entitled to a knowledge of
" their own affairs; if they are not, a republi-
" can government is wholly unfitted to them,
" for this form of goverment is founded upon
" the preſumption *that they poſſeſs ſuch a capaci-*
" *ty*. The people being the *legitimate ſovereign*
" of our government, they have the ſame right
" to a knowledge of the affairs of ſtate as a
" *Monarch*, and every reſtraint upon this know-
" ledge is an abridgement of their rights."
Now, without deſcanting upon the ſuperabundant nonſenſicalneſs of this paſſage; without inſiſting on the abſurdity of a government's being founded upon the preſumption that the people are capable of governing themſelves; without enquiring what is meant by the legitimate ſovereign of a government, I ſhall come at once to *Franklin's* republican *Monarch*. It is well known, that a *Monarch* ought to be at the head of all the great affairs of ſtate, and if the people in a republic ought to have the ſame ſway, a treaty could not only never be ratified, but it never could be negociated, without their advice being previouſly taken, and their conſent

obtained. *Franklin's* great fault, as a writer, is, want of memory. Muſt it not ſhock the reader to hear him give to his *Sovereign People* exactly the ſame rights as thoſe exerciſed by a *Monarch*, when, in the very ſame page, he affirms, that, " to naturalize the practices of Monarchies in " a republic is a direliction of every juſt prin- " ciple." ?

To eſtabliſh the principle that the ſovereign people ought to take an active part in the making of treaties appears to be the real object of *Franklin*, while he is talking about their being acquainted with their own affairs. " To con- " nect," ſays he, " the ſecrecy of a *divan* with " the formation of a treaty is to double *the* " *inſecurity* of committing the truſt *out of the* " *hands of the people*; for a treaty may be made " to barter away our eſſential intereſts, and the " people may remain ignorant of it, 'till it is " too late for a *remedy*." His meaning here is by no means equivocal. If it be inſecure to commit the truſt out of the hands of the people, it ought to remain in their hands: if the people have the right to apply *a remedy*, they muſt have the right of *prevention* alſo, which is much better. And, indeed, this is a ſelf-evident concluſion; for, it would be mere nonſenſe to pretend, that they have a right to be informed of all the ſecrets of a negociation, without having a right to break it off. If they have not a right to prevent a treaty's going into effect, where would lie the advantage of having it communicated to them previous to its ratification? What ſatiſfaction could they derive from being tanta-

lized with a view of dangers, that they could not avoid.

Franklin has been pleaſed to ſay ſomething about conceſſions, made by the people; but, according to his ſubſequent account of the matter, I cannot perceive that they have made any at all. For where is the uſe of their having ſaid to the Preſident and Senate, "you ſhall "have the *ſole* power of making treaties," if they are to make them themſelves? If, notwithſtanding their having conceded the power of making treaties to the Preſident and Senate, they ſtill retain that power, the ſame will hold good with reſpect to every other power they have conceded by the Conſtitution; and then, what conceſſion have they made? None at all; with their capacity to govern, they ſtill retain all their governing powers, and every nation that would treat with the United States, ought to addreſs itſelf to His multifarious and many-headed Majeſty, *The People.*

5. *Franklin* would adviſe the impeachment of the Preſident, *for having evaded a new treaty with France, while he courted one with Great Britain.*

This is the great offence; to bring this home to the Preſident ſeems to have been the chief object of *Franklin*, who is affected by nothing that does not concern the French Republic.

Before I proceed any further, it is neceſſary to give you a brief hiſtory of the "*Letters* "*of Franklin.*" Whoever reads theſe letters with the ſmalleſt attention, muſt perceive, tha

they are, originally, a French production. Every one of them ends with an addreſs to the paſſions of the ſovereign people. Theſe declamatory parts betray their origin in a more ſtriking manner than the reſt of the performance. Here we ſee every where a cloſe and ſervile imitation of the illiterate new fangled jargon of the French Convention, a heterogeneous mixture of inſolence, ſervility, vaunting, and lamentation. The author, or rather tranſlator, is eaſily gueſſed at, if you pay attention to his affectionate expreſſions towards *Citizen Genet*. He calls *Mr. Jay the libeller of Citizen Genet*;" and great part of his malice againſt that Gentlemen ſeems to have no other foundation. In ſhort, I am fully perſuaded, that this *Franklin* is the ſame perſonage who rendered himſelf ſo extremely odious in the diplomatic diſpute between *Citizen Genet* and your government.

The quarter, too, from whence theſe *Letters* iſſued, ſeems to correſpond with the reſt of their hiſtory. They were firſt publiſhed, in a paper famous for its anti-federal principles. The printer who is alſo a *Colonel*, went to France in 1792, to combat in the cauſe of liberty and humanity, againſt the ſatellites of the combined deſpots; and he returned to Philadelphia in 1793, about the time that *Citizen Genet* arrived there. What rank this Colonel and Printer bore in the armies of your Siſter Republic, or whether he be *ſtill in her ſervice*, I know not; but it ought not to be wondered at, if his zeal in her

cauſe, in " the cauſe of the human race," ſhould have prompted him to ſerve her in Philadelphia as well as in Flanders; the Colonel might do as much execution with his printer's balls as with his cannon balls; perhaps more; and (which is a circumſtance by no means to be overlooked) the former are employed with leſs danger than the latter.

Now, with this key, you will be able to enter into the ſpirit of many expreſſions and paſſages of *Franklin*, which, without it, muſt appear totally incomprehenſible.

" We have," ſays *Franklin*, " treated the " *overtures* of France for a treaty, with neg- " lect. The nation that has barbarouſly in- " ſulted us, and plundered us, we have court- " ed, *meanly courted*, and the nation *on whom* " *our political exiſtence depends*, and who *has* " *treated us with affection*, we have treated " with indifference bordering on contempt. " *Citizen Genet* was empowered to propoſe " a treaty with us on liberal principles, " ſuch as might ſtrengthen the bonds of good " will which *unite* the two nations." How your government has *courted* Great Britain, how your political exiſtence depends on France, and how ſhe has treated you with affection, we have already ſeen; it only remains for us to ſee what were the " liberal " principles," which Citizen Genet was authorized to treat upon, and whether it was prudent on your part, to refuſe to treat upon thoſe " liberal principles," or not.

But, previouſly, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that, let theſe "liberal principles" be what they might, the Preſident's conduct in refuſing or evading to treat on them could amount to no more than *imprudence*. The Preſident, I agree, has power to open negociations with any nation he thinks proper, and then, ſays *Franklin*, "why did he not treat with *Citizen Ge-*" *net?*" To which I anſwer, that the Conſtitution, in authorizing the Preſident to open negociations with any nation whom *he thinks proper* to treat with, has not obliged him to open negociations with every nation that thinks proper to treat with him. It has not obliged him to open negociations with a nation ſo circumſtanced as not to be depended on for the value of a cargo of flour, with a nation in jeopardy, with an aſſembly who had declared themſelves a committe of inſurrection againſt every government on earth not founded on their principles, with an Executive Council compoſed of half a dozen unhappy wretches, who were all either publicly executed or outlawed, before the treaty with them could have been ratified; no; the Conſtitution has obliged him to nothing of this ſort, if it had I am ſure, he never would have accepted the poſt of Preſident. The Conſtitution has left it intirely to his own prudence to make or to avoid treaties; whether he has on the preſent occaſion, made a good uſe of the truſt repoſed in him, or not, we ſhall now ſee.

As a preliminary, I muſt obſerve, that the Preſident's *Proclamation of Neutrality* was re-

ceived by you all, with a very few exceptions, with the moſt unequivocal marks of approbation. If, then, the treaty propoſed by *Citizen Genet* went directly to render that Proclamation nugatory, or to make it a maſque to cover the hoſtilities of ſuch Americans as choſe to make war upon the enemies of France, you will be obliged to approve of the Preſident's conduct in avoiding to treat with *Citizen Genet*, or expoſe yourſelves to a charge of the moſt palpable inconſiſtency.

Soon after the *Citizen's* arrival at Philadelphia, he announced to the Preſident, through the Secretary of State, that he was authorized to open a negociation with the government of the United States. I have not room to give you his letter at length here. It was one of thoſe *fanfaronnades* for which the French Republicans are ſo famous, and for which any man, ſuppoſed to be in his ſenſes, would deſerve a good kicking.—I will give it a place; it is a diplomatic curioſity that merits to be preſerved.

" SIR,

" Single againſt innumerable hordes of ty-
" rants and ſlaves, who menace her riſing li-
" berty, the French nation would have a right
" to reclaim the obligations impoſed on the
" United States, by the treaties ſhe has con-
" tracted with them, and which ſhe has ce-
" mented with her blood; but ſtrong in the
" greatneſs of her means, and of the power of
" her principles, not leſs redoubtable to her
" enemies, than the victorious arm which ſhe
" oppoſes to their rage, ſhe comes, in the very

" time, when the emiſſaries of our *common* " *enemies* are making *uſeleſs efforts* to *neutra-* " *lize* the gratitude, to damp the zeal, to wea- " ken or cloud the view of your fellow citizens; " ſhe comes, I ſay, that *generous nation*, that " *faithful friend*, to *labour ſtill to encreaſe the* " *proſperity* and *add to the happineſs* which ſhe is " pleaſed to ſee them enjoy."

" The obſtacles raiſed, with intentions hoſtile " to liberty, by the perfidious miniſters of " deſpotiſm; the obſtacles whoſe object was to " ſtop the rapid progreſs of the commerce of " the Americans, and the extenſion of their " principles, exiſt no more. The French " Republic, ſeeing in them brothers, has " opened to them, by the decrees now encloſed, " all her ports in the two worlds; has granted " them all the favours her own citizens enjoy " in her vaſt *poſſeſſions*; has invited them to " participate the benefits of her navigation, in " granting to their veſſels the ſame rights as to " her own; and has charged me to propoſe to " your government, to eſtabliſh in *a true fami-* " *ly compact*, that is in *a national compact*, the " liberal and fraternal baſis, on which ſhe " wiſhes to ſee raiſed the commercial and poli- " tical ſyſtem of two people, *all whoſe intereſts* " *are confounded*."

" I am inveſted, Sir, with the power neceſſary " to undertake this important negociation of " which *the ſad annals of humanity offer no ex-* " *ample*, before the brilliant æra at length open- " ing on it".

This letter admits of half a dozen interpretations. One would imagine by its outſet, that the French Convention was graciouſly pleaſed to ſuffer you to remain in peace, "notwithſtanding ſhe had a right to reclaim the obligations "impoſed on the United States, and which "ſhe had cemented with *her blood*;" but, what follows ſeems to overturn this ſuppoſition; for the Citizen declares that "the emiſſaries of "your *common enemies* were making *uſeleſs efforts* "to *neutralize* the gratitude, and to damp the "zeal of your fellow citizens &c." *Citizen Genet* arrived ſoon after the proclamation of neutrality was iſſued, and he took the earlieſt opportunity of declaring, that *uſeleſs* efforts had been made to *neutralize* the gratitude of the citizens of America; and yet *Franklin* and all the other ſtipendiaries of France aſſert, that "France "with a magnanimity which ſhe alone ſeems "ſuſceptible of, has not urged the fulfillment "of her treaty with you; but that, ſhe has "expreſſed her wiſh, and her conduct has pro-"ved it, that you ſhould remain in peace."

We will allow that *Citizen Genet's* letter might mean, that France wiſhed you to remain in peace (for it may be made to mean any thing) yet that letter is not the document to which you are to look, to know the gracious intentions of your Siſter Republic. At the ſame time that the Citizen came forward with his republican *fanfaronnade* to propoſe negociations; he carried in his pocket certain *inſtructions* according to which the propoſed treaty was to be formed, and from which he could not depart. By the ex-

tracts that I am going to make from those instructions, it will appear to every one of you, who is not so prepossessed in favour of the French as to be incapable of conviction, that the new treaty was to accord you no advantages, of which your participation in the war was not to be the price, and that *Citizen Genet* was to plunge you into a war, with or without the consent of your government, to make a diversion in favour of France, at the expence of your prosperity, and even your very existence as a nation.

Citizen Genet, though abundantly assuming and insolent, though uniting the levity of a Frenchman to the boorishness of a Calmuck, though deserving of much censure from your government, has, however, been loaded with a great deal of unmerited odium by the people of the United States. The man acted in full conformity to his instructions in all his attacks on your independence, and, therefore, his conduct is to be attributed to the Government of France, or the sovereign people of that *happy* Republic, and not to the poor citizen himself. He was a mere machine in the business, and his not being ordered home to answer for his conduct, is a strong presumptive proof, that the sovereigns of France approved of it, without daring to avow it openly. I say without *daring* to avow it; because, though you could not have directly chastised them, yet they wanted your flour, and it is well known, that empty cupboards are no less formidable than great guns.

Now for the citizens inſtructions.

" Struck with the grandeur and importance " of this negociation, the Executive Council " preſcribe to *Citizen Genet*, to exert himſelf " to ſtrengthen the Americans in the principles " which led them to unite themſelves to " France :—The Executive Council are diſpo- " ſed to ſet on foot a negociation upon thoſe " foundations, and they do not know but " that ſuch a treaty admits a latitude ſtill more " extenſive in becoming a national agreement, " in which two *great* people ſhall *ſuſpend their* " *commercial and political intereſts* to befriend " the empire of liberty, *wherever it can be em-* " *braced*, and *puniſh* thoſe powers who ſtill " keep up an excluſive colonial and commer- " cial ſyſtem, by declaring that their veſſels " ſhall not be received in the ports of the con- " tracting parties. * Such a pact which the " people of France will ſupport with all the " energy which diſtinguiſhes them, will quick- " ly contribute to *the general emancipation of the* " *New World.* It is to convince the Ameri- " cans of the *practicability* of this that *Citizen* " *Genet* muſt direct all his attention : for, be- " ſides the advantages which *humanity* (*humani-* " *ty ! !*) will draw from the ſucceſs of ſuch a " negociation, *we* have at this moment a par- " ticular intereſt in taking ſteps to *act efficaci-* " *ouſly* againſt England and Spain, if, as " every thing announces, theſe powers attack

* Here we ſee the ground work of the *reſolutions* of Citizens *Madiſon* and *Clarke*.

" *us.*——And in this ſituation of affairs we " ought to excite *by all poſſible means*, the zeal " of the Americans.*——The Executive Coun- " cil has room to believe that the conſideration " of their own independence depending on our " ſucceſs, added to the *great commercial advan-* " *tages* which we are diſpoſed to concede to the " United States, will determine their govern- " ment to adhere to all that *Citizen Genet* ſhall " propoſe to them on our part. As it is poſſi- " ble, however, that they may adopt a timid " and wavering conduct, the executive Coun- " cil charges him, in expectation that the Ame- " rican government will finally determine " *to make a common cauſe with us*, to take ſuch " ſteps as will appear *to him* exigences may re- " quire, to ſerve the cauſe of liberty, and *the* " *freedom of the people.* †——*Citizen Genet* is " to prevent all equipments in the American " ports, *unleſs upon account of the French Nation.* " He will take care to explain himſelf upon " this object with the *dignity* and *energy* of the " repreſentative of a *great* ‡ *people*, who in " faithfully fulfilling their engagements know " how *to make* (ah! *make!*) *to make* their " rights reſpected.——The guarantee of the " Weſt India Iſlands *is to form an eſſential clauſe* " *in the new treaty. Citizen Genet* will ſound " early the diſpoſition of the American Go-

* The *Citizen* was to excite the *Americans*, and to convince the *Americans*, and not the *American government.*

† What *people?* If the American people are not meant here, the paſſage has no meaning at all.

‡ This is *republican modeſty!*

" vernment, and make this a condition, *ſine*
" *qua non*, of their free commerce to the Weſt-
" Indies, ſo eſſential to the United States.——
" The miniſter of the marine department will
" tranſmit to him a certain number of blank
" letters of marque, which he will deliver to
" ſuch French and *American* owners as ſhall
" apply for the ſame. The miniſter at war
" ſhall likewiſe deliver to *Citizen Genet*, officers
" commiſſions in blank for ſeveral grades
" (ranks) in the *army*" *

Now, was your taking part in the war, that your Siſter is carrying on for the good of the human race, to be the price of a treaty with her, or was it not?—The Preſident, then, not only acted conſiſtently with his duty in avoiding it, but conſiſtently alſo with your ſentiments, already decidedly expreſſed by your approbation of his Proclamation of neutrality.

But, ſay the *Patriots*, we could forgive him for not treating with France, if he had not treated with Great Britain. He treated with her while he refuſed to treat with our French brethren.—But, for this accuſation to have any weight with even the friends of France, it ought to be proved that the treaty negociated with Great Britain, bears ſome reſemblance, at leaſt, to the one propoſed by *Citizen Genet*. Can this be done? Has the Preſident ſtipulated

* Under ſome of theſe commiſſions, certain citizens of the United States have made an irruption into the Spaniſh Settlements, which muſt end in an indemnity, to come out of the pockets of the people, or in a war with Spain.

with Great Britain to " ſuſpend your commer-
" cial and political intereſts in order to befriend
" the empire of liberty, wherever it can be em-
" braced ?" Has he promiſed that you ſhall
" contribute to the general emancipation of
" the New World ?" Has Great Britain aſked you to aſſiſt her in the war ? Are you to make a " common cauſe with her ?" Has ſhe made your " guarantee of her Iſlands an eſſential " clauſe in the treaty, and a *ſine qua non* of " your free commerce with them ?"—Where, then, is the likeneſs between the two treaties ? And if there be none, by what ſort of *patriotic* reaſoning do they prove that the Preſident, becauſe he had refuſed to treat with France, ought not to have treated with Great Britain ? This, however, appears to be the heavieſt charge againſt him. " So bold an attack," ſays your Demagogue *Franklin*, " upon the " palladium of our rights, deſerves a ſerious " enquiry. However *meritorious* a motion for " ſuch an enquiry might be, if ſuggeſted in " the Senate, yet, it could not be conſidered " in place ; for enquiries of this ſort belong to " the Houſe of Repreſentatives, as the Senate " are the conſtitutional judges to try *impeach-* " *ments*. If the grand inqueſt of the nation, " the Houſe of Repreſentatives, will ſuffer ſo " flagrant a breach of Conſtitution to paſs un- " noticed, we may conclude, that virtue and " patriotiſm have abandoned our country." Hence you are to conclude, then, that *General Waſhington* muſt be *impeached*, or virtue and patriotiſm have abandoned your country.

It is not for an Engliſhman to determine whether this be true, or not; but, if it be true, you will excuſe him for ſaying; *the Lord have mercy upon your country!*

The only fair way for you to judge of the Preſident's conduct relative to the treaty negociated with Great Britain, and the one propoſed by France, is, to draw a compariſon between your preſent ſituation, and the ſituation in which you would have now been, had he followed a different conduct. As the tree is known by its fruit, ſo are the meaſures of the ſtateſman by their effects. Look round you, and obſerve well the ſpectacle that the United States preſent at this moment. Imagine its reverſe, and you have an idea of what would have been your ſituation, had the Preſident yielded to the propoſals of *Citizen Genet*, or thoſe of the war party in Congreſs. The produce of the country would have been at about one third of its preſent price, while every imported article would have riſen in a like proportion. The farmer muſt have ſold his wheat at four ſhillings a buſhel in place of fourteen, and in place of giving four dollars a yard for cloth, he muſt have given ten or twelve. Houſes and lands, inſtead of being riſen to tripple their former value, as they now are, would have fallen to one third of that value, and muſt, at the ſame time, have been taxed to nearly half their rent. In ſhort, you would have been in the ſame ſituation as you were in 1777, and without the ſame means of extricating yourſelves from it. However, ſuch a ſituation might,

perhaps, be a desirable one to you. Habit does great things. People who were revolution mad, might look back with regret to the epoch just mentioned, and might even view with envy the effects of the French Revolution. If so, it is by no means too late yet; the President has only to refuse his ratification of the treaty with Great Britain, and adopt the measures proposed by the honest and *incorruptible* friends of the French Republic, and you may soon have your fill of what you desire. If you have wished to enjoy, once more, the charms of change, and taste the sweets of war and anarchy (for I look upon them as inseparable in this country,) then, the President may merit an impeachment at your hands; but, if you have desired to live in peace and plenty, while the rest of the world has been ravaged and desolated, to accuse the President now, is to resemble the crew of ungrateful buccaniers, who, having safely arrived in port, cut the throat of their pilot.

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SUPPLEMENT.

THE proceedings of the *Patriots*, previous to the departure of *Mr. Jay*, and during his abſence, throw a good deal of light on their preſent obſtinate oppoſition to the treaty. At the time of *Mr. Jay's* appointment as Envoy, a recent diſpute had convinced the public that he was no friend to the dragooning ſyſtem, propoſed by *Citizen Genet*, and adhered to by the war, or confiſcating, party in Congreſs. The *Patriots* were morally certain, that a continuation of peace between Great Britain and this country would be the conſequence of his miſſion, and, of courſe, that their golden dreams of plunder would end as dreams generally do end. Accordingly, no ſooner was his appointment made known, than the whole Union began to ring with their vociferations.

The *Democratic Society* of Pennſylvania (never laſt in the purſuit of miſchief) gave the ſignal of malcontentedneſs. They publiſhed their *reſolves* * againſt the appointment, and were ſoon followed by all thoſe ſelf-created clubs,

* Theſe *reſolves* have been re-publiſhed ſince the return of *Mr. Jay*. This is ſaying to the people : *look here ; what*

which, in the *patriotic* cant of the day, they term their "Siſter Societies." It is unneceſſary to ſay what were the ſentiments contained in theſe reſolves; as is the ſource, ſo is the ſtream. One circumſtance ought not, however, to paſs unnoticed: joining France in the preſent war appeared to be the leading object of every one of the ſocieties. Their ſentiments, and even expreſſions, on this ſubject bear ſuch a perfect reſemblance, that it is almoſt impoſſible they ſhould not have been preſcribed by ſome agent of "that regenerated, rich, great, generous, hu-"mane, happy, valiant and victorious republic."

The following extract, from the reſolves of the *democratic ſociety*, met at *Wythe Court Houſe*, in Virginia, will ſerve as a ſpecimen. "Shall "we Americans, who have kindled the ſpark of "liberty, ſtand aloof and ſee it extinguiſhed, "when burning a bright flame in France, which "hath caught it from us! If a deſpot prevails, we "muſt have a deſpot like the reſt of the nations.

we foretold is now come to paſs! The democrats knew what *Mr. Jay* ought to do, it was not, therefore, very difficult for them to foretell what he would do, and to condemn it beforehand; nevertheleſs they now hold up their predictions as a proof of their ſagacity. I muſt confeſs, they are a ſort of wizzards, and I only lament that they had not lived in New England about 130 years ago.

This re-publication was ſigned by one *Iſrael Iſrael*; Rabin of the democratic tribe of Pennſylvania. Can this be the ſame *Iſrael Iſrael*, who was put in durance for having publicly declared his wiſh, that not one of thoſe who marched againſt the Weſtern Rebels would return alive? If he ſhould be the ſame, I think, his wiſh on that occaſion may ſerve as an excellent comment on the reſolves.

"If all tyrants unite againſt free people, ſhould "not all free people unite againſt tyrants? Yes, "let us unite with France, and ſtand or fall "together." This is the ſociety, who, after a great deal of abuſive language againſt the Preſident, propoſe to the people of the United States, "ſo to amend the Conſtitution as to in-"capaciate any man to ſerve as Preſident for "more than eight years ſucceſſively." It was well known that the Preſident had ſerved ſix years, at that time.

Nor were the *Patriots* idle during the abſence of the Envoy. Every piece of news, that could be picked up concerning his conduct at the Court of St. James's, was made the means of ſarcaſm, and conjured into prognoſtics of his making a diſhonourable treaty. Even the formalities of his introduction at Court could not eſcape the malicious obſervations of the *patriotic* crew. His kiſſing the Queen's hand was termed "proſtrating at the feet of Majeſty the ſove-"reignty of a great people," and for which it was affirmed he deſerved to have "his lips bliſtered to the bone." Had I been in *Mr Jay's* place, perhaps I ſhould have preferred the hand of one of the Queen's daughters; but his taſte was, at any rate, as good as that of the *Patriot's*; for, who would not rather kiſs the ſhrivelled hand of the Queen of England than the monſtrous beef-ſtake lips of an African *Patriot*, * or the ſnuffy chops of a regenerated Baboon?

From men in this diſpoſition of mind, it was to be expected that any arrangement, tending to prevent a rupture with Great Britain, would

* The greateſt part of the negroes are moſt excellent *Patriots*, and firm friends of the modern French.

meet a clamorous oppoſition; but few people, I believe, thought that the firſt attack would come from a member of the Senate. Nobody imagined, that any member of that venerable body would have ſo far loſt ſight of his country's intereſt, of its peace, as to divulge the terms of an unratified treaty, and even become inſtrumental in its promulgation, not only without the permiſſion, but againſt the wiſh and intention of the Preſident and the majority of the Senate. *Mr. Maſon's* motives were but too evident. He might have ſaid to himſelf (with the hypocritical *Mark Anthony*, after he had divulged to the plebians the Will of Cæſar); "Now "let it work. Miſchief thou art a foot, take "thou what courſe thou wilt."

The effects of this legiſlative tattling were not long in diſcovering themſelves. The treaty was publiſhed at Philadelphia on the 2d. of July, prefaced by a letter from *Mr. Maſon*, authorizing the printer to make what uſe of it he thought proper. On the fourth of July the moſt ſcandalous ſcene was exhibited, in this capital of the Union, that ever diſgraced a civilized country. To avoid a charge of miſrepreſentation here, I ſhall give an account of it in the *Patriots'* own words, as publiſhed in their gazette, the *Aurora*, of the 9th July.

"The day" (the 4th. of July,) "was "cloſed by the exhibition of a tranſparent "painting with the figure of *John Jay* upon it. "The figure was in full ſtatue, holding in "his right hand a pair of ſcales, containing in "one ſcale, *American liberty and Independence*,

" kicking the beam; in the other, *British* " *Gold*, in extreme preponderance. In his " left hand a Treaty of Amity, Commerce, " and Navigation, which he extended to a " group of Senators, who were grinning with " pleaſure and graſping at the Treaty. From " the mouth of the figure iſſued theſe words, " *come up to my price, and I will ſell you my* " *country*. The figure was burned at Kenſing- " ton amid the acclamations of hundreds of " *citizens*. Thus ended the proceſſion, and " thus terminated the anniverſary of American " Independence."

This was a good ſetting out. Meanwhile the Treaty got ſpread about, and a ſyſtematical oppoſition to it was determined on. The firſt remonſtrance was drawn up at Boſton, and in ſuch haſte were the *citizens* of that town to get the ſtart of thoſe of other places, that the firſt copy of the treaty had not been arrived in town twenty four hours, before a town meeting was convened to condemn it. At this meeting a motion was made to read the treaty, at leaſt, before they remonſtrated againſt it; but this motion was not even ſeconded.

The *citizens* of New York were not much behind their *brethren* of Boſton in point of time, and in other reſpects very far outſtripped them. A town meeting being called to take the treaty into conſideration, a great number of perſons, of all deſcriptions attended. A chairman being named, a propoſition was made for adjourning to ſome more convenient place for a fair and full diſcuſſion of the treaty, but this

was oppoſed with much clamour by many of the *citizens*. There appeared, however, to be a majority in favour of a fair diſcuſſion, but thoſe who were againſt it were the moſt noiſy; interruption, diſorder and confuſion enſued. "In the courſe of the affair three ſtones were "thrown at Mr. *Hamilton*, who was for a fair "diſcuſſion, the ſecond of which glanced his "forehead, one of the others ſtruck a gentle-"man ſtanding by him. From the beginning "ſtandards were diſplayed bearing the colours "of the United States and France. A party "of thoſe who had oppoſed a fair diſcuſſion "went off to the battery, bearing a ſtandard "with French and American colours, where "they burnt the treaty, and then returned "with an acceſſion of numbers." Now, will any one in his ſenſes believe, that this rabble, or, at leaſt their ringleaders, were not hired to oppoſe the government on this occaſion? What did the French flag do at this meeting? What had the French Sailors at New York, to do with a treaty between this country and Great Britain? * Humiliating ſcene!

There was certainly a very great majority of the merchants, traders, and people of property, of New York in favour of the treaty and yet brick-back eloquence has prevailed, and a remonſtrance has been ſent off to the Preſident.

* On the third of July the following card appeared in the Gazette, called the *Argus*, of New York.

"The good Frenchmen, who are at New York, "having *taken cognizance* of the treaty paſſed with the "Engliſh, beg the Americans of this city to take away the "tricolored flag from the Coffee Houſe, finding it, in "this circumſtance, diſplaced.

Philadelphia was the next ſcene of action. A vaſt concourſe of *Citizens* of the right true blue ſtamp aſſembled nearly in the ſame manner, and for the ſame purpoſe, as the *citizens* of New York. It would be uſeleſs to deſcribe the ſtupid ſtare, the dirty ſhirts, and long beards, of theſe ſovereigns, or the *patriotic* ſtrut and imaginary conſequence of their chairman and committee men. I ſhall notice only a circumſtance or two, which, though trifling in themſelves, characterize the meeting better, perhaps, than the moſt minute account of their proceedings and principles could do.

The important buſineſs being ended, a *citizen* made a motion, that the welcome of the meeting ſhould be given to a firm friend of the *Rights of man*, juſt arrived from Ireland (laſt from France), *Citizen Archibald Hamilton Rowan*. The name of *Rowan* was hardly out of his mouth, when the whole aſſembly burſt out into an acclamation, ſuch as is heard from the ſummit of mount Rhodope, when the drunken God retires to his pleaſures; or (to make uſe of an apter compariſon) ſuch as reſounds through the infernal regions, when Satan announces the arrival of one doubly damned. Silence being at laſt reſtored, the ſame *citizen*, holding up a little pamphlet containing one of *Mr. Maſon's* treaties, exclaimed, "what a "damned treaty!" After a ſhort pauſe, he continued; "I make a motion, that every "good citizen in this aſſembly kick this damn-"ed treaty to Hell." He muſt have ſuppoſed that his good *fellow citizens* knew the way

to Hell; and to tell the truth, ſome of them had much more the appearance of furies than of ſober honeſt men.

The buſineſs of the meeting being cloſed by this *patriotic* exhortation, ſome of the lukewarm *citizens* retired home, while others of a more determined character paid the Houſe of *Mr. Bingham* a viſit. It was thought by ſome, that violence was their intention; but they were ſo moderate as to be contented with inſult and execration. Mr. *Bingham* has, without diſpute, the fineſt houſe in the city, and he is ſaid to be, beſides, one of the wealthieſt as well as worthieſt men in the country; it muſt, therefore, be confeſſed, that he was, on every account, a proper object of attack.

Such are the oppoſers of the treaty, ſuch the *ſovereign people*, who are now tormenting the Preſident with their remonſtrances, which ſome of them have the inſolence to call, "inſtructi-"ons to their *public ſervant*," and who will ere long, unleſs their power be contracted, tyrannize over the peaceable inhabitants of theſe States. When once the lower orders of the people, thoſe who have nothing, begin to give law to thoſe who have ſomething, a ſtate of anarchy is at no great diſtance. This dreadful ſcourge now menaces the United States, and the only way of avoiding it is for every honeſt man, every man of property, to give his hearty and ſincere ſupport to the General Government.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have this moment caſt my eyes on an extract of a letter from Mr. *Pinckney*, the American Embaſſador in London, which I think well worthy of a place here; becauſe *Franklin* after ſome compliments to the patriotiſm of that gentleman inſiſts that, if the negociation had been left to him, you would have had a treaty "ſuch as would have been worthy an "independent nation." What will this demagogue now ſay

Extract of a letter from Thomas Pinckney, Miniſter Plenipotentiary, to the Secretary of State, dated London, 16th November, 1793.

"Mr. Jay communicated freely with me on this ſubject "during the courſe of the negociation, and I have wit- "neſſed the great difficulties which have occurred in ad- "juſting ſeveral of the articles. Although ſome points "might have been arranged more beneficially for us if "the treaty had been dictated entirely by the United "States, yet when it is conſidered as a compoſition of dif- "ferences, where mutual complaints had rendered mutual "conceſſions neceſſary to eſtabliſh a good underſtanding, I "think it may fairly be ſaid, that as little has been conced- "ed by Mr. Jay, and as much obtained for the United "States, as, all circumſtances conſidered, could be expected: "the buſineſs upon the whole, has been concluded more "beneficially for us than I had any hope we could obtain "by negociation ſix months ago, and, in my opinion; "places us in a more advantageous ſituation than we "ſhould have been by becoming parties to the war."

FINIS.

BRITISH
9 MY 72
MUSEUM

SECOND EDITION.

A

NEW YEAR'S GIFT

TO

THE DEMOCRATS;

OR

OBSERVATIONS

ON

A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

"*A VINDICATION*

OF

Mr. RANDOLPH's RESIGNATION."

BY PETER PORCUPINE.

"For *gold* defiles by frequent touch;
"There's nothing fouls the hand so much.
"But as his paws *he ſtrove to ſcower*,
"He waſhed away the chemic power;
"And *Midas* now neglected ſtands,
"With *aſſes ears* and *dirty hands*."

SWIFT.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE *democrats and I have long been in the friendly habit of making preſents to each other; and, this being a ſeaſon of the year when an interchange of civilities of this kind is more particularly looked for, I was juſt turning about me for a ſubject that might ſerve as ſome little mark of my attention, when the vindication of Mr. Randolph's reſignation made its long-looked-for appearance.*

If the reader knows any thing of the democrats, he will allow, that this vindication is moſt eminently calculated to furniſh me with the means of making them a grateful offering: and I was the more anxious to be prompt in the performance of this duty of etiquette, as, from their preſent formidable ſituation, it was to be feared, that they might have the will as well as the power to turn their vengeance againſt me, in caſe of the ſlighteſt neglect.

When we take a view of their affairs for a year paſt, it is impoſſible not to percieve that they are wonderfully improved. They have had addreſs ſufficient to ſtir up the mob to burn the greateſt part of the Federal Senators

*in effigy; they have dared publickly and vilely to traduce the Preſident of the United States; their own preſident has been elected a member of the legiſlature of Pennſylvania; the legiſlature of Virginia has declared in their favour; and a freſh importation of theives and traitors * from Ireland are daily expected to arrive. Theſe are great and ſolid advantages, and when we add to them the* "precious confeſſions," *which they may, by the help of* "ſome thouſands of dollars," *be able to draw from their new and* communicative *brother, we cannot help regarding their club as the riſing ſun of this country.*

To this great luminary, then, I kneel; not to aſk a boon, but to offer one; and ſuch a one as I hope will be acceptable, as its great object is to commemorate actions flowing from the pureſt principles of democracy.

PHILADELPHIA, 1ſt. January, 1796.

* See the Democratiad, page 13.

A

NEW YEAR's GIFT, &c.

AMONG the means employed by the anarchical Aſſemblies of France, in the propagation of their deteſtable principles, that of corruption may be regarded as one of the moſt powerful, and, accordingly, it has ever ſhared a principal part of their attention. If we take a ſurvey of their confiſcations, proſcriptions and aſſaſſinations, from the ſeizure of the property of the eccleſiaſtics, by the Conſtituent Aſſembly, down to the horrid butcheries of Carrier, we ſhall find that this has often been a leading motive for perpetrating of thoſe deeds, which will blacken the French name as long as honeſty and humanity ſhall be eſteemed amongſt men. It is, at leaſt, an object of which they have never loſt ſight, and which they have ſpared nothing to accompliſh. They have ranſacked the coffers of the rich, ſtripped poverty of its very rags, robbed the infant of its birth-right, wrenched the crutch from the hand of tottering old age, and, joining ſacrilege to burglary, have plundered even the altars of God, in order to poſſeſs themſelves of the means of corrupting degenerate foreigners.

That their plans of ſeduction have been but too ſucceſsful they themſelves avow. Like the gang of highwaymen in the ſubterraneous cave, each mounts

the polluted tribune in his turn, and tells his tale of corruption. According to their own acknowledgements, they have expended millions upon millions in this commerce of conſciences, ſince they have called their country a republic; and, which is well worthy of remark, theſe immenſe ſums have all been expended, with a trifling exception, in the republican ſtates that have condeſcended to fraternize with them. The patriots of Geneva and Holland, of Genoa and Switzerland, have been bought with the treaſures extorted from the unhappy French. The two former ſtates are, in every political point of view, annihilated, and the two latter exiſt as a proof, that ſtates as well as individuals may ſometimes triumph in ſucceſsful baſeneſs and venality.

The people of the United States of America had not the mortification to ſee their country included in the dark catalogue; and, though it was evident to every diſcerning man, that ſome ſuch influence began to prevail, in different parts of the Union, ſoon after the arrival of Citizen Genet; though it was impoſſible to account for the foundation of the Democratic Clubs, and for the countenance they received from many perſons of weight and authority [particularly in the State of Pennſylvania, where the ſecretary of the ſtate was at the head of the Mother Club] upon any other principle; though people were daily ſeen acting in direct oppoſition to their apparent intereſts; and though the partizans of France did not heſitate openly to declare their enmity to the Preſident of the United States and to the government he had been choſen to adminiſter; notwithſtanding all theſe ſtriking and well-known facts, the great body of the people would have regarded any one as a ſlanderer of their national character, who ſhould have inſinuated, that the ſecrets of their government, and their moſt important intereſts, were the price of that ſudden exaltation that every

where appeared among the perſons devoted to the will of the French miniſter. The people might have remained in this deluſive confidence, 'till their conſtitution had been ſubverted, and 'till they had been plunged into a calamitous foreign war, or driven to the dire neceſſity of ſhedding each other's blood, had it not been for the accidental interception of the letter, that has led to the *Vindication* on which I have here undertaken to make a few obſervations.

Before I enter on the Vindication itſelf, two circumſtances preſent themſelves as ſubjects of preliminary obſervation: the *time*, and the *manner*, of its being introduced to the public.

Mr. Randolph informs us, that he gave in his reſignation on the 19th of Auguſt, in conſequence of his having been interrogated on the contents of an intercepted letter of the French miniſter, Citizen-Fauchet; and we all know, that his Vindication, if vindication it muſt be, did not appear 'till the 18th of December; a ſpace of exactly four months, wanting one day. When he had given in his reſignation, he did not remain at Philadelphia to court the inquiry that he talks ſo much of, but flew away to Rhode Iſland, in order to overtake Mr. Fauchet, by whoſe very letter he ſtood accuſed, and to obtain from him a certificate of his *innocence* and *morality*. We ſhall ſee by and by how he was employed during his ſtay at Rhode Iſland; at preſent we muſt follow him back to Philadelphia, where we find him arrived on the 21ſt of September, thirty three days after his departure, and writing to the Preſident of the United States, to inform him, that he is preparing his Vindication with all imaginable diſpatch; and of this he had taken care to inform the public ſeveral days before. After this notification, it was impoſſible that the people ſhould not hourly expect to ſee, *in the public papers*, an elucidation of the whole affair. What then muſt be their

aſtoniſhment, when, after having waited with the utmoſt impatience for three long weeks, they were given to underſtand, that the boaſting Vindicator could not cloſe his laborious performance, without having acceſs to certain other papers of a confidential nature! The requeſt for theſe papers, all evaſive and malicious as it was, was at once granted by the Preſident. This pretended obſtacle being removed, one would have imagined that ſhame would have prevented him from framing further delays; but, alas! ſhame has but little power, when honour has deſerted the breaſt.

Two months longer was the publication put off, and we now find it to contain no more original matter than any man, accuſtomed to writing, would have prepared for the preſs in the ſpace of ſix or ſeven days at moſt. That the Vindicator has not amuſed himſelf in poliſhing his ſtyle, every one will allow that reads him. Beſides, a man, whoſe reputation is ſuſpended, and who is conſcious of his innocence, does not waſte his precious time in the pointing of a thought, or the rounding of a period. Truth needs no embelliſhment.

The Vindicator's motives for this delay are not difficult to be divined. He wanted time to ſpread reports to the prejudice of the Preſident, and to prepare the minds of the people in his own favour: hence the idle tales of a Britiſh faction, and hence the pitiful pleadings of the *Calm Obſerver*. It was probable, too, that, by delaying the publication till after the meeting of congreſs, it might be brought out at a moment when ſome deciſion of that body, reſpecting the Treaty, might irritate the feelings of the people againſt the preſident's conduct; and, by directing their attention to that part of the Vindication intended to criminate him, might turn the ſhaft of their cenſure from the Vindicator himſelf. Beſides, Mr. Randolph had not been ſo aſſiduous a ſtu-

dier of the temper of the multitude (for the multitude was all he could hope to deceive) to be ignorant, that their minds, after being kept ſo long on the ſtretch, would begin to relax; and that indifference would ſucceed to curioſity. In ſhort, independent of every other conſideration, to gain time, we may well ſupoſe, was with him a capital object. To this he was led by the motive common to all men in his ſituation: every one endeavours to put off the evil hour; and he juſtly regarded the hour of the appearance of his Vindication, as that in which he would be ſwung off into eternal ignominy.

However, whether any or all of theſe motives were the real cauſe of the procraſtination, or not, is a matter of great indifference; I defy any one to account for it in a way compatible with his honour. He knew that he ſtood accuſed of a moſt heinous offence againſt his country, and had he been confident, nay had he hoped, that he was in poſſeſſion of the teſtimony of his innocence, he never would have witheld it ſo long.

Nor ſhall we find, that the *manner* of his introducing his Vindication to the public ſpeaks more in his favour.

In his letter of reſignation, he ſays to the Preſident: "I am ſatisfied, Sir, that you will acknow-"ledge one piece of juſtice on this occaſion, which "is, that until an inquiry can be made, *the affair* "*ſhall continue in ſecrecy under your injunction.*" But after his return from Rhode-Iſland, knowing that the Preſident could not lay an injunction for the time paſt, and knowing alſo, that a copy of the dreadful diſpatch was in the hands of Mr. Bond, on whom the Preſident could lay no injunction at all, he ſuſpected the affair had got abroad, which was, indeed, the caſe; it was then, and not before, that, making a virtue of neceſſity, he inform-

ed the public, by publiſhing a letter he had written to the Preſident, that he would prepare a Vindication of his conduct.

After this he ſuffered the matter to reſt for ſome time, and then publiſhed an extract from another letter to the Preſident, dated the 8th of October, in the following words: "You muſt be ſenſible, Sir, "that I am inevitably driven into the diſcuſſion of "many confidential and delicate points. I could "with ſafety immediately appeal to the people of the "United States, who can be of no party. But I ſhall "wait for your anſwer to this letter, ſo far as it reſ-"pects the paper deſired, before I forward to you "my general letter, which is delayed for no other "cauſe. I ſhall alſo rely that you will conſent to "the whole of this affair, howſoever confidential "and delicate, being exhibited to the world.——"At the ſame time I preſcribe to myſelf this condi-"tion, not to mingle any thing which I do not ſin-"cerely conceive to belong to the ſubject."

By this ſtroke our Vindicator imagined, he had reduced the Preſident to a dilemma, from which he would be unable to extricate himſelf. He thought that the Preſident's circumſpect diſpoſition would lead him to refuſe the c mmunication of the paper demanded; and, in that caſe, he would have impreſſed to the public mind an idea of its containing ſomething, at once capable of acquitting himſelf, and of criminating the Preſident. And, ſhould the paper be granted, he hoped that he ſhould be able to make ſuch comments on it, as would, at leaſt, render the chief of the executive as odious as himſelf.

The Preſident did not balance a moment on the courſe he ſhould take. "It is not difficult," ſays he in the anſwer, "to perceive what your objects "are; but that you may have no cauſe to complain "of the withholding any paper (however private and

confidential), which you ſhall think neceſſary in a "caſe of ſo ſerious a nature, I have directed that "you ſhould have the inſpection of my letter of the "22d of July, agreably to your requeſt: and you "are at full liberty to publiſh, without reſerve, *any* "and *every* private and confidential letter I ever "wrote you; nay more, every word I ever uttered "to, or in your preſence, from whence you can "derive any advantage in your juſtification."

I am ſorry that the bounds, within which I propoſe to confine myſelf, do not permit me to give the reader the whole of this noble letter; here, however, is ſufficient to prove the generous deportment of the writer. Theſe extracts moſt eminently depict the minds of the parties: one we hear the bold, the undaunted language of conſcious integrity, and, in the other, the faultering accents of guilt.

Baffled in this project of recrimination, the Vindicator had recourſe to others, if poſſible, ſtill more unmanly. A paragraph appeared in the public papers, as extracted from a Carolina gazette, telling us a ſhocking tale about Mr. Randolph having been ill-treated by the Preſident, who had been worked up by a wicked Britiſh faction to accuſe him (from ſomething that had been diſcovered by an intercepted letter of Mr. Fauchet) of *having his price*, and that, in conſequence, poor Mr. Randolph had been *ſacrificed*, merely becauſe he had adviſed the Preſident not to ſign the treaty with Great Britain. This ſimpleton of a ſtory concluded with ſome patriotic reflections on the formidableneſs of the Britiſh faction, and the great danger of acting contrary to their will and pleaſure.

After an infinity of other ſubterfuges and precautions, the Vindication itſelf comes forth; not in the face of day, like the honeſt innocent man from

his peaceful dwelling; but like the thief from his hiding place, preceded by his skulking precursors. These numerous tricks and artifices have, however, all failed: the public has had the candour to prejudge nothing: the thunder has been reserved for the day of judgment.

Should the Vindicator be able to find some quibble to excuse these preliminary manœuvres, how will he justify the *sale* of his pretended Vindication? If it be not necessary to the justification of his conduct, while in the service of the public, why is it published? and, if it be, how dares he attempt to make them pay for it? He every where boasts of his pure republicanism, and fawningly courts the favour of the people, by calling on them to judge between him and his patron, the President. He pretends to have held his office from them, though every one knows that he held it from the President, at whose pleasure he was removeable, and to whom alone he was, in this case accountable. But, allow him to hold his office from the people, it is to them he owes an account of his behaviour therein, and that *gratis*, too.

It has been asserted, by him, or by his printer (it is of little consequence which), that he is to derive no pecuniary advantage from the *sale*. But, what is this to the purchaser? If he is obliged to pay two shillings and nine pence three farthings for the Vindication, where is the difference to him, whether Mr. Randolph or Mr. Smith pockets the money. Should it appear, at last, that the Vindicator is to share in the profits of the work, he will have the honour of introducing an improvement into the art of vindicating: men have often been known to barter their reputations; but to derive profit from a public sale of the proofs of their having done so, is as yet without an instance on the annals of corruption. I will not, however, profess to believe that

this is the caſe: many reaſons render it improbable. No; his grand object here, as every where elſe, was to narrow the circulation of the evidence againſt him. He has ſo managed it as not only to make the public pay for what they had a right to demand information of without payment, but, by confining the copy-right to his friend Smith, he has reſerved to himſelf the power of limiting the number of copies; and, it is very probable, that the Vindication may be out of print in leſs than a month. Special care has been taken to place it at head of the book the inſtrument by which all others are forbidden to print it, and an extract from the act of congreſs, made "for the encouragement of *learning*, by ſe-"curing the copies, &c." This is a fair menace; as if he had ſaid: *Here is my vindication; but if any one dares to re-publiſh it, I will proſecute him according to law.*——God of republicaniſm! if there be ſuch a deity, could it ever be imagined, that a law made in a country that ſeems to be the receptacle of all the patriots upon the face of the earth, for the expreſs purpoſe of encouraging learning, and enlightening the people, would have been made a handle of to keep them in darkneſs and ignorance, concerning crimes of the moſt momentous nature, imputed to thoſe who pretend to glory in being called public ſervants!

Had Mr. Randolph been ſincere in his deſire to appeal to the people, he would have endeavoured to make that appeal as general as poſſible; and what I aſk, would have preſented itſelf to him as the moſt likely mean of effecting this? Would he not have ſent a copy of it to a printer of a gazette, requeſting at the ſame time all the other printers of gazettes, in the United States, to republiſh it? This was the method practiſed with reſpect to the Britiſh depredations, and all the other little ſpiteful ſtories of the ſame ſort, and we know that it has ever met

with the wiſhed-for ſucceſs. Why was it not, then, adopted on the preſent occaſion? Mr. Randolph's friends ſay (for, aſtoniſhing as it may ſeem, friends he has) that, by a newſpaper publication, it would have appeared in a mutilated, incomplete ſtate. To this I reply; that, had he ſent his copy to his gazeteer, Mr. Brown, we ſhould have had every line of it in the Philadelphia Gazettte at one time; or, at leaſt, we ſhould have had a right to expect it; for, the trial of *Hardy*, which my old friend Brown publiſhed about a year ago, to prove to us that the Britiſh government was juſt that minute going to pieces like an old crazy hulk, contained much more matter than the work of our Vindicator. It is very true, that Mr. Brown might not have imagined that *his cuſtomers* were ſo nearly intereſted in the *precious confeſſions* of the ex-ſecretary of ſtate, as in the fate of a ſeditious cobler at London; more eſpecially as the former might not be thought extremely honourable to republicaniſm: yet, there can be but little doubt but he would have complied; for, as to the reputation of his paper it could be in no danger even from the inſertion of the vindication, after the nonſenſe, the falſhoods, the blaſphemies, and the bawdry of which it has too long been the vehicle. By only ſending it, then, to the preſs of this induſtrious, vulgar, and voluminous *quid nunc*, two or three thouſand copies of it would have been diſtributed through the dark lanes and allies of Philadelphia in the ſpace of forty-eight hours: we ſhould have met with it in every direction, and in every ſhape that inanimate nature can aſſume: not a garret, nor a reeking ſtove-hole, would have been without a copy, the windows of Paddy's filthy cabbin, and even the crannies of citizen Pompey's hovel, might have exhibited as clear and undeniable proofs of Mr. Randolph's innocence as the French archives.

This would have been the way for the vindicator to throw himſelf on the ſovereign people indeed. But, inſtead of this, what has he done? He has barricaded himſelf in by an act of Congreſs, and forbidden his ſovereigns to approach him without money in their hands. Ye gods! is he ever to have his price! is he ever to be purchaſed; And yet this is the man who pretends to be the friend of *pure republicaniſm*, and the advocate for the ſovereignty of the people! "Without further "enumeration," ſays he, "of reaſons for an ap- "peal to the *people*, to whom elſe ought I to ap- "peal? If the ſtories which have been propagated "be true, is is *their honour* which has been wound- "ed." By the bye, I do not believe this laſt aſſertion, and I ſhould be glad to hear how he makes it out; how he has contrived to ſhift the diſhonour from himſelf to the people: but if it be ſo, why not appeal to them? Why hide his *precious confeſſions* from their ſight? Why attempt to keep them in the dark by impoſing a tax on their curioſity and inquiries? Civilians have long been divided as to the preciſe import of the word *people*; this queſtion is now reſolved by the rules of arithmetic, and that to a fraction, as far at leaſt as relates to the United States: the people are, all thoſe who are able and willing to give Mr. Randolph, or his printer, two ſhillings and nine pence three farthings good and lawful money of Pennſylvania! *O Reſpublica! O Mores!*

Having diſmiſſed theſe circumſtances, which, though but trifles, if compared with many others that we ſhall meet with, were too glaring to paſs unnoticed, I now come to the Vindication itſelf.

Mr. Randolph begins by a "ſtatement of facts," and in this I ſhall imitate him; but as to the manner of doing this we ſhall differ widely. He has endeavoured to loſe us in a maze of letters and

anſwers, and extracts and converſations, and notes and memorials, and certificates; but, as it is not my intention to render what I have to ſay unintelligible, not weary my readers patience with a round about ſtory, I ſhall endeavour to be as conciſe as poſſible, conſiſtent with perſpicuity.

On the 31ſt of October, 1794, Citizen Fauchet, the then French miniſter at Philadelphia, diſpatched a letter to a committee of the government in France, informing them among other things, of the riſe and progreſs of the inſurrection in the Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania. This letter was put on Board the Jean Bart, a French corvette, which ſailed directly afterwards for France, and, on her paſſage, took an Engliſh merchant veſſel. When the corvette arrived in the Britiſh Channel, ſhe was brought to by a frigate of the enemy. As ſoon as the commander of the former ſaw that it was impoſſible to eſcape, he brought the diſpatches, and Citizen Fauchet's letter among the reſt, upon the deck and threw them over board. But unfortunately for Mr. Randolph, and ſome other patriots that we ſhall ſee mentioned by-and-by, there was a man on board who had the preſence of mind and the courage to jump into the ſea and ſave them. The reader will not be aſtoniſhed at this heroic act, at this proof of unfeigned and *unbought* patriotiſm, when I tell him that the man was no ſans-culotte *citizen*, but a Britiſh Tar. It was indeed, no other than the captain of the Engliſh veſſel that the corvette had taken on her paſſage. This good fellow and the diſpatches he had ſo gallantly preſerved, were taken up by the frigates's boat: the diſpatches were, of courſe, ſent to the Britiſh government, by whom Citizen Fauchet's letter was, through Mr. Hammond, communicated to the Preſident of the United States. The Preſident ſhewed it to Mr. Randolph, deſiring him to make ſuch explanations

as he chose; and Mr. Randolph tells us, that it was in consequence of what passed at this interview that he gave in the resignation, of which he has since published a Vindication.

Although this extraordinary performance is called "A Vindication of Mr. Randolph's *Resigna-* "*tion*," people naturally look upon it as an attempt to vindicate his *conduct*, previous to that resignation. Few persons, I will take it upon me to say, thought an apology for quitting his post necessary. Those who had read his bungling correspondencies, never imagined him to be the Atlas of the state. It was not, then, his resignation that excited public anxiety or public curiosity, but a certain something between him and Citizen Fauchet. The people had heard about corruption, about thousands of dollars, and about the pretended patriots of America having their prices; these were the points the people wanted to see cleared up. They could not conceive that exposing to the whole world, and consequently to the enemies of this country, their President's private letters of July, 1795, relative to the treaty, could possibly tend to invalidate the charges of treason, contained in the French minister's letter, written in the month of October, 1794. But Mr. Randolph, it appears, saw the matter in another light. He has thought proper to attempt to balance the crime laid to his charge, against another supposed crime, which he imputes to the President, concerning the ratification of the treaty.

Hence it follows, that the Vindicator labours at two principal objects: to wash away the stain on his own reputation, and to represent the President of the United States as ratifying the treaty under the influence of a British faction. That the latter of these can, as I have already observed, have no sort of relation to the great and important point, to-

wards which the public mind has been ſo long directed, it is very manifeſt; nevertheleſs, ſince it has been forced upon us, it would look like flinching from the inquiry to paſs it over in ſilence. I ſhall therefore, after having obſerved on that part of the Vindication which comprehends what ought to have been its only object, endeavour to place in as fair a light as poſſible the indirect charge that is brought againſt the Preſident.

From Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter it appears, that Mr. Randolph did betray to him the ſecrets of the American government, and make him overtures for money, to be applied to ſome purpoſe relative to the inſurrection in the Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania.

The firſt of theſe is fully ſet forth in the very firſt paragraph of the letter, which runs thus: "The "meaſures which prudence preſcribes to me to take "with reſpect to my colleagues, have ſtill preſided "in the digeſting of the diſpatches ſigned by them, "which treat of the inſurrection of the Weſtern "counties, and of the repreſſive means adopted by "the government. I have allowed them to be "confined to the giving of a faithful, but naked "recital of events, the reflections therein contained ſcarcely exceed the concluſions eaſily deducible from the character aſſumed by the public "prints. I have reſerved myſelf to give you as far "as I am able, a key to the facts detailed in our "reports. When it comes in queſtion to explain "either by conjectures or by certain data, *the ſecret views of a foreign government*, it would be "imprudent to run the riſk of indiſcretions, and to "give oneſelf up to men, whoſe known *partiality for "that government*, and ſimilitude of paſſions and intereſts with its chiefs, might lead to confidencies "the iſſue of which are incalculable. Beſides "the *precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph* alone-

" throw a ſatisfactory light on every thing that " comes to paſs. Theſe I have not yet communi- " cated to my colleagues. The motives already " mentioned lead to this reſerve, and ſtill leſs per- " mit me to open myſelf to them at the preſent " moment. I ſhall then endeavour, citizen, to " give you a clue to all the meaſures, of which " the common diſpatches give you an account, and " to diſcover the true cauſes of the exploſion, which " it is obſtinately reſolved to repreſs with great " means although the ſtate of things has no long- " er any thing alarming." Notwithſtanding the unequivocal expreſſions contained in this paragraph, the Vindicator has endeavoured at a ſatisfactory explanation of it; and ſo confident does he pretend to be of having ſucceeded, that he ſays: " I heſi- " tate not to pronounce, that he who feels a due " abhorrence of party manœuvres, will form a " concluſion honourable to myſelf." Let us ſee, then, how he has extricated himſelf; what proof or what argument, he has produced to wipe away the ſtigma, and to warrant the confidence with which he expreſſes himſelf of the people's forming a concluſion to this honour.

The phraſe of the firſt paragraph of Citizen Fauchet's letter, which more immediately attracts our attention, is, " *the precious confeſſions* of Mr. Ran- " dolph." Theſe words the Vindicator has taken a deal of pains to explain away, and with his uſual ſucceſs. He begins by ſaying, that, " this obſer- " vation upon the *precious confeſſions* of Mr. Ran- " dolph, involves the *judicious management of the of-* " *fice.* It implies no deliberate impropriety, and " *cannot be particularly anſwered*, until particular " inſtances are cited." I ſee nothing here from which we are to form a concluſion to his honour; nor did he, it ſeems; for he immediately throws

the taſk on Citizen Fauchet's *certificate*. This extra diplomatic inſtrument was obtained by the famous journey to Rhode Iſland, under what circumſtances we ſhall ſee by-and-by; at preſent let us hear what Citizen Fauchet ſays in it. "As to the communications which he [Mr. Randolph] has made to me at different times, they were only of *opinions*, the greater part, if not the whole of which I have heard *circulated as opinions*.—I will obſerve here, that none of his converſations with me concluded without his giving me the idea, that the Preſident was a man of integrity, and a ſincere friend to France. This explains *in part* [well put in] what I meant by the terms his *precious confeſſions*. —When I ſpeak in the ſame paragraph in theſe words; "Beſides the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph alone caſt upon all which happens a ſatisfactory light," I have ſtill in view only the explanations of which I have ſpoken above; and I muſt confeſs that very often I have taken for *confeſſions*, what he *might have* communicated to me by virtue of a ſecret authority. And many things which I had, at the firſt inſtant, conſidered as *confeſſions*, were the *ſubject* of public converſation."

Without admitting, even for a ſingle moment, the validity of the evidence of this certificate, we may be permitted to admire its effrontery. *Precious confeſſions* are here explained to ſignify *opinions*, and opinions, too, that were *the ſubject of public converſation!* Oh! monſtrous! Oh! front of tenfold braſs! Were we to give credit to what Citizen Fauchet has endeavoured to palm upon us in this certificate, we muſt conclude him to be either drunk or mad at the time of writing the paragraph which he thus explains, and the reſt of his letter by no means authoriſes ſuch a concluſion. What idea do the words *precious confeſſions* convey to our minds?

What is a confeſſion? An *acknowledgement* which ſome one is *prevailed on* to make. And in what ſenſe do we ever apply the epithet *precious*, but in that of *valuable*, *rare*, *coſtly*, or *dear*? Would any man, that knows the meaning of theſe words, apply them to deſignate the common chat of a town, mere news-paper topics? We ſay, for inſtance, *precious ſtones*; but do we mean by theſe the rocks that we ſee cover the lands, or the flints and pebbles that we kick along the road? If ſome impudent quack were to tell us, that the pavement of Philadelphia is compoſed of *precious ſtones*, ſhould we not hurl them at his head; ſhould we not lapidate him.

But, let us ſee in what ſenſe Citizen Fauchet employs the ſame word *precious*, in another place, even in the very certificate where he endeavours to explain it to mean nothing.—After ſpeaking of the *ſecret* machinations of Mr. Hammond, the conſpirations of the Engliſh, and their being at the bottom of the Weſtern inſurrection, he comes to the means that Mr. Randolph had propoſed to get at their *ſecrets*, and ſays: "I was aſtoniſhed "that the government itſelf did not procure for "itſelf *information ſo precious*." Here, then, *precious* ſignifies *ſecret*. This *information ſo precious* was *rare* information; information *not to be come at without a bribe*. This phraſe fallen from the pen of Citizen Fauchet, while his invention was upon the rack to explain away another charge againſt the moral Mr. Randolph, fully proves in what ſenſe he had ever uſed the word *precious*.

However we ſhould be very far from doing juſtice to theſe "*precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph*" by conſidering them in their naked independent ſenſe. It is very rarely that the true meaning of any phraſe, or even of a complete ſentence is to be come at without taking in the context. That theſe *preci-*

ous confeſſions were neither ſo trifling nor of ſo publick a nature, as the citizen would make us believe, is clear from the tenor of the whole firſt paragraph above tranſcribed, which Mr. Randolph forgot to beg his friend to explain. After having mentioned the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph, "*theſe*," ſays he, "I have not yet communicated to my col-"leagues." And why?—Becauſe, adds he, "*the* "*motives, already mentioned*, lead to this *reſerve*, and "ſtill leſs permit me *to open myſelf* to them at the "preſent moment." How is this, then? Why was this cautious *reſerve* neceſſary, even towards his colleagues of the legation, if there was nothing to communicate but mere "*opinions*," that were "*the ſub-*"*ject of public converſation?*" What an over-and above cloſe man this muſt have been! Would to God Mr. Randolph had been as cloſe! But what were theſe "motives already mentioned?" We muſt conſult the paragraph again here. The Citizen, after ſtating that he allowed the diſpatches, ſigned by his colleagues, to be confined to a naked recital of events, *ſcarcely exceeding* what might be gathered from the newſ-papers, obſerves, that he has reſerved to himſelf the taſk of giving a key to theſe joint reports, and adds: when it comes in "queſtion to explain the *ſecret views* of a foreign "government, it would be imprudent *to give oneſelf* "*up* to men, whoſe known *partiality for that govern-*"*ment*, and ſimilitude of paſſions intereſts with "its chiefs, might lead to *confidencies*, the iſſue of "which is incalculable."—Here we have the motives that prevented Citizen Fauchet from communicating the precious confeſſions to his colleagues. Ordinary information, *hardly exceeding* what was to be learnt from the gazettes, he ſuffered them to participate; but as to the *ſecret views* of the government, and the *precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph*, he kept them in his own breaſt; becauſe his col-

leagues were men " who had known *partiality for* " *the government*, and a ſimilitude of paſſions and " intereſts with its chiefs !" This reaſon for not truſting the colleagues of Citizen Fauchet is corroborated by a ſentence of Mr. Randolph himſelf, who certainly forgot what he was about when he wrote it. " Two perſons," ſays he, " were in " commiſſion with Mr. Fauchet, and it was ſuſ- " pected, *from a quarter in which I confided*, that theſe " perſons were in a political *intimacy with members* " *of our government*, not friendly to me." I am ſure the reader will agree with me, that this was a reaſon, and a ſubſtantial one too, for not communicating to them the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph, if thoſe confeſſions went to expoſe the ſecret views of the government; but, if, on the contrary, they went no further than " *opinions*," that were " *the ſubject* " *of public converſation*," the precaution was perfectly ridiculous. It was like the ſecret of the ideot, who, whiſpering a by-ſtander, told him the ſun ſhined, but begged him to let it go no further.

In ſhort all the parts of this account correſpond ſo exactly, that they only want to amount to a proof of innocence inſtead of guilt to render them a ſubject of pleaſing contemplation. Citizen Fauchet receives certain *precious confeſſions* from Mr. Randolph, which he keeps from his colleagues, becauſe they have *a partiality for the government*, and becauſe, from their intimacy with ſome of the members of it, they might make dangerous diſcoveries. The inevitable concluſion, then, is, that theſe *precious confeſſions* were *not* of *opinions*, that were *the ſubject of public converſation*, and that they were of a nature *hoſtile to the government*; and whether this be " a " concluſion honourable" to Mr. Randolph, or not, I leave the reader to determine.

Citizen Fauchet, in that part of his certificate which I have above quoted, makes an indirect at-

tempt to eſtabliſh a belief, that Mr. Randolph, in his confeſſions, never uttered any thing to the prejudice of the character of the Preſident of the United States. This is his aim, when he ſays that "none of his converſations concluded without giving the idea, that the Preſident was a man of integrity." But, we are to obſerve, that the certificate was originally intended for the peruſal of the Preſident. Who could tell how far ſuch a declaration, if it ſhould be believed, might go towards making Mr. Randolph's peace? It has never yet appeared, that he was in earneſt about a *public* Vindication, till after his return from Rhode-Iſland: that is, 'till he ſaw that it was abſolutely impoſſible to ſmother the affair. To have brought this declaration into the certificate with any other view than that of ſoftening the Preſident, would have been pure folly. The Preſident being a man of incorruptible integrity was ſurely no precious confeſſion; on the contrary, I am miſtaken if it was not among the moſt diſagreeable information that Citizen Fauchet ever received from his friend, the Secretary. If this certificate had, then, been intended for the public, to what purpoſe was the declaration concerning the Preſident thruſted into it? Did the framer, or rather framers, of it imagine; nay, could they poſſibly imagine, that Mr. Randolph would acquire favour with the people for having declared that the man he now attempts to blacken, the man he now repreſents as under the guidance of a Britiſh faction, is a man of incorruptible integrity? The Preſident's character ſtood in no need of the eulogy of Mr. Randolph, or the certificate of a muſhroon French miniſter. The people of the United States knew General Waſhington to be a man of integrity, long before Citizen Fauchet was called from among a troop of itinerant play-actors, to

ſtrut on the diplomatic ſtage of the new-fangled Republic.*

The deſperate Vindicator makes one ſtruggle more. He endeavours to back the evidence of Citizen Fauchet's certificate with a proteſtation of his own, in which he denies ever having received a farthing for the communication of ſtate-ſecrets; ſays that he never communicated any ſuch ſecrets; that he never uttered a ſyllable which violated the duties of office; all which, adds he, "I *aſſert*, and to "the aſſertion, I am ready to ſuperadd the moſt ſo-"lemn ſanction." I ſhall not throw away my time in attempting to invalidate this kind of teſtimony. There was a time when the *ſolemn ſanction*, or even bare *aſſertion*, of Mr. Randolph, might have been formidable; but that time is alas! no more.

We now come to the *overtures for money*, to be applied to ſome purpoſe relative to the inſurrection in the Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania.

Citizen Fauchet, in the 15th paragraph of the fatal letter, had been ſpeaking of the aſſembling of the inſurgents at Braddock's Field, and of the preparations of the Federal government to reduce them to order and obedience. Then, in the 16th paragraph, he comes to ſpeak of the conduct of certain perſons in power, at this momentous criſis. "In the mean time," ſays he, "although there "was a certainty of having an army, yet it was "neceſſary to aſſure themſelves of co-operators a-"mong the men whoſe patriotic reputation might

* Whether the Citizen formerly paid his addreſſes to *Thalia* or *Melpomene*, I know not; whether he has wielded the dagger or worn the maſk on the grand theatre of the revolution (which has brought forth ſuch eminent talents in both walks), is alſo unknown to me; I ſhould, however, from his behaviour in this country, be led to imagine, that the maſk has ever been his favourite.

" influence their party, and whoſe lukewarmneſs " or want of energy in the exiſting conjunctures " might compromit the ſucceſs of the plans. Of " all the governors whoſe duty it was to appear at " the head of the requiſitions, the *governor of Penn-* " *ſylvania* alone enjoyed the name of *republican;* his " opinion of the Secretary of the Treaſury, and of " his ſyſtems, was known to be unfavourable. The " *Secretary of this State* poſſeſſed great influence in " the *popular ſociety of Philadelphia*, which in its " turn influenced thoſe of other States ; of courſe " he merited attention. It appears therefore that " *theſe men*, with others unknown to me, all hav- " ing without doubt Randolph at their head, were " *balancing to decide on their party.* Two or three " days before the proclamation was publiſhed, and " of courſe before the cabinet had reſolved on its " meaſures, Mr. Randolph came to me with an air " of great eagerneſs, and made me *the overtures* of " which I have given you an account in No. 6. " Thus, *with ſome thouſands of dollars*, the Repub- " lic could have decided *on civil war or on peace !* " Thus, the conſciences of the pretended patriots " of America have already their prices ! It is very " true that the certainty of theſe concluſions, pain- " ful to be drawn, will for ever exiſt in our archives! " What will be the old age of this government, if " it is thus early decrepid !"

From this paragraph we learn, that certain men of weight and influence were balancing as to the ſide they ſhould take at the time of the inſurrection; that two or three days before the iſſuing of the proclamation for the aſſembling of a military force to march againſt the inſurgents, Mr. Randolph went to Citizen Fauchet, and made to him certain overtures; and that from the nature of theſe overtures, Citizen Fauchet concluded, that, if he had had ſome thouſands of dollars at his diſpoſal, he could have decided on ci-

vil war, or on peace. From this latter circumſtance, it is evident that the overtures were for money, to be applied to ſome purpoſe relative to the inſurrection; and, therefore, our inquiries (if, indeed, inquiries are at all neceſſary), are naturally confined to two queſtions: *who* was to receive this money? and for *what purpoſe?*

The ſhorteſt way of determining the firſt of theſe queſtions, is, to refort to the fair and unequivocal meaning of the paragraph itſelf. Suppoſe the following paſſage of it alone had come to light: "*theſe* "*men*, with others unknown to me, all having "without doubt Randolph at their head, *were ba-* "*lancing* to decide on their party. Two or three "days before the proclamation was publiſhed, Mr. "Randolph came to me with an air of great eager- "neſs, and made to me the overtures of which I "have given you an account in my No. 6. Thus "with ſome thouſands of dollars, the Republic "could have determined on civil war or on peace." Suppoſe, I ſay, that of all the letter, this paſſage alone had been found; what ſhould we have wanted to know further?—Why, certainly, *who theſe men were.* This is what we ſhould have curſed our ſtars for having kept from us.—Randolph, we ſhould have ſaid, is at the head of them; but who are *theſe men?* To whom do theſe important words refer?—Luckily, Citizen Fauchet's letter leaves us nothing to wiſh for on this head, theſe words are relative to "*the governor of Pennſylvania,*" the "*Se-* "*cretary of this State**", and other perſons unknown to the writer. *Theſe men*, according to Citizen Fau-

* I keep to the very words of the letter; but that, by "this State," is meant the ſtate of Pennſylvania cannot be doubted, eſpecially when we ſee that the letter is dated at Philadelphia.

chet's letter, were with Randolph at thei- head, balancing to decide on their party; and while they were thus balancing, Mr. Randolph, being the leader, went to Citizen Fauchet, and made him ſuch overtures as would have enabled him, had he had "ſome thouſands of dollars," to decide on civil war or on peace.

I ſhall not amuſe myſelf with drawing concluſions here, as I am fully perſuaded, that no one, who ſhall do me the honour of reading theſe ſheets, will find any difficulty in doing it for himſelf. It is, however neceſſary to notice what has been advanced with an intention of doing away the impreſſion, that this part of Citizen Fauchet's letter muſt inevitably leave on our minds, with reſpect to the perſons in whoſe behalf the money overtures were made.

The reader has obſerved that Citizen Fauchet mentions a diſpatch, which he calls his No. 6. and to which he refers his government for the particulars of Mr. Randolph's overtures. An *extract* from this No. 6. the Vindicator has obtained from Citizen Adet, the preſent French miniſter, which he has publiſhed in his Vindication, and which I here inſert. "Scarce was the commotion known, when "the Secretary of State came to my houſe. All "his countenance was grief. He requeſted of me "a private converſation. It is all over, he ſaid to "me. A civil war is about to ravage our unhappy "country. *Four men*, by their *talents*, their *influence*, "and their *energy*, may ſave it. But, debtors of "Engliſh merchants, they will be deprived of their "liberty, if they take the ſmalleſt ſtep. Could you "lend them inſtantaneouſly funds, ſufficient to "ſhelter them from Engliſh proſecution? This in-"quiry *aſtoniſhed* me much. It was impoſſible for "me to a make a ſatisfactory anſwer. You know *my* "*want of power*, and my defect of *pecuniary means*. "I ſhall draw myſelf off from the affair by ſome

" common-place remarks, and by throwing myſelf " on the *pure* and unalterable principles of the Re- " public.—God of Heaven! what muſt be the ſitu- ation of a man, who publiſhes ſuch a piece as this in order to weaken the evidence againſt him.

We ſhould certainly be at full liberty to reject the teſtimony contained in this extract; not on account of the perſon who ſigns it (though his *not being a Chriſtian* might, with ſome weak minded people, be a weighty objection), but on account of its being but *a part* of the No. 6. referred to. I do not, however, wiſh to derive any advantage from this circumſtance: I admit the validity of the teſtimony contained in the extract; and well I may; for, the greateſt enemy of Mr. Randolph, and of thoſe who are involved with him, could wiſh for no better confirmation of the 16th paragraph of Citizen Fauchet's letter.

The only circumſtance in which the extract from No. 6. appears to differ from the letter, is, that, in the extract, mention is made of *four* men, and, in the letter, of only *three*. But, let it be obſerved, that though only three perſons are named in the letter, yet Citizen Fauchet adds to them, " others " unknown to me."

The next piece of exculpatory evidence produced, is the *certificate* of Citizen Fauchet. But, before we quote this paper again, it is neceſſary to ſee how it was obtained.

When Citizen Fauchet's letter was firſt ſhewn to Mr. Randolph, in the council-chamber, and he was aſked to explain it, he heſitated; deſired time to commit his remarks to writing; went to his office, locked up his own apartment there, and gave the key to the meſſenger; then went home, from whence he wrote to the Preſident, requeſting a copy of the letter, and informing him that, if Citizen Fauchet had not quitted the continent, he would

go after him, *to prepare himself for an inquiry.*—Was this the behaviour of a man grosly calumniated? Such a man would have said: I see, Sir, by this letter, that I am charged with crimes which my heart abhors; I declare the writer to be an infamous slanderer; but, as appearances are against me, here are the keys of my office, and even of my private papers: examine them all, and I will remain here till the examination is ended. Send also for Citizen Fauchet, if he be yet in the country: bring him here, and let him avow this to my face if he dares.—I appeal to the reader's breast, whether there is any thing that a man, strong in his integrity, would have so ardently desired, as to be confronted with his accuser; or any thing he would have so obstinately refused as to be the messenger to seek him? Allowing, however, that a man, falsly accused of such heinous crimes, had, in a paroxysm of rage, quitted the Council chamber to pursue the assassin of his reputation; would he not have instantly departed? Would he have closed his eyes till he came up with him? Would any mortal means of conveyance have been swift enough for his pursuit? And, once arrived, would he not have rushed into his presence? Would not the sight of the perfidious miscreant have almost driven him to madness? Had he found him in the arms of his harlot, or grovelling at the altar of his pagan Gods, would he not have dragged him forth to chastisement? The heart that swells with injured innocence, is deaf to the voice of discretion!

How different from all this was the cool and gentle and genteel deportment of the Vindicator! He stays very quietly, two days at Philadelphia, before his departure for Rhode-Island, and loiters away no less than *ten days* in performing a journey that the common stages perform in *five*. When he arrives, he goes and

has a *tête-à-tête* with Citizen Fauchet, and ſo mild and ſo complaiſant is he, and ſo little malice does he bear on account of the wound given to his honour, that he afterwards writes the Citizen a note, in which he ſtyles himſelf his *humble ſervant*. In conſequence of this *tête-à-tête*, in which the Citizen and Secretary re-examined the fatal letter, and refreſhed each other's memories a certificate was made out by the former; but not delivered into Mr. Randolph's hands, for fear we ſhould believe that he had penned it as well as furniſhed the hints for it, till after his return to Philadelphia, when it was ſent to him by Citizen Adet. This *tête-à-tete* on the unfortunate letter reſembles the conſultation of a couple of phyſicians over a patient gaſping in a deſperate diſeaſe: they at laſt preſcribe a remedy, and, phyſician like, leave it to be adminiſtered by their Apothecary.

I paſs by the *certificates* of a *tipſtaff* and a *pilot*, which were brought in as auxiliaries to that of Citizen Fauchet, and come to the queſtions that *were to be* put, but which *were not* put, to Citizen Fauchet, before Mr. Marchant, a judge of the diſtrict of Rhode-Iſland, and Mr. Malbone, a member of the Houſe of Repreſentatives. This play at queſtion and anſwer muſt have been fine ſport for Meſſrs. Marchant and Malbone, who would have had the *dramatis perſonæ* before their eyes; but, when committed to paper, a peruſal of it would have been quite flat and inſipid to us. No queſtion, I am poſitive, would, on this occaſion, have drawn truth from the lips of Citizen Fauchet; except, perhaps, the queſtion formerly employed in the Inquiſition: for, as to oaths upon the Holy Evangeliſts, what power could they have had upon the conſcience of a man whoſe creed declares the Bible to be a lie,

and who alternately adores, the goat, the hog, the dog, the cat, and the jack-ass*?

After these remarks on the manner in which this certificate, which we are called upon to give credit to, was procured, we may venture to quote it, without running the risk of being misled by its protestations. Let us, then hear what it says with respect to the persons in whose behalf the overtures for money were made. "About the month of July or August, in the last year, he [Mr. Randolph] "came to see me [Citizen Fauchet], at my house "We had a private conversation of about twenty "minutes. His countenance bespoke distress. He "said to me that he was afraid a civil war would "soon ravage America. I enquired of him what "new information was procured. He said that he "began to believe that in fact the English were fo-"menting the insurrection, and that he did not "doubt, that Mr. Hammond and his Congress "would push some measures with respect to the in-"surrection, with an intention of giving embarrass-"ment to the United States. He demanded of me "if, as my Republic was itself interested in these "manœuvres, I could not by the means of some cor-"respondents procure some information of what

* If the reader has never seen one of the Calendars of the enlightened and regenerated French, it may not be amiss to inform him here, that, in lieu of the Saints whom they placed in their Calendar formerly, and to whom they addressed their prayers no longer than four years ago, they have now filled it with brutes, trees, and plants. Each day of the republican year is consecrated to some one of these their animal and vegetable saints, and it is a circumstance truly singular, that the day, on which Citizen Fauchet was to be cross-examined, is consecrated to *Hemp*.—There is something like fatality in this.—Should any one wish to satisfy himself of the fact, he has only to look in one of the Calendars, printed in France, for the month of *Vendemaire*, a copy of which I have now before me.

" was paſſing. I anſwered him that I believed I " could. He replied upon this, that having formed " many connections by the means of flour contracts, " *three* or *four* perſons, among the different *con-* " *tracters*, might, by *talents*, *energy*, and ſome *in-* " *fluence*, procure the neceſſary information and " ſave America from a civil war, by proving that " England interfered in the troubles of the Weſt." After this, the certificate ſays, that Mr. Randolph ſtated a doubt as to the pecuniary affairs of theſe contractors, and obſerved that thoſe whom Citizen Fauchet " *might be able* to employ, *might perhaps* be " debtors of Engliſh merchants; and that, in that " caſe, *might perhaps* be expoſed to be harraſſed and " arreſted; and, therefore, he aſked if the payment " of the ſums, *due them* by virtue of the exiſting " contracts, would not be ſufficiently early to ren- " der them independent of Britiſh perſecution."

So! here are all "*theſe men* who were *balancing* " *to decide* on their *party*; theſe men, who by their " *talents*, *influence*, and *energy* might ſave the coun- " try;" theſe men, *who could have decided on civil war or on peace*, are, by this barefaced certificate, turned into induſtrious peaceable flour-merchants. This explanation exceeds even the impudence of Lord Peter, who ſwore that the words *gold-lace* meant *a broom-ſtick*.

It would now be neceſſary to turn to Mr. Randolph's own explanation of what paſſed between him and Citizen Fauchet, on this occaſion, if his account did not perfectly agree with the one here given, with ſuch trifling variation of phraſeology excepted as was requiſite to encourage the belief, that both were not the work of the ſame hand. It does, indeed, appear, that Mr. Randolph imagined in good earneſt, that we ſhould yield an implicit confidence to what Citizen Fauchet has ſaid in his

certificate; for, he ſeems to have been anxious about nothing but confirming it with his own proteſtations, without attempting to do away the charge contained in the intercepted letter. Our inquiries, however, are not thus to be diverted. We are not thus to be fobbed off with an ex-poſt-facto certificate, and the commentaries thereon. How came Mr. Randolph to be of opinion that flour merchants would, above all others, be the perſons to unravel the intrigues of Mr. Hammond? He is the firſt ſtateſman, I believe, that ever thought of employing men of this profeſſion to dive into the ſecrets of foreign miniſters. And why ſhould he ſuppoſe, that the flour-merchants of Citizen Fauchet were in the confidence of the Engliſh faction, and that the very ones whom he ſhould chooſe from amongſt them, were debtors, and debtors, too, to Britiſh merchants? Poor fellows! he would have broken his heart, if they had been "harraſſed and arreſted," in conſequence of their zeal! It was ſomething extraordinary alſo, that he did not know the law of this country better than to fear that they might be kept in priſon for debt. He will make but a poor ſolicitor in the courts of *Virginia*, if he does not know how to keep a fraudulent debtor out of jail; and it is very probable, that this little ſlip of the pen may hurt him more, in the opinion of his preſent neighbours, than his *precious confeſſions*, or even than his *overtures for money*.

Mr. Randolph pretends that, ſo far from having made overtures for himſelf and Co. he rejects with horror the idea of giving a pair of gloves even to theſe honeſt flour-men. Citizen Fauchet, it is true, did underſtand Mr. Randolph as adviſing him to obtain intelligence, by aſſiſting with *loans* thoſe who had contracted with him for flour; but now, calling to mind all the circumſtances, he has an *intimate conviction*, that he was miſtaken in the propoſi-

tions of Mr. Randolph, who only asked if these good people could not be accommodated with the "sums "*due them* on their contracts!" Hence then, they wish to infer, that all was fair and honest; that no such thing as corruption was ever dreamt of. Admit them this, for a moment, and then let them account for the following expressions, which come immediately after the money overtures, mentioned in the dispatch, No. 6. "This inquiry *astonished me* "*much*. It was impossible for me to make a *satisfac-* "*tory answer*. You know my *want of power*, and "my *defect of pecuniary means*. I shall *draw myself* "*off from the affair* by some common-place remarks, "and by throwing myself on the *pure* and unalte- "rable principles of the Republic." Now, why *pure?* Why throw himself on the *pure principles* of his Republic? How could the *pure principles* of his Republic forbid him to yield to a proposal that had nothing *impure* in it? And, why does he talk of his want of *power* and of *pecuniary means?* Would it not be the height of stupidity for a man to talk this way, if he was required to do nothing but to pay three or four flour-men "the sums *due them* on their "contracts?"

Nor was such a trifling proposal better calculated to awaken in Citizen Fauchet these reflections! "Thus with some thousands of dollars, the Repub- "lic could have decided on civil war or on peace! "Thus, the *consciences* of the *pretended patriots* of "America have already *their prices!* It is very "true that the certainty of these conclusions, *pain-* "*ful to be* drawn, will for ever exist *in our archives!* "What will be the old age *of the government*, if it "it thus early *decrepid!*"—Would any man, except a madman or a fool, have made these reflections on a proposal to pay certain merchants "sums "*due them*," and particularly when those sums were

to enable them to *ſerve their country*, by exploring the ſecret machinations of an hoſtile power? Mr. Randolph's propoſing to come at the ſecrets of the Engliſh miniſter by prevailing on Citizen Fauchet to pay the ſums due to his contractors, would certainly have excited a laugh in Fauchet: and, if he had thought ſuch a ſilly propoſition worth a mention in his diſpatches, he would naturally have ſaid what a loggerheaded fellow they have choſen for Secretary of State here! Would you imagine that he has propoſed to me, to pay my flour-contractors what I *owe them*, as a mean of inducing them to penetrate into the deſigns of the Engliſh government! The man muſt certainly be out of his wits, or he never would be fooliſh enough to ſuppoſe, that theſe people, in gratitude for having received *no more than their due* from *me*, would be induced to undertake a dangerous aud expenſive ſervice *for him*. However, the poor man, though a little crack-brained, is a good patriot, and has no other motive in all this than to ſerve his country.—Theſe would have been the remarks of Citizen Fauchet, had the overtures been of the nature he now pretends they were. He would have had all the reaſon in the world to accuſe the Secretary of folly, but none to accuſe him of guilt; none to authoriſe thoſe bitter reflections on the *ſaleableneſs* of the *conſciences* of the *pretended* patriots of America, or on the *decrepitude* of *the government*.

This is not all. If the overtures for money were in behalf of Citizen Fauchet's flour-men, there remains a very important paſſage of his intercepted letter, which both he and the Vindicator have left unexplained. It is this. "*As ſoon as it was de-*" *cided* that the French Republic *purchaſed no men* " *to do their duty* there were to be ſeen individuals, " about whoſe conduct the government could at " leaſt form uneaſy conjectures, giving themſelves

" up with a *ſcandalous oſtentation* to *its views*, and " even *ſeconding its declarations*. The Popular So- " cieties ſoon emitted reſolutions ſtamped with the " ſame ſpirit, and who, although they may have " been adviſed by love of order, might neverthelefs " have omitted, or uttered them with leſs ſolemni- " ty. Then were ſeen coming *from the very men* " *whom we had been accuſtomed to regard as having* " *little friendſhip for the ſyſtem of the Treaſurer, har-* " *rangues without end*, in order to give a new di- " rection to the public mind. The militia, how- " ever, manifeſt ſome repugnance, particularly in " Pennſylvania; at laſt by *excurſions or harrangues*, " incomplete requiſitions are obtained. How much " more intereſting than the *changeable men* I have " painted above, were thoſe plain citizens, &c.

That Citizen Fauchet underſtood the money overtures to be made on the part of theſe *changeable men*, is evident; for the paſſage here tranſcribed follows immediately after the paragraph in which thoſe overtures are mentioned. And, the paſſage itſelf is too unequivocal to be miſunderſtood. All this ſcandalous oſtentation, he ſays, theſe ſecond-hand declarations, and harrangues without end, *in favour* of the government, took place, among theſe *changeable men*, as ſoon as it was known (and not before) that the French Republic purchaſed no men to do their duty. Now, then, let Mr. Randolph, or any one of theſe *changeable men*, twiſt this paſſage till it applies to his flour merchants, if he can. What! did the flour-merchants give themſelves up *to the views of the government* with a *ſcandalous oſtentation?* What harrangues did theſe poor devils ever make, I wonder, to diſguiſe their paſt views, and give a new direction to the public mind? We all know that the Democratic Societies and the good Governor of Pennſylvania iſſued *declarations ſeconding* that of the government; but the flour-

merchants never iſſued any, or, at leaſt, that I know of. And yet the citizen tells us, that all theſe harrangues and declarations took place as ſoon as it was decided, that the French Republic *purchaſed* no men to do their duty. How, then, in the name of all that is vile and corrupt, could the money overtures be made in behalf of three or four flour-merchants?

But, I muſt not let theſe harranguers go off ſo. "*Then*," ſays Citizen Fauchet, "were ſeen coming "from the *very men* whom we had been accuſtomed "to regard as having *little friendſhip for the ſyſtem* "*of the Treaſurer*, harrangues without end." Who then, were the perſons that Citizen Fauchet had been accuſtomed to regard as having little friendſhip for the ſyſtem of the Treaſurer? "Of all the govern-"ors," ſays Citizen Fauchet, in the 16th paragraph, already quoted, "of all the governors whoſe duty it "was to appear at the head of the requiſitions, the "governor of Pennſylvania alone enjoyed the name "of republican: *his opinion of the Secretary of the Trea-*"*ſury and of his ſyſtems was known to be unfavourable.*" In another part of the letter, when ſpeaking about the behaviour of ſeveral of the general officers on the Weſtern expedition, he ſays: "the governor "of Pennſylvania, *of whom it never would have been* "*ſuſpected*, lived intimately and publicly *with* "*Hamilton.*" As to the fact concerning the harrangues without end, thoſe of my readers whoſe memories are not very faithful, have only to open the Philadelphia newſpapers for the months of Auguſt and September, 1794.—Let the reader, particularly if he be a Pennſylvanian, treaſure up all theſe things in his mind.

I have but one more obſervation to add here, and that does not ariſe from any thing ſaid in the Vindication; but from a paragraph which appeared in Mr. Bache's gazette of the 22d December, ſigned,

A. J. Dallas, and which contained the following words: "The publication of Mr. Fauchet's inter-
"cepted letter, renders any remark unneceſſary
"on *my part*, or on the part of *the governor*, upon
"the villainous inſinuations of the libeller [meaning Mr. Wilcocks, who had ſaid that it was reported, that citizen Fauchet's letter charged the governor of Pennſylvania, Mr. Randolph, and *Valerius* (by which name Mr. Dallas looks upon himſelf as deſignated) of bribery and corruption] in relation to the
"contents of that letter; but *we* may expect to
"derive a *perfect triumph* on the occaſion, from the
"candour of thoſe, who have incautiouſly circula-
"ted injurious conjectures; and from the mortifi-
"cation of thoſe who have, wilfully, fabricated
"iniquitous falſhoods.

It ſeems, that this *A. J. Dallas* is the ſelf ſame "Secretary of this State," and that this governor is the ſame "governor of Pennſylvania," of whom citizen Fauchet has made ſuch honourable mention, and of whom we have been talking all this time: for my part, I do not know the men, nor either of them; nor have I any ambition to know them; but, if they can ſee any thing in Citizen Fauchets's intercepted letter, from which they "*ex-*
"*pect to derive a perfect triumph*," I congratulate them on their penetration with all my heart. Should they triumph, their triumph will be *perfect*, indeed; for, conſcious I am, that it will be attended with this ſingular and happy circumſtance, that it will excite envy in no living ſoul*.

* Citizen Franklin Bache, too (willing to be in the faſhion, I ſuppoſe), has thought proper to come forward with a voluntary Vindication. He tells the public that, "another means of intimidating him into ſilence, has been
"the circulation of falſe and ſcandalous inſinuations againſt
"*his integrity*, of his having received French money, &c.
"To all ſuch he thus poſitively and explicitly gives *the lie*,"

As I am pretty confident that no further remark is neceſſary with reſpect to the *perſons* who were to receive the product of Mr. Randolph's overtures, I ſhall now ſpeak to the ſecond queſtion; for what purpoſe were they to receive it?

I believe, few people have read the intercepted letter, without being fully convinced, that the money, if obtained, was to be ſo employed as to enable the receivers openly to eſpouſe the cauſe of the Weſtern inſurgents, and overturn the Federal government; or, at leaſt, counteract its meaſures ſo far as to oblige thoſe at the head of it, to abandon it to the direction of thoſe corrupt and profligate men, who wiſhed to prevent any accomodation's taking place with Great-Britain, and to plunge their devoted country into a war on the ſide of France. The paſſage of the letter, where the overtures are mentioned, authoriſes this concluſion; and, when we come to examine the other paragraphs, together with the extract from the diſpatch, No. 6. and to compare the whole of Citizen Fauchet's account with the well known conduct of thoſe

—Fair and ſoftly, good maſter *Surgo ut Proſim*: if you riſe for our good, do not, for mercy's ſake, flaſh our eyes out. If you have not touched French money, if they have wronged you out of your ſhare, why, it is an agreeable ſurprize to us, and there is an end of the matter. But, let me tell you, that it was treating the good people of the United States a little cavalierly to give them the lie direct thus, and ſeems to be very incompatible with your intereſts, unleſs you had a ſufficiency of *cuſtomers elſewhere*. You are not, it is true, *named* in Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter, and of this lucky circumſtance you were, I preſume, acquainted before you gave the public the lie; but, as Preſident *pro. tem.* of the Democratic Society of Pennſylvania, you certainly come in for a ſhare of his ſarcaſm on thoſe changeable men. No more boaſting, then, maſter *Surgo:* for " the more you ſtir it . . . . you know the reſt of the proverb.

who are clearly designated, as the persons in whose behalf the money overtures were made, the evidence becomes irresistible.

To weaken this evidence nothing has been advanced, that does not, if possible, add to its force, by showing to what more than miserable shifts and subterfuges the Vindicator has been driven. Nevertheless, as we profess to make observations on the Vindication, all that it contains, however false and absurd, claims some share of our attention; and, therefore, we must now take a view of what has been said concerning the application of the money to be obtained by the overtures of Mr. Randolph, beginning, as before, with the certificate of Citizen Fauchet.

After telling us that he had frequently had conversations with Mr. Randoph about the insurrection, and that he himself suspected the English of fomenting and supporting it, he says: "I communicated my suspicions to Mr. Randolph. I had "already communicated to him a Congress, which "at this time was holden at New-York. I had "communicated to him my fears, that this Congress would have for its object, some manœuvre "against the Republic of France, and to render "unpopular some *virtuous men*, who were at the "head of affairs; to destroy the confidence "which existed on one hand, between General "Clinton [late governor of New-York] and his fellow-citizens, and on the other, that which united "Mr. Randolph to the President." He then tells us the old story about the flour-merchants.

Now comes Mr. Randolph's turn. "Our discourse," says he, "*turned upon* the insurrection "and upon the expected machinations of Mr. Hammond and others at New-York, against the french "Republic, Governor Clinton, and myself.—fresh

" as the intelligence was upon my mind, that the " Britiſh were fomenting the inſurrection, I was " ſtrongly inclined to believe, that Mr. Hammond's " Congreſs, would not forego the opportunity of " furniſhing, to the utmoſt of their abilities, em- " ployment to the United States, and of detaching " their attention and power from the European " war. I own, therefore, that I was extremely de- " ſirous of learning what was paſſing at New-York. " I certainly thought, that thoſe men, who were on " an intimate footing with Mr. Fauchet, and had " ſome acceſs to Britiſh connections, were the beſt " fitted for obtaining this intelligence." And for this reaſon he recommended the flour-men*. Oh maſter Randolph! maſter Randolph Oh!

Here, then, this worthy ſtateſman was endeavouring to render a moſt important ſervice to his country. His only object being to dive into the machinations, that the Engliſh miniſter and his Congreſs were hatching againſt the United States. A very laudable purſuit.—This ſtory has ſomething in it ſo flattering to human nature, that it is a pity it ſhould be the moſt abominable falſhood that ever iſſued from the procreant brain of a petty fogging politician.

In the firſt place, nobody ſincerely believed, that

* To give the reader ſome faint idea of the volubility of theſe gentlemen when they got together, it will be ſufficient to tell him, that all this plan for coming at the ſecret machinations of the Engliſh; that all the queſtions, and anſwers, and obſervations, and determinations, took them up but juſt "*twenty minutes*," according to both their accounts. They tell us this, becauſe, if they had ſtaid longer cloſeted together, we might have ſuſpected ſome foul play; but they ſhould have taken care, then, to render their recital of what paſſed ſhort; for I, for my part, cannot read what they ſay paſſed between them, in double the time.

the Engliſh had even the ſlighteſt correſpondence or connection with the inſurgents; nor did any body ever, from firſt to laſt, pretend to avo ſuch a belief, that I know of, except Mr. Randolph and a certain Governor. Theſe two gentlemen endeavoured to impreſs the idea of ſuch a connection as well on the mind of the Preſident as on that of the public; but neither of theſe yielded to the inſidious ſuggeſtion. Both very naturally demanded proofs, and proofs were not to be found; unleſs the inſurgents' howling out *liberty and equality*, their planting *liberty trees*, and their wearing *cockades à la tricolor*, were proofs of their attachment to the Engliſh. No one circumſtance that has yet come to light is a ſtronger proof of a deep-laid plot againſt the Federal government than the efforts of theſe men to give a falſe direction to the public mind. While they were making overtures to the French miniſter; while they were endeavouring to feed the inſurrection from that ſource, they threw out, in order to diſguiſe their views, inſinuations that another nation was at the bottom of it.

And, what was this pretended Congreſs of Mr. Hammond at New-York, that it ſhould ſo alarm our Vindicator, and make his friend Fauchet fear, that ſomething would be attempted by it to the prejudice of Mr. Randolph and the "*virtuous*" father-in-law of Citizen Genet? Who compoſed this Congreſs? Why, Mr. Hammond was the Preſident, and his wife, a ſick child, and a nurſe, were the members! A pretty Congreſs this to form machinations againſt the government of the country, and to ſtir up a rebellion in a quarter four or five hundred miles diſtant! This congreſs, too, was aſſembled at New-York, or rather on Long-Iſland, where I do not believe that citizen Fauchet had *three* or *four*, nor even *one*, flour contracter; and, if ſo,

how came the wiſe Mr. Randolph to imagine that the contractors would have made a journey from Virginia, where the greateſt part of them were, or even from this city, to New-York, in order to dive into Mrs. Hammond's and her maid's ſecrets? The fellow muſt neceſſarily have remained ſome time there to effect the object of their miſſion; they muſt have went ſkulking about *incognito* like other ſpies, and muſt of courſe, have run the riſk of kickings and rib-roadings in abundance; and all this for what? why truly, for *nothing!* for it would have been for nothing, if they were to receive no more than what was "*due them* on their contracts," and both our certificate makers declare that they were not to have another farthing.

If the overtures had been for money to be employed in the procuring of intelligence of what the Engliſh miniſter was about, is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that Citizen Fauchet would have mentioned this circumſtance in his very confidential letter? Yet, we ſee, that he has not let fall a word about it, either in his letter or in his diſpatch, No. 6. Again, what would his reflections on ſuch overtures have been? He would probably have exclaimed: *Thus, with ſome thouſands of dollars, the Republic could have dived into all the machinations of the Engliſh!* Inſtead of: "Thus with ſome thouſands of dollars, "the Republic could have *decided on civil war or on peace!* Thus the *conſciences* of the *pretended patriots* of America have already *their prices!*"—And, let me repeat, what could induce him to talk, in his diſpatch, No. 6. of throwing himſelf on the *pure* principles of his Republic, if nothing was in contemplation but the unravelling of the treacherous deſigns of the Engliſh?

But, I do not reſt upon this negative evidence to diſprove all that the certificate makers have attempted to impoſe on us, on this ſubject. Citizen Fau-

chet has let fall a ſentence in his intercepted letter that proves, that he did not look upon the money overtures as being made with an intention of coming at the ſecrets of the Engliſh; that he never thought the Engliſh at all concerned in fomenting the inſurrection; that he was well perſuaded that the inſurgents never looked for ſupport from them; and that he was fully convinced of the meanneſs and baſeneſs of all thoſe who attempted to propagate ſuch an opinion. "But," ſays he in the 15th paragraph of the letter, "But, in order *to obtain* "*ſomething on the public opinion*, it was neceſſary to "*magnify* the danger, to *diſfigure the views* of thoſe "people [inſurgents], *to attribute to them the deſign* "*of uniting themſelves with England*.—This ſtep ſuc-"ceeded, an army is raiſed, &c. &c."* Here,

* I cannot help, on this occaſion, giving an extract from the firſt part of the *Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, which was written ſoon after Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter.

'I muſt be excuſed alſo, if I do not give full credit to what 'the Governor of Pennſylvania aſſerted on this ſubject, when 'he was harranguing the militia officers to perſuade them 'to aſſemble their quotas, for the purpoſe of marching a-'gainſt the "Weſtern Brethren." "Liſten," ſaid he, "to "the language of the *Inſurgents*, and your ſpirit will riſe "with indignation. They not only aſſert that certain laws "ſhall be repealed, let the ſenſe of the majority be what "it may, but they threaten us with the eſtabliſhment of an "independent government, or *a return to the allegiance o* "*Great Britain*."

'Moſt people thought this was a *bolt ſhot*; but they for-'got, that he ſaid, in the ſame harrangue, that, "from de-"fects in the militia ſyſtem, *or ſome other unfortunate cauſe*, "the attemps to obtain the quota of militia by regular drafts "*had failed*." If they had recollected, that, under ſuch 'circumſtances, the end of an harrangue was to "ſtir men's "bloods," and not to be very nice in the ſtatement of facts, 'they would not have been ſurpriſed, that our Solomon (I 'can have no intention to hint, that the wiſe Governor has

then, he unequivocally gives the lie to every word that he has ſaid on the ſubject in his certificate, and to every word that Mr. Randolph has been aukward enough to repeat after him. If he was ſo well informed that all theſe malicious tales about the interference of the Engliſh, were invented and popagated merely in order *to obtain ſomething on the public opinion* by *magnifying* the danger and *diſfiguring the views* of the inſurgents, all which, it is clear, he learnt from the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph; if he was ſo thoroughly convinced of all this, at the time of writing his letter, in October, 1794, how comes he to recollect, in the month of Auguſt, 1795, that both he and Mr. Randolph did "*really* ſuſpect," "that the Engliſh were foment-"ing the inſurrection? No; they never ſuſpected any ſuch thing, and they, and all others who pretended to ſuſpect it, have only diſcovered to what pitiful tricks, what political quackery, they were reduced.

One cloſing obſervation on this ſubject. If money had been wanted to obtain intelligence concerning the pretended Congreſs of Mr. Hammond; if this object was ſo near Mr. Randolph's heart as he hypocritically declares it was; whom ought he to have applied to? Whom would he naturally have applied to for the neceſſary ſums? Whom but the

'ever had *three hundred concubines* at a time; human nature 'cannot ſtand that, now a days) they would not, I ſay, have 'been ſurpriſed that our Solomon ſhould chooſe Great 'Britain as a ſpur.

'Reader, when you were a little boy, did you never carry 'on *a ſecret correſpondence* with the pies and tarts; and, when 'by the rattling of the plates, or ſome other accident, you 'were *like to be caught at it*, did you never *raiſe a hue and 'cry againſt the poor dogs and cats?* Thoſe who look upon the 'Conduct of our Democrats as unnatural, forget their own 'little roguiſh tricks.

Preſident of the Uuited States, under whoſe authority alone he could have acted in ſo delicate a conjuncture? He would have laid before him his ſuſpicions of the dreadful Congreſs, and propoſed to him the means the moſt likely of unveiling its machinations; and, if money had been neceſſary, it would, of courſe, have been granted. But, inſtead of this, away he runs to a foreign miniſter, and unboſoms himſelf to him, as if the ſecret was of too much importance to be depoſited in the breaſt of the Preſident, or as if the French had more intereſt in quelling the inſurrection than the United States had. He appears to have looked upon Citizen Joſeph Fauchet as his Father Confeſſor, and for that reaſon it was, I ſuppoſe, he reſerved for his ear, like a pious and faithful penitent, thoſe precious ſecrets that he kept hidden from all the world beſides. In the Council-chamber at Philadelphia he was troubled with a locked jaw; but the inſtant he entered the confeſſional on the banks of the Schuylkill, to which the Citizen ſeems to have retired on purpoſe, the complaint was removed, and he ſaid more in "twenty minutes," than he will be able to unſay in twenty years.

To the ſide of a ſtream, in a deep lonely dell,
Father *Joſeph* retir'd, as a hermit to dwell,
His hermitage, crown'd with a cap tricolor*,
Brought a beggarly pilgrim his aid to implore.
Firſt the holy-man promis'd, and, for his profeſſions,
The *penitent* made him moſt *precious confeſſions*.
Now tell me, dear ſon, ſaid the hermit, your needs:—
Give me, good Father *Joſeph*, *a ſtring of gold beads*.—
A ſtring of gold beads, ſays the hermit, *Parbleu!*
Your requeſt, my dear ſon, appears dev'liſh new,
He told him, in ſhort, he was damnably poor;
Kick'd him out of his den, and ſlam'd to the door.

* Citizen Fauchet's Houſes, both in town and country, were decorated with this ſymbol of orthodox republicanism.

It is a great pity we are obliged to quit this delightful theme, to return to the dry mercenary overtures of Mr. Randolph.

As it appears that he cannot perſuade us, that the money was to be employed for the purpoſe of coming at the machinations of the Engliſh, let us now ſee to what purpoſe it is much more likely it was to have been applied.

From the intercepted letter we learn, that, the complying with the overtures would have enabled, the French Republic to decide, for this country, *on civil war or on peace*; and, we are told, in the extract No. 6. which has been intruded on us purpoſely to give a favourable turn to this paſſage of the letter, that the money, if obtained, would have put it in the power of *four* men to *ſave the country*. Mr. Randolph, in handling theſe two paſſages, has gone rather beyond his uſual degree of aſſurance. He has taken a phraſe from one and a phraſe from the other, and tacked them together to ſuit himſelf. This done, he boldly aſks: "What "were to be the functions of theſe men?" And then comes out his triumphant anſwer: "*To ſave* "*the country from a civil war.*" This is Lord Peter again with his *totidem verbis*. By running over the two papers, or either of them, this way; culling a phraſe here and a phraſe there, he may make them ſay any thing he pleaſes; and he may do the ſame thing with any other writing. In this manner he may make even the *New Year's Gift* ſay, that he is an upright, worthy, incorruptible man; and God knows how far that is from the ſentiments of the author. Is this phraſe, which he compounded of ingredients taken from two different places, to be found in any part of Citizen Fauchet's diſpatches? Has this tattling father Confeſſor any where ſaid, that the overtures were for money *to ſave the country from a civil war?* Has he ſaid any

hing that will countenance such an interference? No; his dispatches, in every rational construction they will bear, clearly lead to a contrary conclusion.

He could have *decided on civil war or on peace* If we are to understand by civil war, *a successful opposition to the Federal government*, the whole of his letter, from one end to the other, proves that nothing was so near his heart. He every where exclaims against the ambitious views of the government, and defends the cause of the insurgents. He speaks of them as an oppressed people, and of the laws which they were armed to oppose, as harsh and unnecessary. The anarchical assembly in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, those outrageous villains who insulted the officers of justice, plundered the mail, drove peaceable and orderly people from their dwellings, dragged others forth to indure every other cruelty short of death, and who, in a word, were daily committing robbery and murder; this assembly of ruffians he calls, "the "*very pacific* union of the counties in Braddock's "Field! a union which could not justify the raising of so great a force as fifteen thousand men.— "Besides," adds he, "*the principles* uttered in the "declarations of these people, rather announced "*ardent minds to be calmed than anarchists to be subdued.*" When he comes to speak of those who wished to enforce the excise law, he gives way to the most bitter invectives, and almost curses the officers of government, who counselled the marching of the troops. But, at last, he is compelled to give an account of the triumph of the Federal army; and here we plainly perceive, by the chagrin he expresses at that event, what he would have desired. He laments that the government will acquire stability from it, "*for one complete session at least*," the

diſcredit it will throw on " the *inſurgent principles* " of the *patriots*," and concludes with this, to him, melancholy reflection: " Who knows what will " be the limits *of this triumph?* Perhaps advantage " will be taken by it to obtain ſome laws for *ſtrengthe-* " *ning the government*, and ſtill more precipitating " the propenſity, already viſible, that it has towards " ariſtocracy!"

Who, then, can be ſtupid enough to believe, that if this man had had " ſome thouſands of dol- " lars" to advance, he would have advanced them to aid the government, either directly or indirectly, *againſt the inſurgents*, and *to ſave* the country from a civil war? And yet, this we muſt believe, before we believe, that Mr. Randolph, who was in all his ſecrets, would have made him overtures for that purpoſe.

As to the words, in the diſpatch No. 6. which are allowed to ſignify, *ſave the country*, they muſt not be thus disjointed from what precedes them. The paſſage is this: " *Scarce was the commotion* " *known*, when the Secretary of State came to my " houſe. All his countenance was grief. He re- " queſted of me a *private converſation.* It is *all over*, " ſaid he to me. A civil war is about to ravage " our unhappy country. *Four men* by their *talents*, " their *influence*, and their *energy*, may *ſave it.*"— Save it from what? Not from a civil war; it was, it ſeems, too late to do that; for it was *all over.* A civil war was to take place, that was a ſettled point, though the *commotion was ſcarcely known*; but *four men*, with the help of Citizen Fauchet's dollars, might ſave the country. That is, bring it out of that civil war, refined and regenerated, and unclogged with the Federal government, or, at leaſt, with thoſe men who thwarted the views of Citizen Fauchet and his nation.

Of all the expreſſions to be found in the Babyloniſh vocabulary of the French Revolution, there is not one, the value of which is ſo preciſely fixed as that before us; *to ſave the country.* When their firſt Aſſembly, the fathers of all the miſeries of their country, violating the powers with which they were inveſted, reduced their king to an automaton, laid their crooked fingers on the property of ſixty or ſeventy thouſand innocent perſons, drove the faithful paſtors from their flocks, and replaced them by a herd of vile apoſtates, they had the impudence to declare, that they had *ſaved their country!* When their worthy ſucceſſors hurled this degraded monarch from his throne, and, after a ſeries of injuſtices, inſults and cruelties, as unmerited as unheard-of, put an end to his ſufferings on a ſcaffold, they, too, had *ſaved their country!* They have ſaved it, alas! again and again! Every ſignal act of their folly and tyranny, every one of their maſſacres, has ended with a declaration of their having *ſaved their country.* Even when they exchanged the Chriſtian Religion, the words of eternal life, for the impious and illiterate ſyſtems of a Paine and a Volney; when they declared the God of Heaven to be an impoſtor, and forbade his worſhip on pain of death; even then they pretended they had *ſaved their country!*——If Mr. Randolph meant to ſave his country in this way, he is welcome, for me, to the excluſive poſſeſſion of the honour due to his zeal. He might ſurely venture to make overtures to Citizen Fauchet for operating a ſalvation of this kind, without the leaſt fear of a rebuff. But, ſtopping ſhort of French ſalvation, he might wiſh to ſave it from the *exciſe;* from the *Treaſurer's plans of finance;* from a treaty with England; and, above all, from that "*ſtrengthening* the government, which "had ſo viſible a *propenſity to ariſtocracy.*" Be-

ſides, when a man comes to aſk for a bribe, he muſt have ſome excuſe; for, baſe as he may be, and loſt to ſhame, and well as he may be convinced, that the perſon whom he addreſſes, is as baſe as himſelf; yet, there is a ſomething about the human form, though disfigured with a tricolor cockade, which reminds the wretch, that he has a ſoul.

As a convincing proof that the overtures mentioned by Citizen Fauchet ought to be underſtood, as made to obtain money for ſupporting, in ſome way or other, the inſurrection in the Weſt, and that the whole letter inevitably conveys this meaning, we need no other proof than that furniſhed by Mr. Randolph himſelf. It will certainly be ſuppoſed, that he, above all others, would read this eſſay on bribery and corruption with an anxious and ſcrutinizing eye. We may fairly preſume, that he conned it over with more attention than ever ſchool-boy did his leſſon, or monk his breviary; and that, from the moment he was in his penitential weeds, he repeated the ſome-thouſand-dollar ſentence as often as a devotee catholic repeats her *Ave-Maria*. Yet, notwithſtanding all this; notwithſtanding the intereſt he had in finding ſome other meaning for it; notwithſtanding even his talent at warping and twiſting and turning every thing that falls in his way, we find him, on the 19th of Auguſt, writing to the Preſident thus: "For "I here moſt ſolemnly deny, that any overture e- "ver came from me, which was to produce money "*to me* [and not to flour-merchants], or any others "for me; and that in any manner directly or indi- "rectly, was a ſhilling ever received by me; nor "was it ever contemplated by me, that one ſhilling "ſhould be applied by Mr. Fauchet to any purpoſe, "*relative to the inſurrection.*"—He underſtood, then, the letter to mean, that money was to be received by him, and that it was to be applied to ſome pur-

poſe relative to the inſurrection. This was the charge that he at firſt thought the letter contained againſt him. And when did he begin to think otherwiſe?—After he had been to ſee Citizen Fauchet at Rhode-Iſland, and not a moment before. It was after this edifying *téte-à--téte* with his old Father Joſeph, that he began to recollect all about the flour-merchants and Mr. Hammond's Congreſs; and ſo, with his memory thus refreſhed, he comes back, and tells us in his Vindication. "Mr. Fauchet's letter, indeed, made me *ſuppoſe*, that No. 6. *poſſibly* alluded to ſome actual or proffered *loan* or expenditure, for the *nouriſhment* of the inſurrection: and, therefore, I thought it neceſſary to deny, in my letter of the 19th of Auguſt, that one ſhilling was contemplated by me to be applied by Mr. Fauchet relative to the inſurrection."

Citizen Fauchet's memory, too, was, it ſeems, furbiſhed up by this *téte-à-tète;* for he tells us, in his certificate, that, "*now* calling to mind all the circumſtances, to which the *queſtions of Mr. Randolph* call my attention, I have an intimate conviction that I was *miſtaken in the propoſitions*, which I *ſuppoſed* to have been made to me."—So, here is a pretty ſtory for you: Mr. Randolph forgets all about the flour-merchants, till he talks to Citizen Fauchet, and Citizen Fauchet forgets all about them, till he talks to Mr. Randolph! Their memories, like a flint and ſteel, could bring forth no light but by friction with each other. If this do not prove a cloſe connection, I do not know what does. Even "their minds," as the poet ſays, "in wedlock's bands were join'd."

There is another ſingularity worth notice here. Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter was written on the 31ſt of October, 1794; and, at that time (though it was juſt after the overtures were made), he did not recollect a word about the flour-men, nor a

bout the machinations of the Engliſh: but, on the 27th of September, 1795, that is to ſay, ten months and twenty-ſeven days afterwards, he has an *intimate conviction* of the whole matter; and tells as good a tough ſtory about it, as one can in conſcience expect from a being that kneels down at the ſhrine of a Jack-Aſs. Mr. Randolph, alſo, recollected nothing about it on the 19th of Auguſt; but, in ſome thirty days after, it all came as pat into his head, as if it had but that moment happened.—Rhode-Iſland muſt be like the cave of the Derviſe, where every one that entered ſaw, written in large characters, all the actions of his paſt life. If ſo, no wonder our Adventurers made ſuch haſte to quit it.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject, without begging the reader once more to call to mind the ſarcaſms that Citizen Fauchet pours out on the *changeable men*, who ſeconded the views of the government with the moſt ſcandalous oſtentation, who uttered reſolutions and harrangues without end, and who made excurſions to collect troops, "as ſoon as it was decided that the French Republic purchaſed no men "to do their *duty*." Mr. Randolph lays hold of this word *duty*, too, as a drowning man would of a ſtraw, and to juſt as much purpoſe; for, if, by this word, Citizen Fauchet meant the *real* duty of theſe harranguers, they were here in the performance of it. Their duty, their allegiance to the United States, required them to ſpeak forcible to the people, to ſecond the declarations of the general government, and, if ordered, to make excurſions to collect troops; and yet, he tells us, or rather he tells the French government, that they did all this, "as ſoon as it was decided that the French Repub-"lic *purchaſed no men to do their duty*." Hence it is a clear caſe, that what he conceived to be their duty, and what he would have paid them to perform, if he had had money, was exactly the contrary

of all this; and exactly the contrary of this would have been, an oppoſition to the general government, it is probable defeat, and conſequent deſtruction.

After all, to fix the blackeſt guilt on the conſpirators, it is not neceſſary to prove what their preciſe intentions were. It is ſufficient, that we have the cleareſt evidence, that, in conſideration of ſome thouſands of dollars, they would have enabled a foreign nation to decide *on civil war or on peace* for this country. After having, then, ſatisfied ourſelves with reſpect to *who they are*, this is the crime we have to lay to their charge. All their aſſeverations, all their windings and ſubterfuges are vain: they will never waſh away the ſtain, as long as words ſhall retain their meaning, and as long as virtue ſhall hold her ſeat in our hearts and reaſon in our minds.

I have already treſpaſſed on the reader's patience much longer than I intended, and, I fear, longer than he will excuſe; but, as I have promiſed to take ſome notice of the Vindicator's attempt at recrimination, I muſt be as good as my word.

He has exerted his labyrinthian faculties to the utmoſt, in order to make it believed, that the Preſident of the United States ratified the Treaty with Great Britain, under the influence of what he modeſtly terms, a Britiſh faction. With this object in view, he ſays, as addreſſing himſelf to the Preſident: " By my advice the United States would " have been maſters of all contingences at the end " of the campaign. To my unutterable aſtoniſh- " ment, I ſoon diſcovered that you were receding " from your *determination*. You had been reflect- " ing upon your courſe from the 26th of June to the " 16th of July; on the latter day you decided on " it; a communication was made to the Britiſh mi- " niſter in conformity with it; letters were addreſſed

" to our own miniſters in conformity to it; they " were inſpected by you, before you reſcinded your " purpoſe; no imperious circumſtances had ariſen, " except the ſtrength of the popular voice, which " would, according to ordinary calculation, corro- " borate, not reverſe, your former reſolution; you " aſſigned no new reaſons for the new meaſures; " and you diſregarded the anſwer to Boſton, al- " though it had committed you upon a ſpecial fact, " namely, a determination not to ratify during the " exiſtence of the proviſion-order. While I was " ſearching for the cauſe of this ſingular revolution; " and could not but remember, that another opi- " nion, which was always weighty with you, had " adviſed you not to exchange ratifications, until " the proviſion-order ſhould be aboliſhed, or the " American miniſter ſhould receive further in- " ſtructions, if it were not aboliſhed; after duty " had dictated to me an acquieſcence in your *va-* " *ried ſentimeuts*, and I had prepared a memorial to " Mr. Hammond adapted to them; after you had " ſigned the ratification on the 18th of Auguſt; " Mr. Fauchet's letter brought forth a ſolution of " the whole affair; thence it was that *you were per-* " *ſuaded* to lay aſide all *fear of a check* from the " *friends of France;* thence it was that *myſelf and* " *the French* cauſe were inſtantaneouſly abandoned."

This appears to be the ſum of Mr. Randolph's ſtatement, the correctneſs of which is, at leaſt, very doubtful; but, not to tire the reader with a diſcuſſion of little importance as to the main point, and in which I might poſſibly err, I ſhall take it for granted, that all that he has ſaid and inſinuated here is ſtrictly true; and then his charge amounts to this: that the Preſident, even after the deciſion of the Senate with reſpect to the Treaty was known, heſitated, from the 26th of June to the 13th of July, as to what courſe he ſhould purſue in regard

to the ratification; that, on the day laſt mentioned, he came to a reſolution not to ratify, until the order of His Britannic Majeſty, for ſeizing proviſions deſtined from this country to France, ſhould be withdrawn; and that, notwithſtanding this reſolution, he did afterwards ratify, leaving the order in force, and that he was induced to this change of conduct from the diſcovery made by Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter.

Now, admitting all this to be ſo, it requires a greater degree of penetration than I am maſter of, to perceive how it proves the Preſident to have ratified the Treaty under the influence of a Britiſh faction, or any faction at all.

It would ſeem, that the Vindicator imagines, that, when a man has once taken a reſolution, he can never change it, without incurring the cenſure of acting under ſome undue influence. How far ſuch a maxim is from being founded in truth the experience of every day will prove. A voluntary reſolution muſt ever be ſuppoſed to be formed upon exiſting circumſtances; and, of courſe, if any thing ariſes that totally alters thoſe circumſtances, it would be mere obſtinacy to adhere to the reſolution. If, for inſtance, a man determines on giving up a part of his income to a friend, and the next day finds that friend plotting againſt his life, muſt he, notwithſtanding the diſcovery, put his determination in practice, or be ſubjected to the charge of acting under ſome undue influence? To maintain ſuch a poſition appears to have been reſerved for Mr. Randolph alone. The true queſtion, therefore, is this: Was the diſcovery, made by Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter, ſufficient to juſtify the Preſident's altering his reſolution, or not?

The only objection that it is pretended the Preſident ever had to ratify the Treaty, as adviſed by the

Senate, was, the exiſtence of the order of the King of Great Britain for ſeizing proviſions deſtined from this country to France; becauſe, he was given to underſtand, that ratifying while this order remained in force, might look like acknowledging the legality of the ſeizure, and might embroil the United States with the French Republic. That this was the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Randolph he now avows; and he even owns; nay, boaſts, that he never would have given his advice in favour of the ratification at all, if he had not remembered, "that "if the *people* were adverſe to the Treaty, it was the "conſtitutional right of the Houſe of Repreſen-"tatives to *refuſe*, upon original grounds, *unfettered* "*by the Senate and Preſident*, to paſs the laws *ne-*"*ceſſary for its execution.*" He has been tempted to make this avowal in order to ingratiate himſelf with the Oppoſition; and the need they have of a man, able and willing to expoſe every ſecret of the Executive, may, perhaps, inſure him a momentary ſucceſs; but the avowal furniſhes, at the ſame time, an irreſiſtible proof of his double dealing. We plainly perceive from this, as well as from all the documents he has brought forward, on the ſubject, that he was the great, if not the only cauſe, of the delaying of the ratification. Firſt he ſtarts objections; then propoſes conferences between himſelf and the Engliſh miniſter; then he drafts memorials; in ſhort, he was taking his meaſures for undoing all that had been done, or, as Mr. Pickering well termed it, for "throwing the whole up in the "wind."

The ſituation of the Preſident was, at this time, truely critical. On the one hand, he ſaw an inſtrument ready for his ſignature, which completed the long-deſired object, an amicable termination of all differences with Great Britain; an object that twenty long years of war and diſputation had not been

able to accompliſh: on the other hand, he was haunted with the feigned, but terrific forebodings of an artful Secretary of State, who loſt no opportunity of repreſenting the conſummation of the act as a juſt cauſe of offence to France, the *faithful* ally of the United States and the favourite of the people. At this embarraſſing moment arrives the intercepted letter of Citizen Fauchet. The charm, that held him in ſuſpence, is at once diſſolved. Here he ſees that the hypocrite in whom he had confided, who firſt awakened doubts in his mind, who had been the cauſe of all the procraſtination, and who had hitherto withheld his hand; here he ſees him at the head of a faction oppoſed to his government, unveiling all its moſt ſecret views to a foreign miniſter, and even making overtures for money, which, if acceded to, would have enabled that miniſter to decide on civil war or on peace for this country. Was it not natural to imagine, that he ſhould now ſee the advice of this "pretended patriot" as a lure to lead him into a ſnare, to render the Treaty abortive, and eventually plunge the United States into a war with Great Britain? And was it not, then, I aſk, as natural, that he ſhould turn from it with indignation and horror? "Hence it was," ſays the Vindicator, "that *myſelf* and the *French cauſe* were "inſtantaneouſly abandoned." And, upon my ſoul, I think it was high time.

In this letter the Preſident ſaw alſo, what it was he had to expect from the *friendſhip* of the regenerated French. Here he finds a foreign miniſter writing a letter that breathes, from the firſt ſyllable of it to the laſt, the moſt treacherous hoſtility to the Federal government. He finds him caballing with ſome of the leading men in the ſtate; reviling his adminiſtration; repreſenting him as the head of an Ariſtocracy; approving of an open rebellion; re-

gretting its want of ſucceſs, and that he had not the means of nouriſhing it. And all this he ſees addreſſed to the rulers of a nation profeſſing the ſincereſt friendſhip for himſelf and the people of America. Was it poſſible that he ſhould ſee any thing here to induce him to delay the ratification of an inſtrument, calculated to inſure peace and uninterrupted proſperity to his country, merely for the ſake of obtaining an advantage for that nation? "Hence," ſays the Ex-Secretary, in his plaintive ſtyle, "Hence it was that he was perſuaded to lay "aſide all *fear of a check* from the *friends of France.*" And well he might; for, what more had he to fear from them? Open war with ſuch people is as much preferable to their intrigues, as a drawn ſword is preferable to a poiſoned repaſt.

The Vindicator, purſuing his plan for opening to himſelf a welcome from the adverſe (and might ſay perverſe) party, inſiduouſly brings forward the remonſtrances againſt the Treaty as a reaſon that ought to have prevented its ratification. Few people, who conſider how theſe remonſtrances were obtained, ever looked upon them as a reaſon of any weight: but, whatever attention they might merit before the diſcovery made by the intercepted letter, they merited none at all afterwards; for, there was, and there is, all the reaſon in the world to believe, that they *originated* from the ſame all-powerful cauſe as did the ſuggeſtions, difficulties and delays of the Vindicator. He would fain perſuade us, indeed, that no money overtures ever paſſed between him and Citizen Fauchet, after the little affair of the flour-merchants; but the method he takes of doing this is rather calculated to produce admiration at his effrontery than conviction of his repentance. Addreſſing himſelf to the Preſident he ſays: "Do you "believe, Sir, that if money was purſued by the "Secretary of State, he would have been rebuffed

" by an anſwer, which *implied no refuſal;* and would " not have renewed the propoſition; which, how- " ever, Mr. Fauchet confeſſes, *he never heard of* " *again?*"—I do not know what the Preſident might believe of the Secretary of State; but one would imagine that even ſuch a rebuff as the Vindicator met with would have prevented any man from returning to the charge; however, I ſhall not contradict him here, as he muſt underſtand theſe things better than I, or, perhaps, any other man living. I haſte to the declaration he quotes from Citizen Fauchet's diſpatch, No. 6. Yes, it is very true that the Citizen ſays in that diſpatch: " I have ne- " ver ſince heard of propoſitions of this nature." But when was this diſpatch written?—Before the 31ſt of October, 1794, and, conſequently, before the intercepted letter; and Mr. Randolph has the conſcience to make this declaration apply to the month of November, 1795. This is another of thoſe little twiſts for which our Vindicator is ſo renowned.

There was great plenty of time for the Citizen to receive a reinforcement from France, before the Treaty made its appearance on this ſide of the Ocean; and the regret he expreſſes at his " *want of pecuni-* " *ary means,*" when the firſt overtures were made to him, ſeems to be a tolerable good reaſon for preſuming that he would ſtrain every nerve to be able to give a more " *ſatisfactory anſwer*" another time, than that concerning " *the pure principles of his Re-* " *public.* I leave any one to gueſs at the low ebb to which he muſt be reduced, when he was obliged to throw himſelf on the purity of the French nation, for want of a little of the ready to purchaſe the " *conſciences* of the *pretended* patriots of America," which were juſt going off as cheap as neck-beef, or damaged goods at vendue! What muſt be the mortification of this ſpeculator in conſciences, when he

had not one ſingle *dollar* to give "*thoſe changeable* "*men*," to prevent them from *harranguing* and iſſuing declarations to "*ſecond the views of the govern-* "*ment!*" Indeed, when the Citizen is upon this ſubject he ſeems to be quite unmanned. His ſituation was like that of a prodigal, who, after having ſquandered his laſt *ſou* on his bawds and paraſites, ſees himſelf deſerted and deſpiſed by them.—"And "the popular ſocieties too," ſays he, giving way to all the anguiſh of his ſoul, "And the Popular So-"cieties too, emitted reſolutions ſtamped with the "ſame ſpirit!" The poor Citizen's grief at this ungrateful defection of his darling Club, puts one in mind of the lamentation of King James, when he heard that his favourite daughter had quitted his palace to join the invader. "God help me," ſaid he, "I am deſerted by my very children!"—This was not the caſe with Citizen Genet: his purſe was ever full, and he had ever a troop of Democrats at his heels. He made his court like Jupiter of old, in a golden ſhower, and, like Jupiter, he ſucceeded. Then was the time for trade: then a patriot's conſcience was as good to him as a little eſtate: he was not then obliged to hawk it about from door to door, like ſtinking fiſh or rotten peaches.

That Citizen Fauchet would preſs the neceſſity of a ſupply there can be no reaſon to doubt, at leaſt from any thing that he has ſaid to the contrary; for, it was the "want of *power* and defect of *pecu-* "*niary means*," that prevented him from yielding to the overtures that were made him; and not his want of inclination to nouriſh the inſurrection in the Weſt. "I ſhall *draw myſelf off*," ſays he, "by "ſome common-place remarks, and by throwing "myſelf on the *pure principles of the Republic.*" He ſays this with a laugh, that very well indicates what he thought of that purity. But, we are not reduced to the neceſſity of forming an opinion on any thing

that he ſays on this ſubject. We know what the pure principles of his Republic are. We have ſeen from a report, made in the Convention, that, at Genoa, theſe pure principles had made ſure of a party, who engaged to open the gates of the City to the French army, and that this plan, after having coſt ſome millions, failed of ſucceſs. In Switzerland, the Convention declares they have ſpent more money in bribes, than would have maintained an army of a hundred thouſand men in the field; but, *ptint d' argent point de Suiſſe*, according to their own proverb. In Denmark they expended ſuch immenſe ſums in conſequence of their *pure principles*, to the wife of one, and the whore of another, and the laquay of another, and all this under the pretence of purchaſing corn, that the reporter declares, that thoſe who eat the bread made of the corn coming from that country, might be ſaid to ſwallow pure gold*. Conſciences were high there; and yet the expenditure in Denmark is eſtimated at no more than a thirtieth part of what was expended among the republics. It was at Geneva that the ſucceſs of their *pure principles* was complete. Their miniſter at that place adhered to them ſo rigidly, that, in the ſpace of a few months, that devoted City became a little Paris. The conſtitution was deſtroyed, the ſans-culottes let looſe upon the rich; confiſcations, baniſhment and death

* Might not this circumſtance give our certificate makers the idea of flour-merchants? They knew that the thing had ſucceeded in Denmark, and though it was rather inconſiſtent for ſuch a "*true republican* as Mr. Randolph to adopt the practices of monarchical countries, yet, in ſuch a deſperate caſe, the thing might paſs, with a mental reſervation; and, at any rate, ſhould it be a ſin againſt the "*pure principles*" he profeſſed, as he was with his old Father Confeſſor, it was eaſy to obtain abſolution.

followed*.—After this, it is diverting to hear Citizen Fauchet "ſolemnly declare [in his *certificate*, mind that], that the *morals of his nation*, and the "*candour of his government*, ſeverely forbid the uſe "of money in any circumſtances, which could not "be *publicly avowed.*"—Conſummate impudence! The *morals* of a nation that do not now ſo much as know the meaning of the word! The morals of a nation that, one day in the year, have *Hemp* for their god!—And the *candour* of his government, too! A pretty ſort of candour, truely, to profeſs the tendereſt affection for the Preſident and Congreſs, while they were preparing to blow them all up. While they were endeavouring to foſter a neſt of conſpirators, who would have ſent them all to the guillotine, like the magiſtrates of Geneva, or ſwung them up in the embraces of their elaſtic god!

* The influence of French money at Genoa was ſuch, that when they appeared in its neighbourhood, the patriots planted liberty trees on every conſpicuous part of the fortifications. On each of theſe trees was the following inſcription: "*This tree will defend our ramparts better than* "*we can.*"—Let the reader caſt his eye on this ſcene of baſeneſs: let him view this venal cowardly race, hoiſting the colours of a nation of whoſe treacherous deſigns they were convinced; kiſſing the hand that held the ſcourge over them. And, when he has contemplated this ſpectacle as long as contempt and indignation will permit him, then let him transfer that contempt and indignation to the cockade-men and civic-feaſters of America.

This is a proper place to remark, that Citizen Genet was one of thoſe employed in accompliſhing the deſtruction of Geneva. This circumſtance accounts for the following ſentence of his letter of credence to the Congreſs: "The "proofs of *zeal and patriotiſm which he has hitherto given*, "perſuade us, that he will conduct himſelf in a man-"ner to render *his perſon agreeable.*"—He rendered *his perſon agreeable* to M . . C . . . and to the Democratic Societies, but to nobody elſe I believe.

From the *morals* and *candour* of such people, God defend us!

When Citizen Fauchet informed the Convention of the great bargains that were offered him here, when they found at what a low rate "the *consciences* "of the *pretended* patriots of America" were selling off, it would be to contradict every maxim of trade, to suppose that the purity of their principles and the morals of their nation would prevent them from enabling him to make a purchase; and particularly at the important moment, when the Treaty with Great Britain was to be ratified or rejected. There was, indeed, one difficulty; and that was, the Treasury of the Convention was nearly as empty as Father Joseph's purse or the pouch of his mendicant pilgrim. And, as to assignats, besides their being a tell-tale currency, they never would, as we have no guillotine in the country, have been convertible into food and raiment; so that, of course, they would have been as despicable and despised waste-paper, as the *Aurora* of Philadelphia, the *Argus* of New-York, or *Chronicle* of Boston. This difficulty, however, formidable as it was, appeared as nothing in competition with the object in view. We may well suppose that their indefatigable financiers would make a last effort; would give the nation another squeeze, to come at the means of defeating the Treaty. They have a greater variety of imposts than Mr. Hamilton or even Mr. Pitt: and in a pressing occasion like the one before us, they had only to set the national razor at work for two or three days, upon the heads of the bankers and merchants, to collect the sum required: or, if these should be grown scarce, a drowning of four or five thousand women might bring them in ear-bobs and

other trinkets * ſufficient to ſtir up fifty town-meetings, and to cauſe two thirds of the Federal Senators to be roaſted in effigy. I would by no means inſinuate, that the citizens, *in general*, who were aſſembled on theſe occaſions, participated in any donation whatever, foreign or domeſtic, for I have never heard of any thing of the kind; except, indeed, at Philadelphia, where, after having hollowed like luſty fellows to "*damn the Treaty*," they were taken and regaled with grog and muddy porter, at a tavern belonging to Patriot *Plato*.§ Dona-

* It appears from a relation of the tranſactions at Nantz, that in that city only, more than three thouſand women were either drowned or ſhot, in the ſpace of a few months, merely for the ſake of their rings, &c. The murderers, as is often the caſe, quarrelled, when they came to divide the booty, publiſhed accuſations againſt each other, and ſo the world has been informed of the "*pure principles* of the Re-"public; the *morals* of the nation!"

The American ladies will do well to be upon their guard with reſpect to French baubles; for it is very probable that their lovely perſons may bear about them ornaments, torn from the bleeding ears and fingers of thoſe females, who were formerly beloved and reſpected like themſelves.

§ This little gentleman, whom the French ladies call the *Garçon fendu*, is ſaid to delight in miſchief like a Jack-Daw. He has amaſſed a great deal of money together, God knows how, which he appears determined to employ in doing this country all the harm in his power. He fully juſtifies the maxim of the naturaliſts, who tells us, that the moſt impotent reptiles are ever the moſt malicious. We have, however, this conſolation: there will be none of his breed to torment our children.

It ſeems to me rather inconſiſtent that this *Pope Jone* ſhould be admitted into a maſculine aſſembly like the Congreſs of the United States; for, though I am far from approving of the indelicate ſcrutiny of the Roman Conclave, yet, I muſt confeſs, that, where there are ſuch grounds for ſuſpicion, I think a legiſlator ſhould be obliged to produce ſome proofs, before he be allowed to aſſiſt in making laws

tions, or "*loans*," of this sort, seldom extend further than the chairman, orators, and committee-men: the multitude, when their vociferations are finished, are generally suffered to retire to their cabins, their minds inflated with the ideas of their sovereignty, but their bellies as gaunt as those of fasting wolves.

Let any one look at the conduct of the leaders in this opposition to the treaty, and believe, if he can, that they were not actuated by some powerful motive which they dared not openly to avow. They began to emit their anathemas against it, long before it was even laid before the Senate. Mr. Randolph protests, that he never divulged its contents to any one. How he came to imagine this un-asked for declaration necessary in his Vindication, I know not; but this I know, that almost every article of it was attacked in the Democratic papers, *immediately after it was received by the President*, and that too, with such a confidence of its being what it has since appeared to be, that it requires some-

to govern fathers, mothers, and their progeny. Let him speechify in the Boarding Schools till he is hoarse, but not in a legislative assembly.

Sage *Plato* mounted on a three-legg'd stool,
Harrangu'd the Misses of the Boarding-School,
In accents soft as any *Eunuch's* song.
Blithe Phyllis thought the speech confounded long.
Two craving appetites her soul divide:
She long'd for dinner, and for Damon sigh'd.
With nose up-turn'd, she eyes the spouting *Sage*;
Each lisping period, but augments her rage.
Oh! god of dinners, says th' impatient maid,
And you, Oh! god of love, now lend your aid!
From this vile spouter set your vot'ry free,
Let her once more roast-duck and Damon see!
But, if she's doom'd, for some unknown offence,
To hear a frothy babbler, void of sense,
Send her a *man*, ye gods! and take this *pigmy* race,

thing more than the proteſtation of Mr. Randolph, to perſuade me that it was not divulged before its appearance from Mr. Bache's preſs. I will go further, and ſay, that I am well convinced, that the *Letters of Franklin*, which were the firſt pieces that appeared on the ſubject, and to which I more particularly allude here, were originally the work of a *Frenchman**. Father Joſeph, believe me, did not bury himſelf alive on the banks of the Schuylkill, purely and ſimply to have leiſure to ſay his *Angelus* and tell his beads. His retirement was not ſo much the effect of piety as of politics.

And who has forgotten the diligence of the oppoſers, the moment the treaty was publiſhed? Did they give it time to circulate? Did they let it come before the people as public acts in general do, and leave them to form a fair and unprejudiced opinion on it? On the contrary, was not every ſpring put in motion to prepoſſeſs them; to fix in their minds a hatred to the meaſure, that truth would not be able to remove? How can we account for indivi-

* As a proof that this is not a new opinion with me, I here inſert an extract from *Plain Engliſh*, page 89.

" Before I proceed any further, it is neceſſary to give you " a brief hiſtory of the *Letters of Franklin*. Whoever " reads theſe letters with the ſmalleſt attention, muſt per- " ceive, that they are, *originally, a French production*. E- " very one of them ends with an addreſs to the paſſions of " the ſovereign people. Theſe declamatory parts betray " their origin in a more ſtriking manner than the reſt of " the performance. Here we ſee a cloſe and ſervile imita- " tion of the illiterate new-fangled jargon of the French " Convention; a heterogeneous mixture of inſolence, ſer- " vility, vaunting, and lamentation."

Such was my opinion of the *Letters of Franklin* in the month of July laſt; before Mr. Randolph's ſcandalous affair was ever talked or dreamt of, in this country, and conſequently before I could ſuſpect that the contents of the treaty had been divulged by him.

duals' quitting their homes, neglecting their buſineſs, and ſacrificing, *to appearance*, their intereſts, to carry this inſtrument to the extremities of the Union, and there form combinations againſt it, in order to intimidate the Preſident from a ratification? How can we poſſibly account for the *French flag* being hoiſted at the town-meetings as a ſignal of oppoſition to the treaty*? What can ſolve this myſtery, unleſs it be Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter?

We all remember the hue and cry that was raiſed by the adverſe party, their alarm, when the old Father Confeſſor and his diſpatches were like to be taken by the Engliſh ſhip, the Africa. They trembled, and not without reaſon. If his nine (I believe there were nine of them) *cartons* had fallen into the hands of the Preſident, we ſhould then, indeed, have ſeen real machinations unravelled. Then might we have examined the whole account, run over all the items of corruption, known the price current of conſciences, and the exact value of every individual patriot. We ſhould then have ſeen, perhaps, how much it coſt the French Republic to have a ſtone hurled at the head of Mr. Hamilton†; how much ſhe pays for an eſſay from *Valerius*, an harrangue from the *Garçon-fendu*, and a ſentence of "damnation" from the Preſident of the Democratic Society‡. Then, too, might we have diſcovered, what ſum is neceſſary, to make one judge quit his awful functions, to head a tumultuous populace, and another, make a ſilly, vulgar, butcher-like propoſal for "ſeizing Great Britain by the throat and ſtrangling her." And then might we have ſeen, what could induce the verſatile "*Pennſylvania Farmer*," to forget the meek, the humble, the peaceful principles of his ſociety, utter a phillipic of ſublimated nonſenſe, breathing

* See *Plain Engliſh*, page 108. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. p. 109.

nothing but rancour and oppoſition, and accept of the burning of the Senators of Delaware before his door, as a ſacrifice to his patriotic zeal.

Unfortunately theſe *cartons* were not intercepted; but all the proceedings of the oppoſers were ſuch, that, when explained by the intercepted letter, there could remain little or no doubt with reſpect to their real views; and no one, except a willing dupe, could any longer heſitate to declare, with the Secretary of War, "that the ſtruggle to defeat the "Treaty was the act of a *deteſtable and nefarious* "*conſpiracy.*"

Will any one believe, then, that the Preſident, with this conviction on his mind, ſtood in need of Britiſh influence to determine on a ratification? What other determination could he poſſibly take? Was he, though he ſaw the pit open before his eyes, to plunge headlong into it? Was he, after having diſcovered the conſpiracy, tamely to yield to its machinations, and aſſiſt in the ruin of his country? There was but one courſe for him to purſue to make the government reſpected, and blaſt all the hopes of the conſpirators, and that was to ratify the Treaty. By this act he preſerved to us the ineſtimable bleſſings of peace, gave ſtability to the Conſtitution, not only for *one*, but for many *ſeſſions*, by a legal and manly exerciſe of the powers it has veſted in him, convinced the French that the intereſts of the Union are not to be ſacrificed to her vengeance or caprice, and ſhowed to the whole world, that we wiſh to live in friendſhip with all nations, but that we are determined to be the ſlaves of none. And yet this act, Mr. Randolph would perſuade us, was the work of a Britiſh faction!

Thus has the Vindicator failed in all his attempts. On the article of corruption, of which we before doubted, we now doubt no longer; and as to his

indirect accuſation againſt the Preſident, it only ſerves to ſhow that one who, with unbluſhing front, can aſk a bribe, will never be aſhamed to publiſh his ingratitude and apoſtacy.

I will not, like him, conclude by calling on the people to judge between him and the Preſident of the United States. Their reſpect for the latter would not, I truſt, for a moment endure the competition; for, in ſpite of all the deſperate efforts of a diſappointed faction, their confidence in General WASHINGTON is, and will remain, unſhaken. His name will be handed down to their children's children, and ever accompanied with gratitude, love, and admiration. It will be the ornament of the hiſtorian's page, while that of Randolph, ſhould it be ſo unfortunate as not to ſink into oblivion, will be thrown into ſome dark corner, among the "changeable men" and "pretended patriots of "America."

FINIS.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO LAW.

indirect accusation against the President, it only serves to show that one who, with unblushing front, can ask a bribe, will never be ashamed to publish his ingratitude and apostacy.

I will not, like him, conclude by calling on the people to judge between him and the President of the United States. Their reproof for the libeller would not, I trust, for a moment endure the competition; for, in spite of all the desperate efforts of a disappointed faction, their confidence in General Washington is, and will remain, unbroken. His name will be handed down to their children's children, and ever accompanied with gratitude, love, and admiration. It will be the ornament of the historian's page, while that of Randolph, should it be to unfortunate [illegible] to sink into oblivion, will be thrown into some dark corner, among the "changeable medals," "pierced patterns of "America."

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